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JULY 1950

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HERE LABOR
ND MANAGEMENT
HARE ALIKE Page 16

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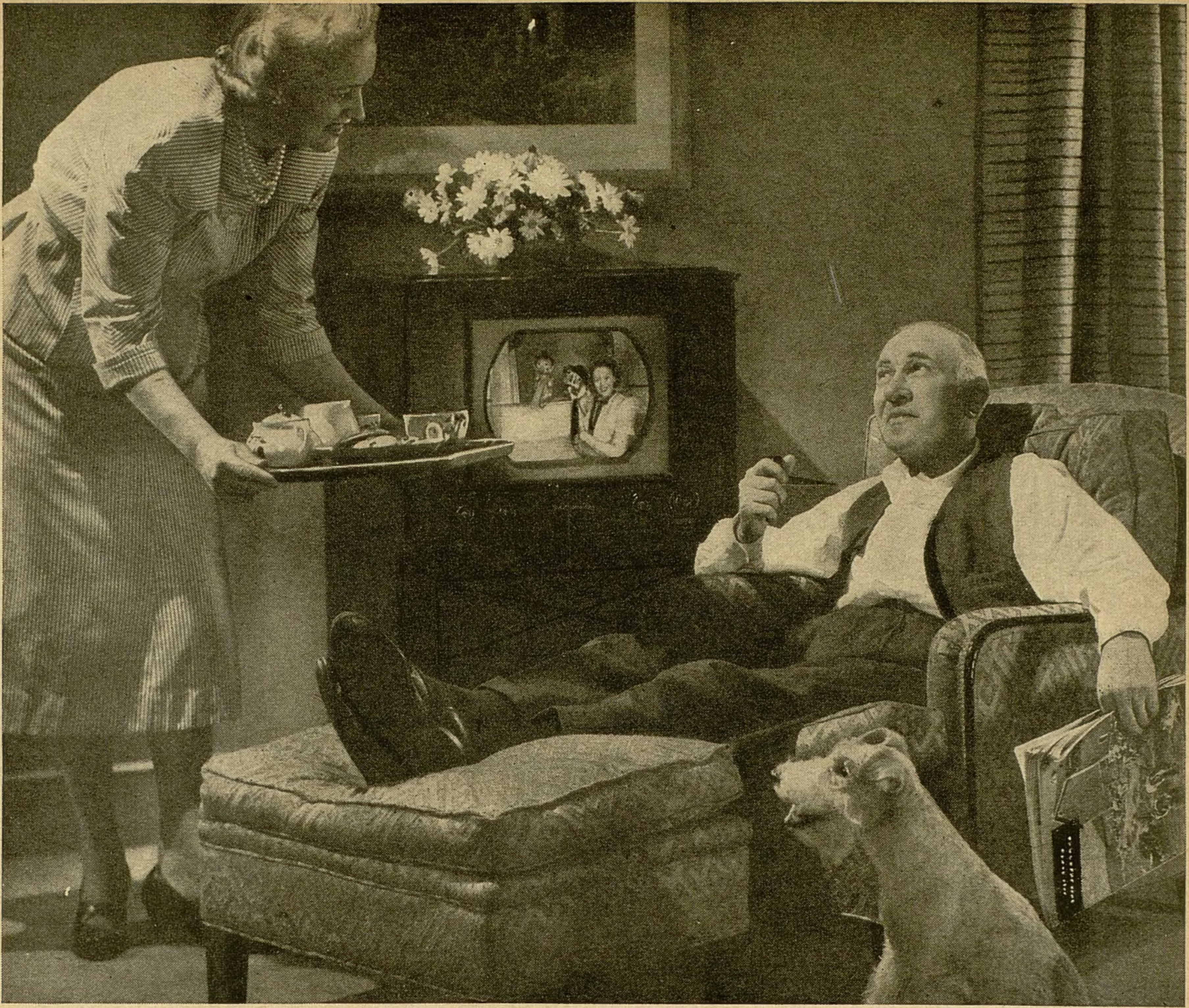

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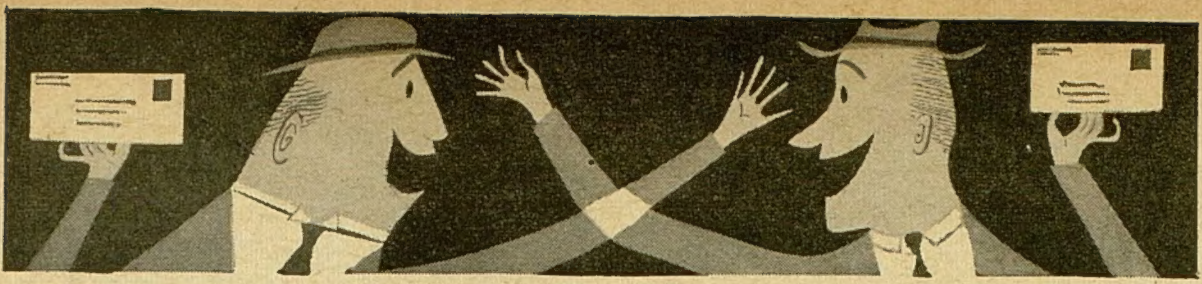

VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

College Yell

Columbus, Ohio—There are some college students, including us, who would like to take issue with the article, Thumbs Down on Hitchhikers (April). We students don't like hitchhiking and we have as much cause to worry over drunken drivers, homosexuals, and reckless fools as the average driver has to worry about criminals. Sometimes we hitchhikers prevent accidents! We are often picked up by tired and sleepy drivers whom we keep awake by conversation. A man isn't likely to shoot the driver of a car traveling between 44 and 132 feet a second.

As for your nasty slur about the habit of getting something for nothing, it is a great American custom, carried over from pioneer days, to help one's fellow countrymen.—*James Moore, Robert Schweizer, Donald Samuels.*

Gang Up, Gals!

Keokuk, Iowa—In the May Vox Pop, Mary Barrett writes that men should demand a new-style cuff on their trousers, the cuff at present being too unsanitary. She says there is no cuff on women's skirts. What can beat ladies' handbags with all the junk they carry all thrown in a pile? One thing about men, they do not let some stylist dictate how long their pants shall be. Women, the poor fish, are kept busy letting out or putting in hems of their skirts just because someone says it's "style."—*H. E. Lee.*

Off the Chest

Quincy, Ill.—The editorial, How Will Things Be in 1960? (May), says, quoting the Twentieth Century Fund, " 'The whole tendency of our economic system is to bring up consumers from lower income ranges to higher.' " Since when? Each struggle for a wage increase by the workers of the lower income group is fought till the last ditch by employers, and when the increase is, at last, grudgingly granted, it is more than offset by an increase in prices.

The editorial continues, " 'Over the years, fewer families are left in the lower income brackets and more get enough money to live comfortably.' " If this is true, why do so many people lack proper medical care, housing, and even food?

I believe that the United States is the finest country on earth, but think that our economic system could be improved.—*John Rufuson.*

Arizona Omelet

Prescott, Ariz.—Tsk! Tsk! Don't ever try to tell a cook of 30 years' standing that you ever *stir* an omelet. One stir after it's in the pan and you have scrambled eggs, nothing else but. And you don't use water! Cream is the liquid—one tablespoon of cream to one egg.—*Dora Sessions Lee.*

Nine-Letter Word

New York, N. Y.—

Discourage provocation, disorder and violence.
Encourage free speech, liberty and peaceful assembly.
Minimize anti-democratic demonstrations and events.
Observe our Constitution, Bill of Rights and Human Rights.
Calmly maintain unity of the community.
Respect Civil, Legal, Economic, Political and Religious rights.
Abolish hatred, antagonism and fear.
Courageously speak the truth.
Yes, do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

—Clipping sent by *Lou Obstfeld.*

Our Heritage

Jefferson City, Mo.—I was much interested in reading the splendid article entitled What Liberty Means to Me, by John Whelchel Finger (May) American liberty is not merely an accident—our ancestors have had to earn it for us. It is a heritage that we should seek to maintain in all its ramifications.

I trust you will give us more articles along this line.—*Robert C. Barnett.*

(*Continued on page 8*)

Make-up Cape

Smart as a whip and PRACTICAL! This charming cape is of heavy Vinylite plastic. Protects against spilled powder, creams and lotions. Rose pink with pretty floral collar. Generous rip-proof pockets hold all the accessories you need. When travelling wrap all your cosmetics in it. Perfect for you, and makes a smart gift.

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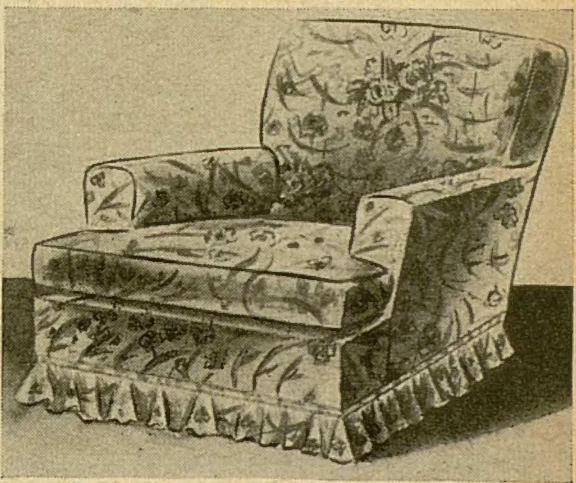

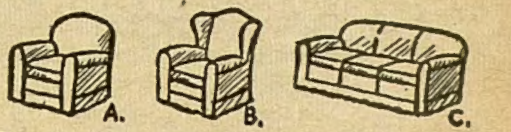

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Liberty shops

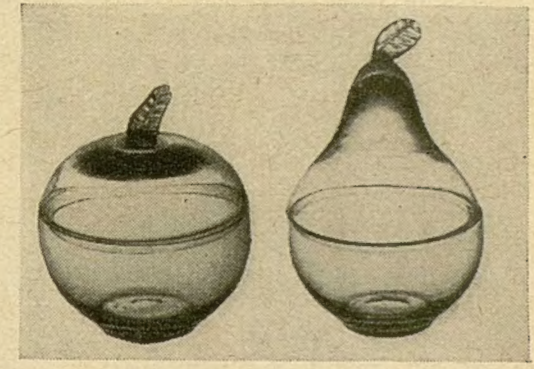
Are you ready for summer with the necessities and the niceties for outdoor living and your favorite sport; for that long-awaited vacation, or for simplified housekeeping? If not, shop by mail, through these columns

By EILEEN BURKE

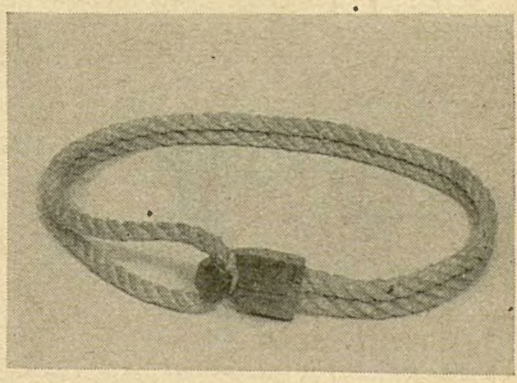
Coaching and training these realistic plastic animals with movable joints will fascinate your young ones. The elephant, zebra, prancing horse, and giraffe are each authentically colored. Our animal school also includes a heavy paperboard schoolhouse 8" by 5" by 9", and performing ring, chairs, table, and ladder, all quickly assembled. Miles Kimball Co., 190 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wis.; $1.98 ppd.

Revell
ANIMAL SCHOOL

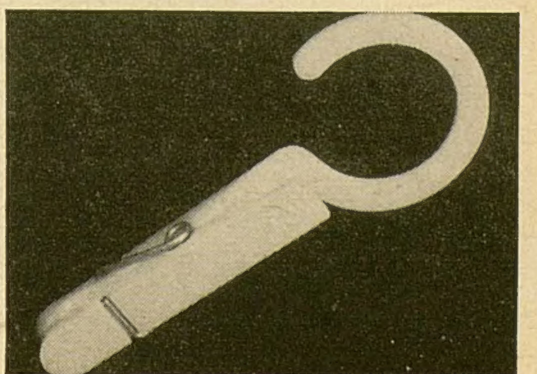
Crystal fruits to sparkle on your table. These glamorous containers—a pear and an apple—come with small spoons, and pouring lip on one side, to outfit them for serving jelly, salad dressing, or sauce. We can see them on your dressing table, too, holding powder; or with candy, on the coffee table. The tiny leaves serving as handles are green. Ellison's, Box 284, Orange, N. J.; $2.95 the pair ppd.

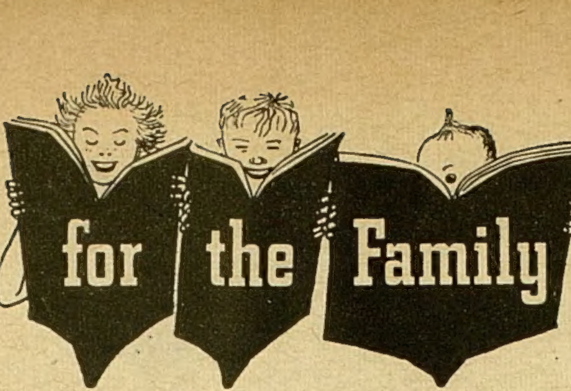


Rough-and-ready accessory for all-weather, all-occasion summer wear with jeans, slacks, shorts, or peasant dresses—a double-strand rope belt with clasp fashioned from a hand-carved chunk of polished maple. For men or women, it's available in brown or natural shades. To order correct size, be sure to send your waist measurement over clothes. Berkshire Crafts, Pittsfield, Mass.; $1.25 ppd.



Dots, the handy hanger for nightly washbowl laundry, or to stuff in your suitcase when packing for that summer trip, to use in the car or during your overnight stops. The flexible hook fits over most rods, and the clip spring is extra strong. Transparent plastic, in assorted jewel colors, or clear, 6 hangers to a box, Essential Gifts, Dept. LM-1, 3500 Griffith Park Blvd., Los Angeles 27, Calif.; $1 ppd.





for the Family

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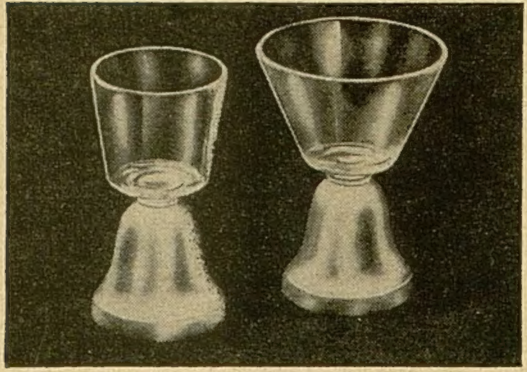
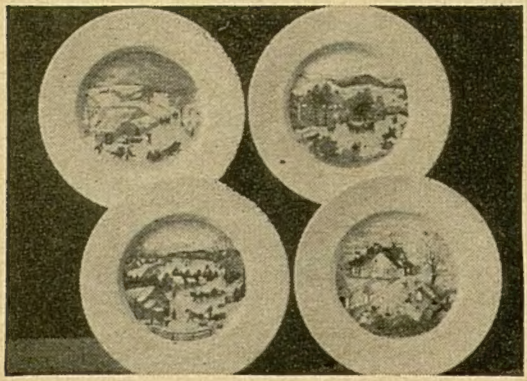
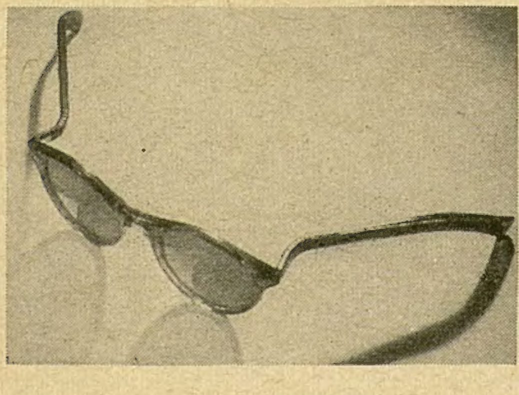


Both novel and entertaining—jigger or cocktail glass mounted on a sparkling chrome bell with which the thirsty can summon additional refreshment. The glass is made of clear lucite plastic which alcohol won't affect; the jigger holds 1½ ounces and the cocktail glass, 3 ounces. Keep them in mind when you're seeking an unusual gift. Carla Jill Studios, Northport, L. I., N. Y.; $1 each ppd.

Ice cubes will stay icy for hours in this double-wall styrene plastic bucket. Dead-air space between the two walls does the insulating. Condensation won't collect on the outside, and rounded corners protect table tops. Holds 30 cubes, or 2 quarts of chilled food. In copper or mahogany, with white lining. Malcolm's House & Garden Store, 526-Y N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.; $3.25 ppd.



Grandma Moses—or rather, 4 of her paintings have been reproduced on fine china plates, yours for table service, wall decoration, or summer brides. Vivid reds and greens stand out in the scenes selected: Catching the Thanksgiving Turkey, Old Checkered House, Bringing in the Christmas Trees, and Jack and Jill. Plates are 10". Foster's Distinctive Gifts, Princeville, Ill.; $2.95 each; the 4, $11.50 ppd.



Welcome that long-missing sun and prepare for summer days on the beach or golf course. These sun glasses won't slide down your nose—they have flexible temple shafts with a metal insert which can be adjusted to fit any shape face. The frames are plastic in shell, flesh, red, bright or pastel blue; or pearly red, blue, or pink. David Rodes & Co., 225 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.; $1.49 ppd.

It flies through the air, hovers easily above you, circles around, and returns gently to earth—this surprising toy helicopter. Air-minded Junior—or even his father—can operate it by pulling a cord wound around the hub of the rotor, setting the propeller in motion. Of indestructible plastic in bright colors, the rotor is 10" in diameter. Black & Co., 9924 Metropolitan Ave., Forest Hills, N. Y.; $1 ppd.

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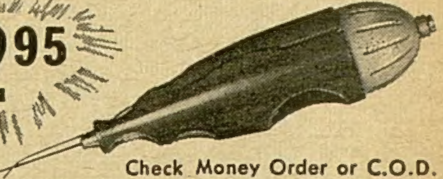

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VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 5*)

The Hairbrush, Girls!

SPOKANE, WASH.—I'm so disgusted I can't resist shaking my fist at the satanic, idiotic idea that man should be lord over woman, as expressed by O. B. Rogers in April Vox Pop. Masculine egotism slopping over! If the back of the hairbrush is to be used on either the wife or husband, it most certainly should be wielded by the wife.—*Fannie Ackley.*

Who Said It?

DORCHESTER, MASS.—In your April Vox Pop I note a comment by W. H. Shimonek of Boulder, Colorado, regarding "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear," which has been attributed so largely to F. D. Roosevelt and which Mr. Shimonek states can be found in Emerson's biographical sketch of Thoreau. I have found this controversial remark in the writings of the old French philosopher, Montaigne, and also in Carlyle's French Revolution.—*Mrs. Victoria E. Pond.*

Teachers' Salaries

BEULAVILLE, N. C.—Having been a public-school teacher for 12 years, I certainly appreciate your attitude toward teachers' salaries as expressed in We Are Starving Our Teachers (May). There is so much work and expense in the profession that has to come out of the teacher's check.—*Mrs. Macy J. Thomas.*

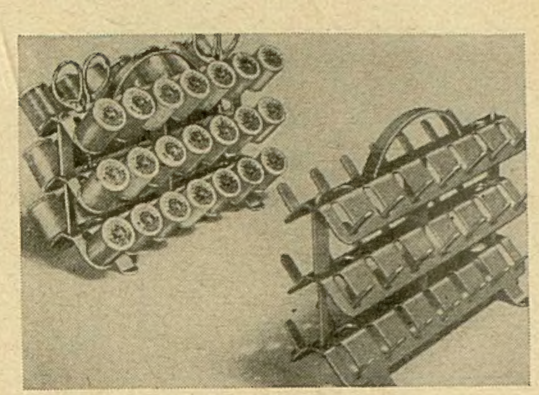
LANSDOWNE, PA.—I want to thank you for taking up the cudgels for the teachers. While I think Mr. Fine did a splendid job in his article, it seems to me there were two facets he failed to emphasize sufficiently.

Since 1938, teachers have paid income taxes. They are not alone in this, but it seems absurd for the government to give with one hand and withdraw with the other.

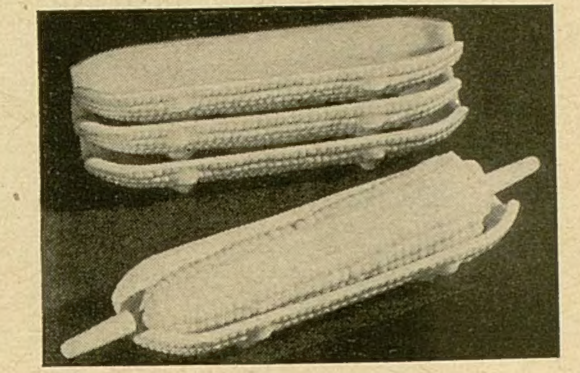
Also, while teachers' salaries have crawled up, cost of living has catapulted. My salary has increased in dollars 40 per cent since 1938. Taxes take much of it. Costs of commodities seem to me to have increased closer to 250 per cent.—*James D. Landsdowne.*

Liberty shops

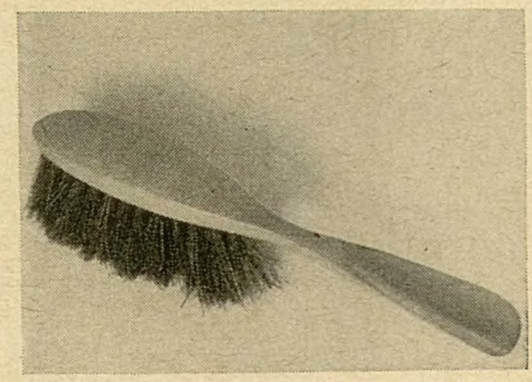
More women are sewing than ever before. To compactly store the thread they accumulate, and carry it conveniently, a spool holder is almost a necessity. Here's a light metal rack which spikes 42 spools in plain sight, and has slots for 2 pairs of scissors. Rose or blue. Zierold Mfg. Co., 1121 Chestnut St., Burbank, Calif.; with 42 spools of thread, scissors, and plastic cover, $4.95; rack only, $1.10; ppd.



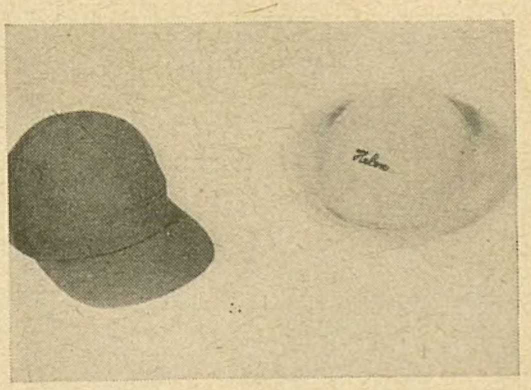
Ready for corn feasts? Indulging in that popular treat is easier on both eaters and tablecloths with these yellow pottery rollers to hold individual ears. Just put butter in the dish, twist the steaming corn around a few times, and the eating is succulent. Yellow plastic corn holders are helpful too. Elizabeth McCaffrey, 200 W. 16th St., New York 11, N. Y.; rollers, 4 for $3.30; the holders, 8 for 50¢; ppd.



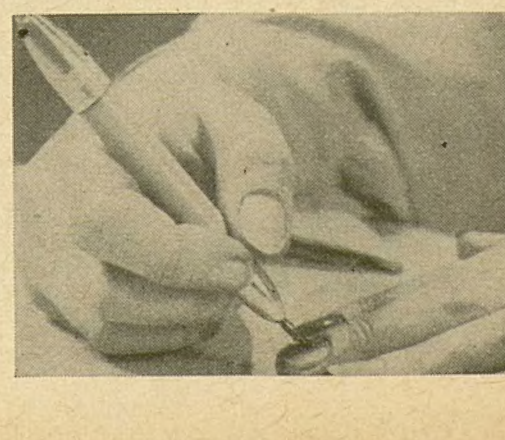
You and your wardrobe will survive that trip in top form if you take along this efficient palmetto-bristle clothesbrush and apply it just before you arrive. It whisks lint, dust, and seemingly glued-on hairs from clothing with just a few strokes. Then turn the hardwood handle around, and there's your shoe horn. A generous 14" long. Trader Richards, 2423 Pine St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.; $1.95 ppd.

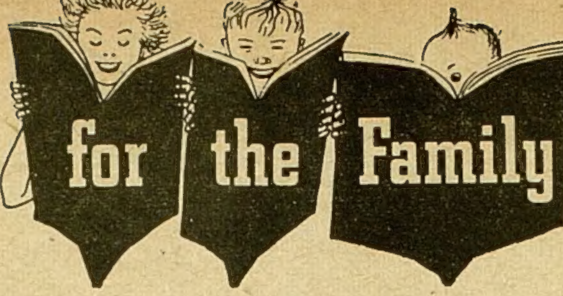


Summer toppings for playgirls and playboys, sturdy enough to survive the day-in, day-out wear they rate. Both the brimmed Capster and the Roller come in red, green, faded or dark blue, or maize denim; or red, white, green, or natural gabardine. In men's, women's, or children's sizes. Drum & Drum, 1043 Stuyvesant Ave., Irvington 11, N. J.; $1 ppd; add 50¢ for name or monogram in any color.



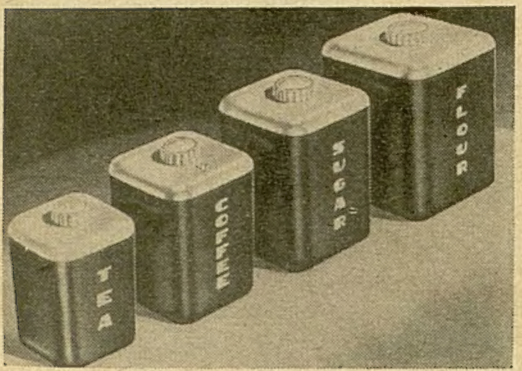
New way with nail polish—an automatic brush. Smaller than a fountain pen, this applicator is a safe way to carry polish without leakage or evaporation, and it's convenient to work with the small brush which clicks in and out. When you switch to a new color, rinse out the old with polish thinner. In red or blue, with plastic case. Archley Products Inc., 19 W. 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.; $1.50 ppd.



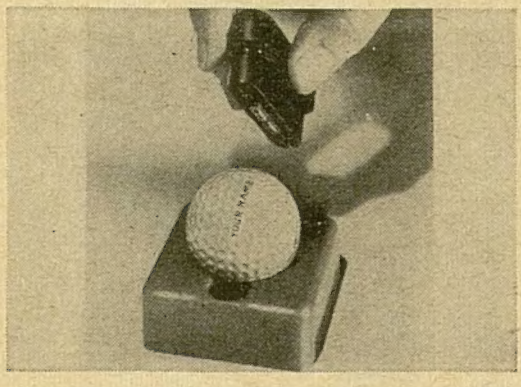


for the Family

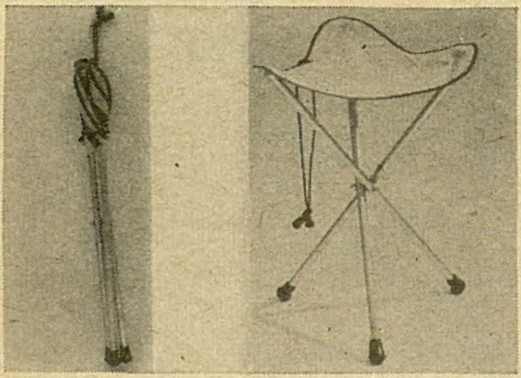
This Amish couple will make a notable addition to your pepper-and-salt collection, as well as serving you faithfully at mealtime. From the land of the Pennsylvania Dutch, the farmer and his wife are metal, 2" high, hand-painted in careful and authentic detail in black and red or in black and blue. They're durable enough for the picnic basket, too. Noveltyme Studios, Hellam 13, Pa.; $1.25 a pair ppd.



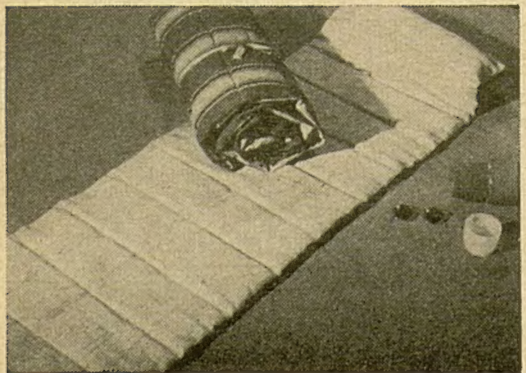
Pantry Glamor—and utility. That's what we'd call this smart canister set of styrene plastic in your favorite kitchen colors, red or yellow, with white lids. Being plastic, the canisters are light weight, quickly cleaned, odor-free, and moisture resistant. The largest of the 4 roomy containers will hold about 5 pounds of flour. Kerel Products Co., 3049 Third Ave., Bronx 56, N. Y.; $2.95 a set ppd.



Golf balls come home—or at least you have a fighting chance that they will when they're stamped with your name. Marking is a matter of minutes if you have Ballmark, a handy kit which will also personalize stationery or clothing. Order the kit with loose type, to mark a variety of names, or with type already set with any name. Ink included. Holiday Products Co., Box 965, Dayton 1, Ohio; $2.50 ppd.



You can take it with you—anywhere, any time—a practical folding saddle seat that's ideal for artists, baby-carriage pushers, campers, sports fans, and overflow guests. The aluminum tripod base is rubber-tipped, and there's an ingenious carrying strap. The canvas seat, in your choice of several colors, slips off for occasional laundering. Hazel Jasper, 142 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.; $4.15 ppd.



Relax this summer—and for many summers to come—reclining on a comfortable mat of wheat-colored raffia with stuffing of cotton batting and reverse side of gaily striped canvas. The canvas protects you from sand or damp lawn. Rolls up and ties in a compact bundle—and the ties will anchor the mat to a deck chair. Mat measures 72" by 20". Elbee Products, 1 Pinckney St., Charleston 35, S. C.; $7.50 ppd.

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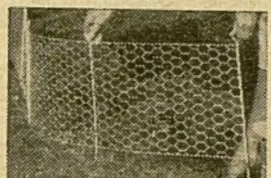

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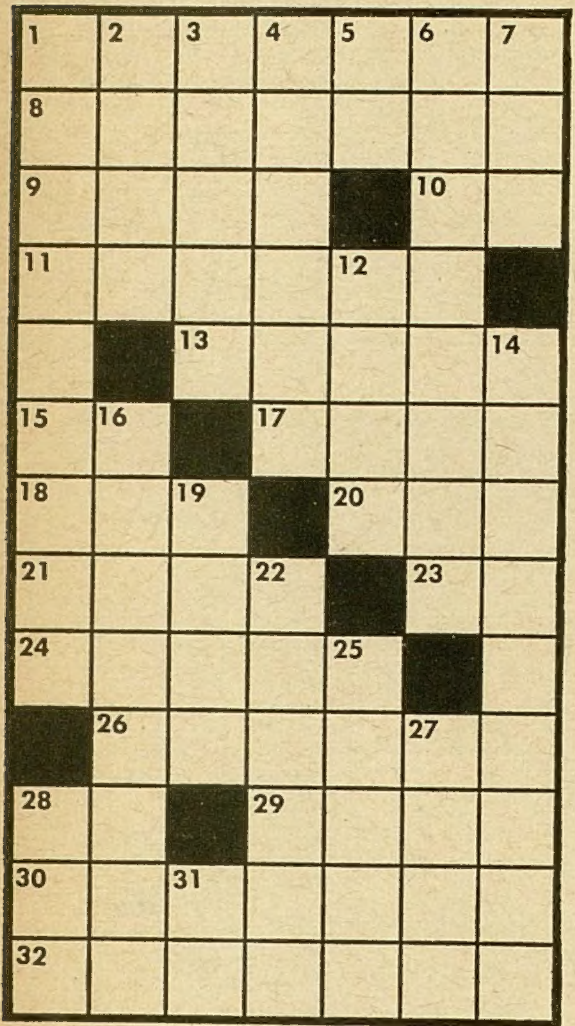
What About The Problems of
THE
UNMARRIED FATHER?
Read
AUGUST
LIBERTY MAGAZINE

Liberty SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

By TED SHANE

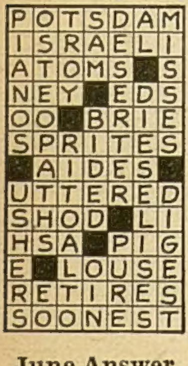


ACROSS

1 Back-fence baritones—scat, Tom!
8 Yes, Lana, I'm nuts—psyche me!
9 It opes the Mexican palm
10 Gee!
11 Rover cares a big D - - - about cow chauffeur
13 He wrote The Rosary
15 Kind of man extinct about Hollywood
17 Cube root of LXXXI
18 - - - the Beloved Country, or Lost in the Broadway Stars
20 Wal, effn it hain't Ol' Legal Jawn!
21 The I's have them
23 State of the nation (abbr.)
24 Ra, I erg you not to be angry
26 Lass, they're an schnozztruction
28 Introduction from a fofummer
29 It is an ad for a miner's entrance
30 Exiled victim of Ham's lie?
32 Backward, shifty, and severer

DOWN

1 He'll canter without pad, and click in a low-down way (two words)
2 Reno will make you singularly so
3 Son, ma likes to get plastered with one
4 I see novel in a sinful hoofer (the devil you say!)
5 Yeah, Cap!
6 Cold beauties went for Sinatras
7 Wes has a seamy life
12 Live low-down stuff
14 Newt, put your black diamonds on scale (but don't carry them here)
16 No "G" raise unless you join a Union Army
19 Goya practiced Hindu mysticism
22 See if Sam has an opener
25 TV to the moon
27 Elis have whopping big tales
28 Coat of the dogwood?
31 Kaltenborn, the Dean (abbr.)



POTSDAM
ISRAELI
ATOMS S
NEY EDS
OO BRIE
SPRITES
AIDES
UTTERED
SHOD LI
HSA PIG
E LOUSE
RETIRES
SOONEST

June Answer

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

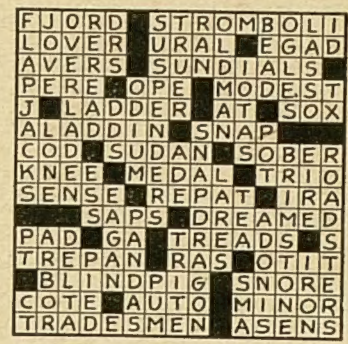
By TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Things are at their worst here when everything's booming
5 Videot's delight
14 Cubs' home ground
15 In the solitairium
16 Toothpicks in the raw
17 Man going in opposite directions at one time
18 You need a berth certificate for one
19 What fathers of 12 go to work for
20 Bric-à-bracatoriums
22 Strikes out
24 Blockhead buster
25 Two feet make one what?
26 Ivanhoe's glamor girl
29 They go on regular spring smear campaigns
33 The one you get back home on
34 Their slant's based on getting Tibet early
35 The'th a nithe girl, ithn't the?
36 Cackleberry plants
37 Person who thinks flying saucers are looking for their cups
38 What every woman wants to be after 35
39 Mined overmatter
40 Nondeductible giveaways
41 Way of all flesh
42 Greetings from the sheriff
44 Comparatively close in Scotland
45 Goddess of whammy
46 Latch onto this, folks!
47 The Eggs O'Hell
50 They fatten on your dead
53 Wants a swella fella
54 They take these getting their meals
56 Blimey, the more you tike hout of them the bigger they grow!
57 War memorial
58 Old English accustom
59 Hole in the wall inhabited by your ancestors (but not mine)
60 Place where Rumanians are russian around with their heads off
61 What tenors get into flats with

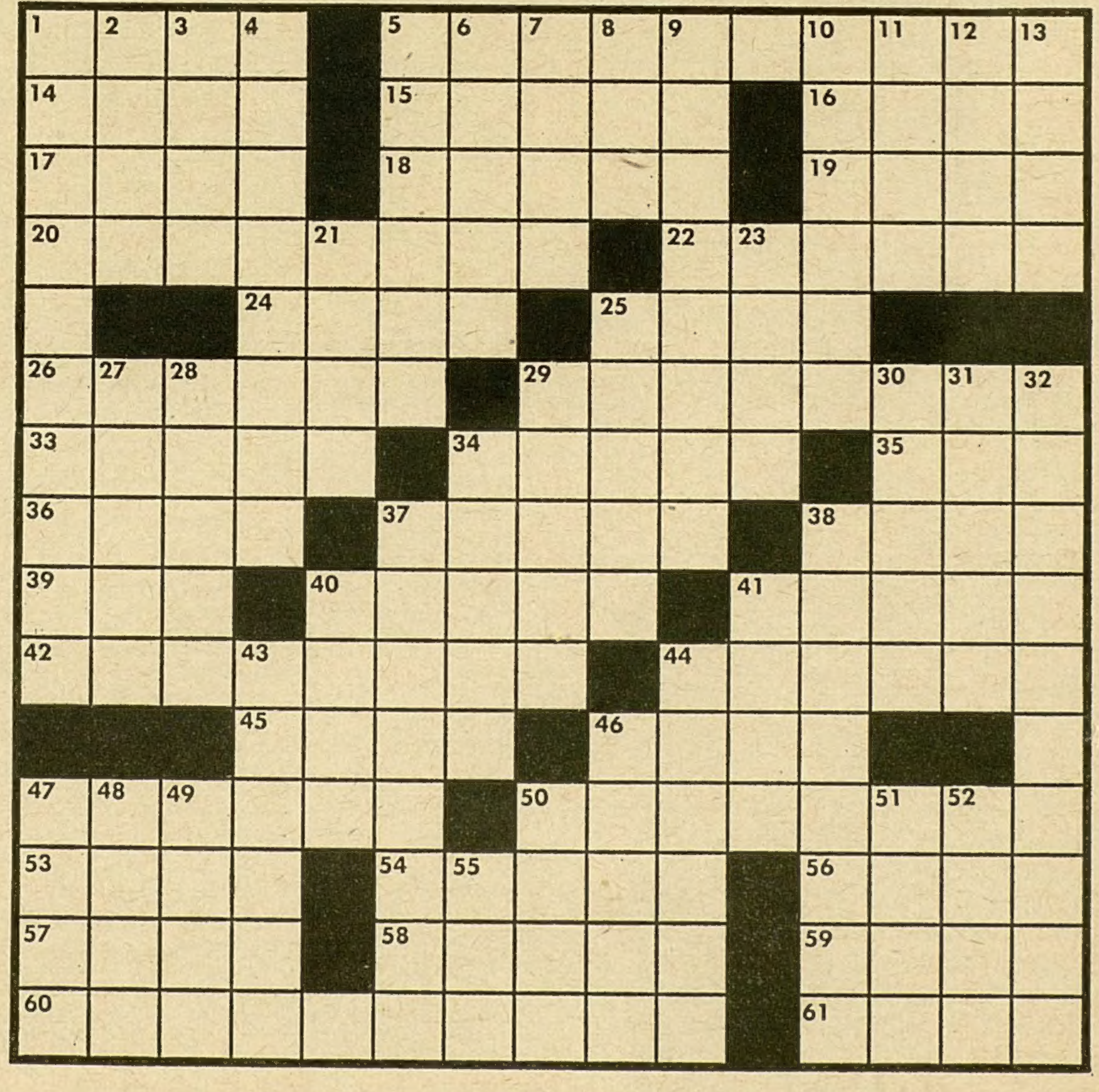
VERTICAL

1 A lot of stinkers made this a blooming success (two words)
2 Darn with muscles
3 Aly she proved was It Khan be done!
4 The more sulky they feel, the less they're inclined to get there
5 Folks who live here like to - - - - - - - big pay check
6 Give someone a lift
7 Highballs for the racketeers
8 Everybody Noes Ingrid (abbr.)
9 He sounds as if he was always blind
10 What Gypsy Rose Lee did to expose her way of life (simp. spell.)
11 Blew top
12 Crossword maxim: - - - - come, - - - - go!
13 What racketeers battle over
21 Number of pieces of fried chicken left at an orphans' picnic
23 If it clicks, things are bound to develop
25 Isle'll say it's Greek
27 If you can't stand the noise here, why not wear earmuffs?
28 Big or Little Poison
29 Roles for hams
30 Shuteye juice
31 Americans must never wind up a Watch on this
32 Very revealing things about women (two words)
34 Inhabited by many higher-ups
37 Every June he almost goes knotty — he gets that hitchy
38 Basalt
40 Women have the gift of this
41 Gourmets are always taking the soupreme this
43 Gets her another date when No. 1 takes a powder
44 Result of absorbing too many chops and rolls from the Atlantic and Pacific
46 Call for young Monsieur Aldreech!
47 Medicinal spinach
48 Gubitchev the Red was yellow and this
49 Erehw yeht peek reddof
50 Evah a lleh fo a emit
51 Side petals of papilionaceous corolla (No!!)
52 Tax—as the patience
55 Chaucerian glamor girl



FJORD STROMBOLI
LOVER URAL EGAD
AVERS SUNDIALS
PERE OPE MODEST
J LADDER AT SOX
ALADDIN SNAP
COD SUDAN SOBER
KNEE MEDAL TRIO
SENSE REPAT IRA
SAPS DREAMED
PAD GA TREADS S
TREPAN RAS OTIT
BLINDPIG SNORE
COTE AUTO MINOR
TRADESMEN ASENS

June Answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

BEAT THE HEAT

There are many ways to keep comfortable when temperatures soar, and using your legs as radiators to get rid of heat is only one of them

By ALTON L. BLAKESLEE

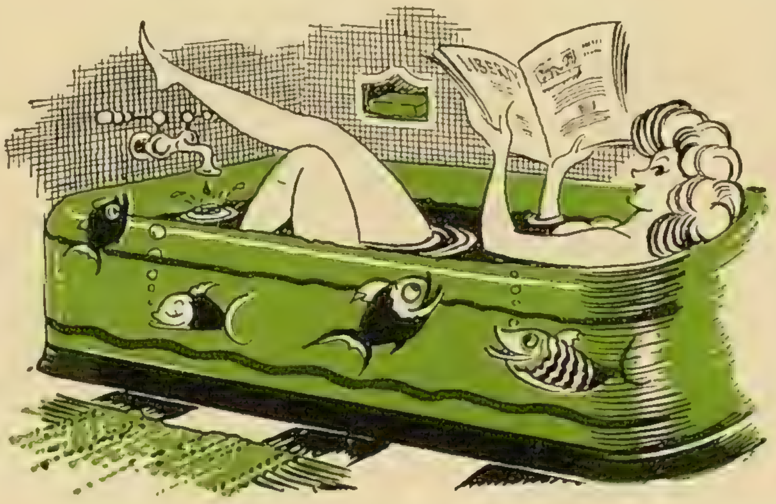
READING TIME 4 MINUTES When a heat wave gets you down, take this copy of LIBERTY and head for your bathtub. We'll cool you off and help you keep cool for hours while you read the reasons why.

Your trouble is that your body is a furnace, and a pretty good one, too. Even when you're just sitting still, you produce about 100 calories an hour. In electrical energy, that's enough to keep a 100-watt bulb burning hour after hour.

To keep comfortable, you must get rid of that heat. It becomes tough when the air and buildings around you are hot; no cold objects to draw the heat from you; no cooling breezes to caress your brow.

Your real pal is your bathtub. Soak yourself in lukewarm water or cool water for 20 minutes to half an hour. You'll cool down and, what's more, you'll stay cool for five or six hours.

But it has to be a bath, not a shower. A five-minute cold shower may bring you yelping out of your hot lethargy and make you feel spunky. But it won't last. The shower will only cool your skin, and that isn't your real problem.



In a heat wave you build up an internal head of steam. Normally, about 70 per cent of body heat is produced by the liver, intestines, and other internal organs. You are comfortable when your skin temperature runs about 92 degrees and your internal temperature about 98 degrees. But on a sweltering hot day you don't lose the extra heat easily. Your skin temperature may soar to 96 degrees, and your internal temperature may go up to 99.5 degrees. It's the internal temperature that causes most of the discomfort.

The long soaking in water draws out this internal heat. You're really refreshed, and you stay cool for hours before the internal heat is built up again. The long relief gives you a chance for sleep, or keeps you going until a thunder shower or a breeze comes to the rescue.

No bathtub? Or a water shortage? Then try the long cooling-off at the ocean, lake, or river—provided the return trip home isn't some hotbox deal that undoes all the good.

The advice comes from Dr. L. P. Herrington of Yale, an authority on temperature effects on the human body. He is director of research of the John B. Pierce Laboratory of Hygiene in New Haven, and knows whereof he speaks.

In hot weather you aren't doomed to staying collapsed in a chair or munching lettuce and salads, Dr. Herrington says. A good solid meal and light exercise can help you keep cool.

Your legs, he explains, are your best radiators to get rid of heat. Extra blood goes into your legs in hot weather, to be cooled down. You become a little like the pilot pulling his plane out of a dive, with gravity pulling blood from his head into his legs.

A fairly hefty meal, with meat and potatoes, offsets this. Your circulation steps up and more blood goes into and out of your leg radiators. This isn't recommended, though, for people with weak hearts or anyone chained to a desk or chair most of the day.

Light exercise or other activity has the same effect, moving your legs and circulating the blood.

Perspiration is your body's other great heat outlet. Keep yourself toned up. Your body perspires more efficiently when you are in good physical shape.

Watch out for hot buildings. Buildings absorb heat during a hot spell, and they may stay warm for days after the temperature drops to cooler levels. Even a rainstorm may not cool down a building very much. When you are inside, it still can radiate heat to your body. Fans to circulate cooler air from the outdoors help to offset the oven effect of a home or office building.

You should dress sensibly and coolly, within the law, use fans, seek cool spots, and make a psychological adjustment to the hot weather, Dr. Herrington says. Science has given you a break by devising lighter weight, cooler fabrics for summer clothes.

Don't be a slave to the thermometer. Ignore it. Americans seem to have a strange psychological attachment to thermometers.

You can let yourself go with a heat wave. Hot weather affects posture—makes you want to slouch or to lie down and get your feet up. Your brain doesn't perk along so well, and you aren't able to get as much work done as in cooler weather. All this is quite natural.

Relax, take it easy, and don't let your conscience gnaw at you with guilty feelings about not accomplishing enough. Chances are no one else is being a ball of fire either. Relax!

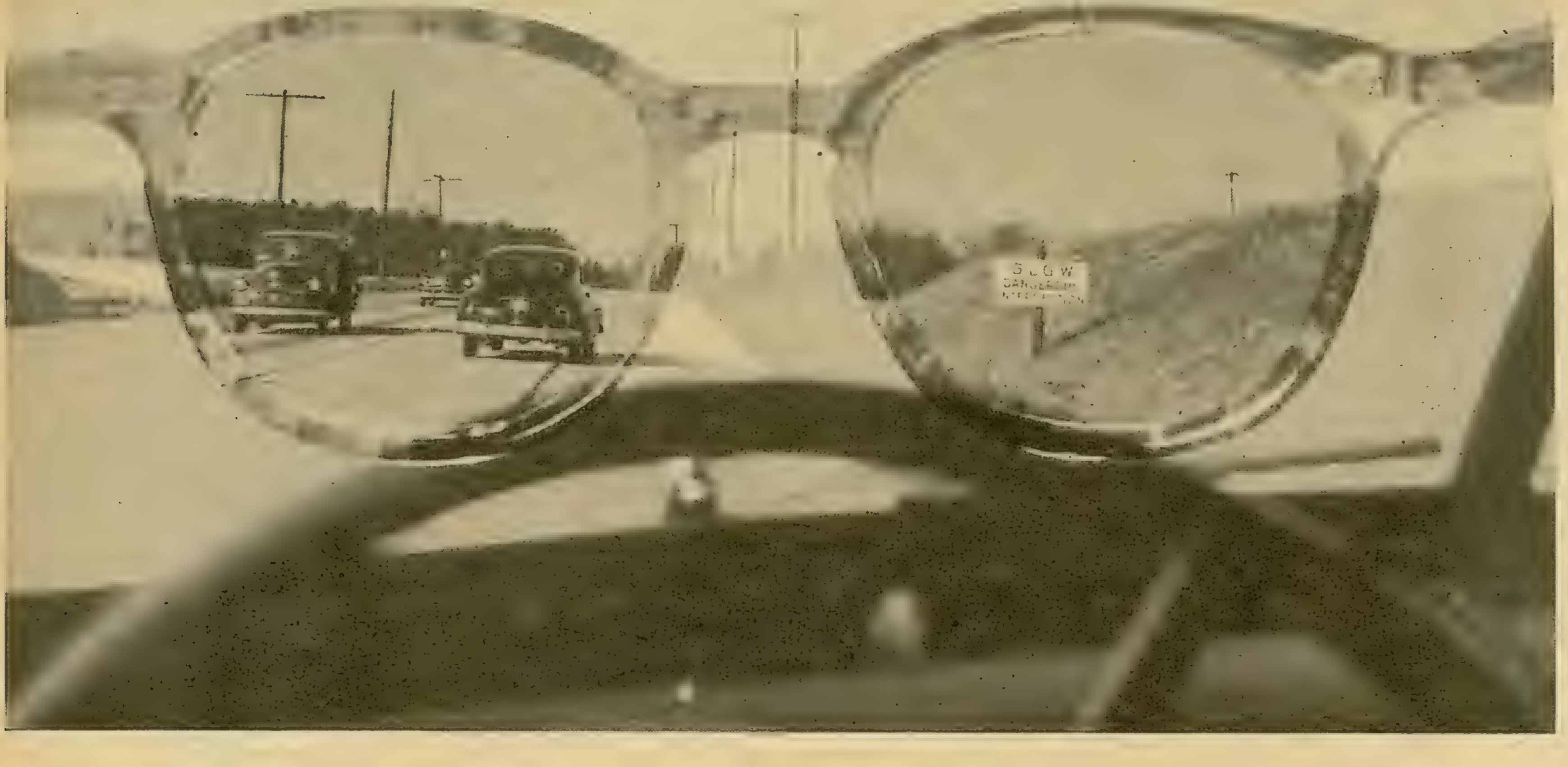
Meanwhile—if you're not one of the lucky ones who already is blessed with it—you can dream of some day having the real answer to a heat wave: air conditioning of offices and homes.

◆ ◆

Drawing by Edward M. Stevenson

SUN GLASSES MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE

Hundreds of fatal automobile accidents are caused by glare. That's why sun glasses can often be as important as dependable brakes.



By PAUL D. GREEN

READING TIME 7 MINUTES One day last summer John Carruthers was speeding east along Grand Central Parkway on Long Island to spend a day at Jones Beach with his family. He was looking almost directly into the sun and was frequently bothered by its reflection on approaching cars. In addition, there was a steady eye-burning glare reflected from his car hood and the roadway ahead.

Suddenly he was almost blinded by the glare from a yellow roadster. He brushed his hand over his eyes, lost control of the wheel, and the car shot crazily across the island separating the westward and eastward lanes. It smashed into another car heading in the opposite direction. Both cars spun in a wild arc. John's crunched into a light-pole on the side of the road; the other car turned turtle.

The toll: John was killed; his wife and two children were badly hurt. The driver of the other car was also killed.

This is not an uncommon occurrence. The National Safety Council reports that 40,000 deaths yearly are due to auto accidents. Each year, 8 per cent of all *fatal* accidents are attributed either to sun glare or to bright headlights at night. Or 3,200 people yearly are killed because drivers were blinded by glare, and thousands of other persons are horribly maimed.

Ironically, the prevention of automobile accidents due to sun glare is quite simple. Sun glasses or tinted panels on car windshields can cut down light rays and eliminate daytime glare.

Reducing accidents due to headlight glare, however, can be accomplished only by educating all automobile drivers to dim their lights whenever they are approaching other cars.

It is also suspected that many night automobile accidents are due to faulty vision caused by prolonged exposure to the sun during a day at the beach or on the water. Dr. Robert L. Peckham, associate professor of research ophthalmology at Temple University's Medical School, recently reported some interesting findings which lend credence to this theory.

By means of an extremely sensitive measuring apparatus, he determined that lifeguards who never wear sun glasses on duty have poorer night vision than those who do. He also found that even those who normally wear sun glasses suffer a loss of from 50 to 90 per cent of the effectiveness of the light they see by for a few hours after dusk on a day when they did not wear them.

During the summer millions of people go directly from the beach to their cars and drive home at dusk, the time of day when they need light sensitivity most, yet at this period it is weakest.

For those who were not protected with sun glasses, normal night vision is usually restored after a few hours. Dr. Peckham found the loss is cumulative among lifeguards who habitually go without protection from the reflected glare of the sun; the effects are long lasting. Normally, a person's sensitivity to light, especially at night, begins to wane after the age of 45, and reaches its lowest ebb around the ages of 55 to 60. Among seamen, fishermen, farmers, lifeguards, and others who constantly work in the sun, light sensitivity diminishes much earlier and is at its lowest by the age of 45.

People with poor night vision are obviously ready candidates for automobile accidents. They are hazards on the road. They may normally be able to see a person stepping out from a curbstone at, say, 100 yards, and, going at the rate of 40 miles an hour, can brake in time. If they suffer a 50-per-cent loss in night vision, however, they cannot spot the pedestrian until they are within 50 yards, too short a distance to brake at that speed.

On poorly lighted roads such as interlace suburban and rural areas, they also find it hard to distinguish trees and faintly luminescent post markers, rear lights of vehicles, cars coming out of side roads, and detour signs and blocks.

During the war, a trio of apparently unrelated accidents pointed up the necessity of building a reserve of servicemen with good night vision: A destroyer escort smashed into its mother vessel in mid-ocean when the helmsman suddenly tried to avoid striking a reef only 20 feet away; a tank driver, operating without lights in a dense forest, smashed into a tree during maneuvers designed to simulate wartime conditions; a pilot flew nose-first into the ground at an unlighted airport one evening.

◆

Analyses of these accidents indicated that poor night vision might have been the culprit in each case. The lookout on the patrol vessel had served too long on duty in the South Pacific and had poor night vision as a result. Normally he should have been able to spot the treacherous shoal 100 yards away, in time to shift course. The tank driver just naturally had poor night vision and couldn't see the outline of the tree. The pilot had flown a lot that day in the bright sun, and temporarily lost his ability to determine the horizon at night.

The same research group also realized it was on the trail of something important when it compared the night-vision acuity of the men at Pensacola Naval Station with those at New London's submarine base. Without exception, the men at Pensacola had poorer night-vision perception than those at New London. The reason was obvious—the Pensacola group were subjected to the steady glare of the sun for longer periods each day, and more days in a year, than the men stationed at New London.

As a result of these and other equally significant findings, sun glasses were ordered as part of the official uniform. Heretofore they had been just a luxury item available at PXes. Consequently 25 million *inexpensive* pairs were ordered for members of all branches of the service.

This explodes a popular myth concerning sun glasses. It is not necessary to pay a lot of money for them. Inexpensive sun glasses such as are sold in drugstores and dime stores give equal protection against glare. They are manufactured to meet specifications set by the National Bureau of Standards, U. S. Department of Commerce. What is most important is the *density* or darkness of the color, not even the color itself.

Military ophthalmologists determined that glasses which transmitted only 10 per cent of the incident sunlight were actually the best. But, for appearance' sake, glasses with from 12-to 18-per-cent transmission were accepted. Very, very few commercial glasses sold today approach even this low transmission rate.

Optically ground and polished sun-glass lenses, according to individual prescription, are called for only if you normally wear spectacles to compensate visual defects. You can also attach a pair of colored clip-ons over your regular spectacles.

Sixty-five million Americans wear sun glasses, according to the Sun Glass Institute and an independent survey conducted by Benson & Benson, Inc., on behalf of L. J. Houze Glass Company, largest maker of nonoptically ground lenses. Forty million pairs of sun glasses are sold yearly, and three out of ten cost less than one dollar, while the average pair costs $2.10. They range in price from 25 cents to $25, and even more for fancy custom-made frames.

Sage green is by far the most popular and practical color for lenses, and is the color adopted by the Army. The Navy, however, chose a very dark-gray lens, while the Air Force preferred dark amber.

Actually, almost any color lens is efficient—it is the density that counts. Amber and brown, which are in wide use, are not advisable to wear while driving, since they might distort traffic-light perception, but they are good for flying and at the beach. Brownish gray or Crookes lenses are good for high altitudes or in snow-covered terrain. Flesh-colored and smoke-gray lenses dim the total quantity most uniformly over the entire range of the spectrum, and are best for people who are hypersensitive to sunlight. In any case, though, your eyes rapidly adjust themselves to the color of the lenses, and after a time you see objects in more or less natural colors.

So the next time you go to the beach, or go boating, fishing, or hunting, stick a pair of sun glasses in your bag as an eye-preserving precaution. A pair kept permanently in the glove compartment of your car may prove to be just as important as a jack. Who knows? They may even save your life. ◆ ◆

Women have their troubles

when the hot weather arrives

So it's a hot and humid day! So it's also a day when sanitary protection is needed! Lady, you should learn about *Tampax. For the lucky woman who discovers Tampax can sail through the month without ever a thought of belts and heavy pads—and everything that these accessories imply. Tampax is actually invisible when in use. More, *it cannot be felt* even in the slightest degree.

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JUST BEFORE DEADLINE

◆ When an artist sets out to paint a thought, or anything else as intangible, it involves a lot of paper work. Homer Hill wanted a wooden eagle for LIBERTY's Fourth of July cover and he finally got one in just the right size and shape. It took long research at several museums and the New York Public Library to find it. He studied old illustrations of eagles and then put them all together. Ours is a combination of about twenty. He tells us that the wooden eagle has almost become extinct, so if your town lodge or club has one around, keep it away from the rummage sales.

◆ THE AMBIDEXTORIOUS PITCHER is not just a story. "Ambi" might be called a modern Paul Bunyan, with two darn good pitching arms. We asked author James Bernard Kelley when, where, and how he encountered the miracle, and this is what he said: "I knew a college pitcher who was ambidextrous but not quite such a screwball as Ambi. The physical prowess of my acquaintance has been somewhat exaggerated, but in many respects the fictional Ambi approximates his real counterpart in unpredictability. My acquaintance subsequently became a lawyer and family man." However, we doubt if Ambi will ever dwell among the ivy-covered buildings. And here's proof that writers are not autobiographical scribes: James Bernard Kelley is a physicist and chairman of the physics department at Hofstra College.

◆ There's a feast for sports fans in two recently published books. The latest edition of BEST SPORTS STORIES, edited by Irving T. Marsh and Edward Ehre (E. P. Dutton & Company), is of more than passing interest to us. It includes a best sports story from LIBERTY—SKI WHIZ by Maurine and Richard Neuberger. Connie Mack, that hardy perennial of baseball, has authored a book that he calls MY 66 YEARS IN THE BIG LEAGUES (John C. Winston Company). It's loaded with big names in baseball and is packed with dates and statistics, including Connie Mack's candidates for his all-time team of teams.

◆ HOW TO PICK YOUR GOAL is the product of two writers, both highly experienced in guidance work. Dr. Harold A. Wren, also author of How to Succeed, specializes in educational and vocational counseling, and co-author H. C. Daych is an advertising-agency executive who has spent years in the selection and training of salesmen.

◆ The name of Thomas J. Coburn has appeared twice before in LIBERTY. The first time was during the early stages of the war—October, 1942—when Donald Wilhelm's article, THE FLIGHT OF THE BOMBER PHYLLIS, told that Sergeant Thomas J. Coburn had received serious facial wounds as the ship's top turret gunner in a bombing raid on a German submarine base. He had lost his eyesight. Then in August, 1949, LIBERTY again mentioned Thomas J. Coburn. This time the story had a bright side. Coburn had completed his first step toward successful rehabilitation. He had finished his college courses and received his degree from Wilkes College. Along with the degree went special praise from president Eugene S. Farley and the entire faculty for his courage and fortitude. The former gunner had a goal, but it seemed like an impossible one: He wanted to create an agency to help other blind people find employment. All through five years of lectures, classes, and examinations he prepared for the day when his dream would be realized. Months of unsuccessful job hunting followed. Then in January the break came. He was appointed contact interviewer for the Pennsylvania State Employment Service. Not only did it represent a penetration of the employment field for the blind veteran, but the job was the answer to his dream of some day helping other handicapped people. In this job, Coburn is completely happy for the first time since that fateful day in 1942. He is assisting in the employer relations work with the employment service by contacting local firms about personnel requirements, with special emphasis on the hiring of handicapped veterans and non-veterans. He will play a big part in the National Employ the Physical Handicapped Week next October by speaking before civic groups and local radio stations.

Graduation.

Mr. Coburn takes notes on his Braille-writer. It is very similar to a typewriter.

◆ When celebrities come to New York, they are always wined and dined in the finest fashion, but it's when celebrities leave New York that the press gets in on the fun. And that's what happened at the Stork Club when Bing Crosby left for Europe. We had a wonderful time saying *bon voyage* to Bing—and so did Ethel Merman, Gloria Swanson, and scores of other well-knowns. And one evening we visited the Indianapolis Motor Speedway people at the Waldorf-Astoria. We hope you saw the race, but if not there's always next year.

◆ A TICKLISH SUBJECT is all about just what it sounds like, but telling you about the husband-and-wife writing team who produced the article is only half as funny. That's because of the 50-50 split in the family: Lewis Morton really has his share of ticklishness; while his wife, Miriam, is simply immune to the disease. Daughter Elaine, aged 12, follows in her father's footsteps, and four-year-old Alice has only the normal childish wriggles. The Mortons kept wondering why this should be and finally decided to investigate. And that's how A TICKLISH SUBJECT came to be. Mr. Morton is assistant story editor for Twentieth Century-Fox Film's New York story department and has written articles for other national magazines. Mrs. Morton has been a screen reader and is the author of two recent stories. Her husband says she can get more work done because she doesn't have to be constantly on guard against would-be ticklers, aged 12 and 4.

The ticklish and non-ticklish Mortons.

◆ August is often called vacation month, and if that's when you're planning to take it easy, we'll be all ready for you with some interesting reading. For a good sports story with lots of human interest, try FIGHT TO THE FINISH by Duane Yarnell. And in the way of articles, there will be New York Congressman J. K. Javits' discussion of WHAT LIBERTY MEANS TO ME; a piece about an international air stewardess, THE DREAMIEST OF ALL DREAM JOBS by James H. Winchester; and a good idea for good health, ONE STOP—FOR HEALTH by Alton L. Blakeslee.

Don't forget: a safe and sane July 4. **—J. B. D.**

LIBERTY'S EDITORIALS

Our Example Guides New Nations

George Washington's picture has just turned up in an odd place. His face decorates one of the stamps put out by the new Indonesian nation. Until recently, few Americans paid any attention to Indonesia. It was just another archipelago in south Asia, and it was a Dutch colony.

New Indonesia's approximately 75 million people are independent. In their struggle for independence, which lasted nearly five years, their leaders looked to American history for inspiration. As of last December, they are as free as we became in 1776.

Uncle Sam has now become a gent who fought and won battles in his youth. Today his example serves to guide other and very much younger nations, such as India and Pakistan, which are a little over three years old; or embattled Israel, just two years old. And now we have Indonesia, a country of rich resources that is trying to immunize itself against the Communist disease.

In the battle between liberty and tyranny, which is the supreme conflict of our time, this nation has the advantage over Stalin's Communism. Our history has made us realize that you can't keep a people down that is truly struggling to be free.

We've learned our own lesson. We applied it properly when we gave the Philippines their independence right after the end of World War II.

The Russians have never been really free. Their rulers have always been tyrants of one sort or another. So today they simply don't understand that all their fancy talk about Uncle Sam the Wicked Warmonger just doesn't cut any ice with people who remember what happened on July 4, 1776.

As long as we at home don't forget that date, freedom-loving people everywhere will always be on our side. Looking about the world, we know that the two-centuries-old "Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America" has not lost its timeliness.

Behind the Iron Curtain the underground struggle for liberty goes on. It is a struggle to reaffirm "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

The tyrants of today, Communist or otherwise, are trying to make their subjects forget that "Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Wherever governments seek to govern against a people's will, the spirit of '76 is not empty oratory. It is a living cause that will one day break all fetters and doom all tyrants.

They Do Things Right in Philly!

One reason why the Communist idea of the "class struggle" has never amounted to anything in this country has just been demonstrated in Philadelphia. We are talking about the A.F.L. Union Industries Show. It was set up by about 100 labor unions in co-operation with a group of business firms.

It was not limited to exhibits of shiny gadgets. It also showed skill. It showed union workers doing what they do every day such as a baker baking cake, a cigar-maker turning out cigars.

We agree with the New York Post's business columnist Sylvia F. Porter, who said: "In no other country could anything like this be staged. In enlightened, voluntary co-operation between management and labor lies the key to American industrial strength."

From Philadelphia also comes news of an employee education program carried out by the SKF roller-bearing people. This was originally set up for supervisors, but rank-and-file workers asked to join. There are courses on time and motion study, on production, planning and control, on shop mathematics, on material handling and plant layout. Just the right stuff for ambitious men who want to get ahead in their jobs.

The same firm has a Quality Improvement Campaign, with the slogan "Quality Depends on Me." The United Steelworkers has backed this quality drive, because it likes the emphasis on individual skill and responsibility.

Also a labor-management committee on quality has been set up, and the steelworkers union has called it "a definite step in the right direction."

All told, Philadelphia is pioneering in demonstrating that labor and management have fundamental interests in common. Moscow papers, please copy.

How to Make Enemies

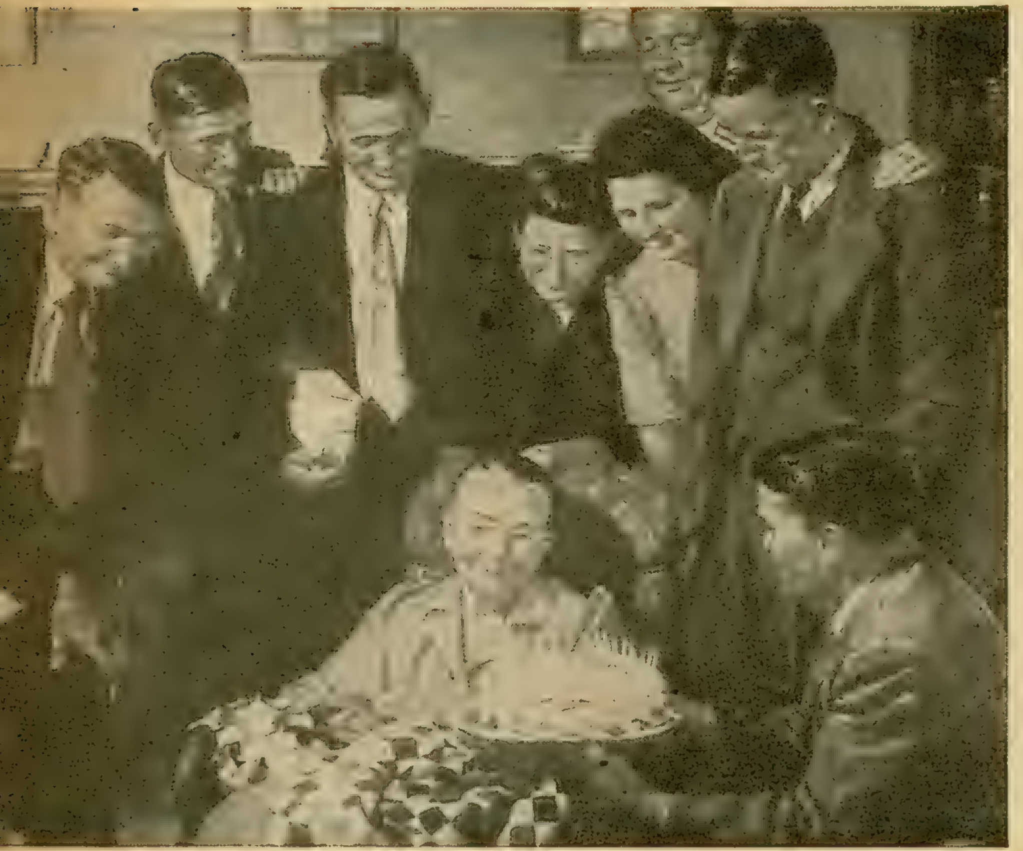
We think we've spotted a trend. It has to do with the invasion of a television owner's home by alleged friends.

To preserve the American home, the head of the household (as they call him in the tax returns) must now turn antisocial. Instead of winning friends, he must try to make enemies.

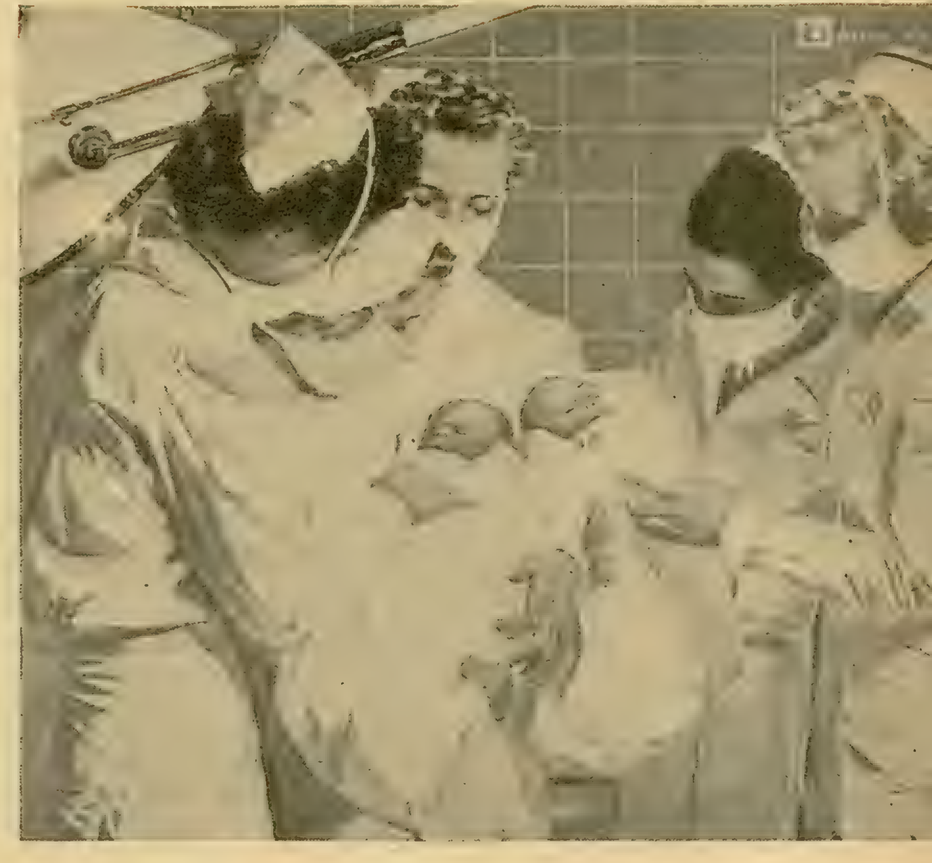
Sparing no effort, we have wrangled our way into the front parlor of a weird character known to one and all as the Hot-Headed Hermit. After persuading him that his techniques might bring new peace to millions, we have asked for a practical set of instructions. And here they are:

1. Wax foyer floor with soap until shiny. Then place scatter rugs at strategic points.
2. Warm all martinis 15 minutes on radiator or in the sun. (Using cyanide as a base, in place of gin, is considered coarse.)
3. Insist on showing two-hour home movie, Our Canoe Trip to Kakahonta Falls, before turning on television.
4. Dunk canapés in lukewarm water five minutes before serving. This assures sogginess.
5. Make sure screen shows plenty of wrestling matches which you accompany with funny comments of your own.
6. Take out life insurance, with a special clause to cover assassination by television guests.

WHERE LABOR AND MANAGEMENT



These drawings by Douglas Crockwell illustrate the ways in which all Avondale Mills people, from the top down, work together for stability and security that extends into old age.



The Drummond-Fraser Hospital in Sylacauga, Alabama, is self-supporting and operated entirely for the people of Avondale Mills. They get the finest medical care right from birth.

"Partnership with people" isn't just a catch phrase at Alabama's Avondale Mills. Workman and boss share and share alike to build a way of life that's hard to beat anywhere in America

READING TIME 14 MINUTES Mr. Tom Russell leaned forward in his chair and said quietly, "You know, we're making history." The "we" in his statement referred to Mrs. Russell and himself. They are in the process of bringing electricity and new farming methods into the erosion-wrecked farming community where their families have lived for generations. But that "we" might equally well have referred to all the 7,000 employees in the Avondale Mills. Mr. and Mrs. Russell are two of them—have been for almost 30 years. Those 7,000 people are making history too.

The Russells work in the Alexander City mill, one of the seven in the Avondale chain of textile plants scattered through the rolling hills of eastern Alabama. They work on the first shift, Tom in the carding room and his wife as a fabric inspector. At two o'clock they come home to the prosperous ten-acre farm which they have owned since 1933, to the roomy modern house their son designed while he was in high school. From their front porch they can look out over 150 feet of sloping lawn to the highway, and beyond that to the pine-covered hills.

Remember—the Russells are textile workers. And they aren't glittering exceptions; they're fairly typical of the Avondale folks. That's the kind of history those 7,000 people are making.

Things were different around the turn of the century when Braxton Bragg Comer left his south Alabama plantation to found the Avondale Mills. "Linthead" was the common name for the textile worker then. They were tenant farmers, mostly, driven from the land by the South's old enemies: erosion and low cotton prices. They lived in shacks in the mill villages. When their children tried to go to school in the towns, they were ridiculed for their speech and their dress; jeered right back to the mills. Whole families worked a 70-hour week. They got paid at

WORK AS A TEAM

By H. G. Ogden

Scouting is almost a religion at Avondale. Donald Comer organized the first troop himself and is president of the Choccolocco Scout Council. Fifty mill employees are Scoutmasters.

Camp Helen, one of the company's three resorts, is a strip of beach along the Gulf of Mexico in Florida. The camps are open all year, cost Avondale workers about $1.20 each a day.

three o'clock Saturday afternoon and, in the words of one employee who came to the mills in 1901, "By four o'clock there wasn't a man in the village. They was all on their way out the railroad tracks to the hills." They spent Sunday sleeping off Saturday's hill visit, and were back at work at dawn on Monday.

◆ And today? You've already met the Russells. There's Carl Dunning, whose herd of white-face cattle is good insurance for the future, and whose basement deep-freeze locker is jammed full. There's Boyd Douglas, Tom Russell's foreman, whose grandparents worked in the mills and whose children are growing up with opportunities those grandparents would never have dreamed of. There's young John Drawhorn, another Avondale third-generation boy, who is studying textile engineering at Georgia Tech. And James Cooley, who will soon graduate with honors in pre-dentistry at Auburn. James's dad started at the Alex City mill cleaning grease pans at ten cents an hour in 1921. Today he's superintendent of that same mill.

Miracles? Maybe. But they aren't miracles to Donald Comer, son of the founder and present chairman of the board. "It's what happens when people work together," he says forcefully. "It's *teamwork*. A lot of people seem to think that industry has to be a battleground, with management on one side and labor on the other. That's a lot of nonsense. There aren't any problems that can't be solved when everybody works together."

And then he adds, with an emphatic shake of the head, "It's the *team*. That's what counts."

If Avondale's 7,000 employees are teammates, "Mr. Donald"—as he is affectionately called by all of them—serves as head coach and field captain. And not even Knute Rockne himself was more loved and respected than the Avondale mentor. He began his active service in the company when his father was elected Governor of Alabama in 1907. Since then he and his brothers and sisters have guided the fortunes of Avondale. "Mr. Hugh" and "Mr. Bragg" Comer are now president and chairman of finance committee respectively. The late "Mr. Fletcher" was superintendent at Alex City. The sisters are among the 600 stockholders, and many of the company's installations are named after them: the Eva Jane and Sally B. mills at Sylacauga are examples.

A book might be written—it undoubtedly will be—about the Comer clan. They are a living legend in Alabama. But the real story of the Comers can only be told by the Avondale workers. And it *is* told, day after day, to anyone who will listen. Every employee has his own favorite anecdote beginning: "I'll never forget one time I was working up at Central, and Mr. Hugh . . ." or "One time I was walking out the road to the fishing lake and a car pulls up beside me, and Mr. Donald says . . ."

What has this gigantic team—this "partnership

WHERE LABOR AND MANAGEMENT WORK AS A TEAM

Continued

with people"—accomplished? Avondale can boast wages as high as any in the textile industry, high production rates, quality products which more than hold their own in a tough competitive market. It can point with pride to last year's safety record: more than 10 million man-hours with only seven lost-time accidents.

But the achievement the Avondale people are proudest of, from Mr. Donald right on down to the newest sweeper, is the thing we've hinted at already. It's the way the people live.

"Partnership with people" is a slogan at Avondale. But it isn't just a catch phrase; it really exists. Profit-sharing has been an important part of the Avondale plan ever since Mr. Donald began it in the Birmingham mill in 1938. It was extended to all the mills in 1941. A number of companies now have profit-sharing plans, but Mr. Donald believes Avondale's is as good as any. "And the minute I find a better one," he says, "we'll change ours."

Donald Comer, chairman of the board of Avondale Mills, with a bust of his father, Braxton Comer, who founded the mills at the turn of the century.

It works this way: Every month the books of the entire company are checked. If operations for the past three months show a profit, the plan goes into operation automatically. Five per cent (on invested capital) is set aside as a going return to the stockholders. The remainder is split fifty-fifty: half to the company, to be reinvested in the mills; the other half to the workers. Each man gets the same percentage of the shared profits that he gets of the total payroll. The payments are made monthly by separate check. Thus every employee knows exactly how well the company is doing.

In the past ten years Avondale's employees have shared more than $10 million in profits. Their monthly checks have run as high as 41 per cent above their wages, and as low as nothing at all. For the entire period they have averaged more than 10 per cent above the already high wage scale.

And what happens to morale when there are no profit-sharing checks on the first of the month? Precisely nothing, according to plant officials. It stays high. Last year a slump hit the textile industry. For ten months in a row Avondale's books showed no profits. Short time and extensive lay-offs were necessary in most of the mills. Yet there was no grumbling. "If anything," says one official, "morale was actually better. They were working harder. Our quality was measurably improved. They wanted to get us back into the black ink again."

The Avondale profit-sharing system is a group-incentive device, unlike many plans which call for profit-sharing payments to workers who do outstanding individual jobs. Says Donald Comer, "Those individual reward systems may work in some kinds of industry. I'm convinced they won't work in textiles. For one thing, textile manufacturing is strictly a teamwork job. Besides, the other kind of system tends to produce prima donnas, and we haven't got any room for them. It builds up jealousies, too. This way, when the company is doing well, we are all happy; when it's not, we all try to make it do better."

Photo by Charlie Preston Studios

◆ Eighty-five per cent of the Avondale people own their own homes. That is perhaps the most startling fact in the entire picture. Not many years ago nearly all southern cotton-mill workers lived in mill-owned villages and were generally considered as being from the wrong side of the tracks. Donald Comer can state confidently: "There's no wrong side of the tracks in any Avondale community."

Urging the workers to buy homes and small farms is company policy. When a worker decides he wants a home of his own, he first picks his site, located somewhere in the countryside near the mill in which he works. Company experts will appraise its value if he wishes them to. They will also help him work out his purchasing plans. Generally he's required to make a 10-per-cent down payment.

If the loan he needs is small enough, he goes to the employees' Federal Credit Union, an organization in which eight out of ten of his fellow workers take part. If he needs more money or more time than the strict Federal charter allows, he may get a company loan at 4 per cent a year on the unpaid balance.

And he'll meet those payments, too. Avondale has helped more than 2,500 employees to buy their homes, and there hasn't been a single default in payment yet. More than $2 million is now outstanding in home loans. The company isn't the least bit worried about it.

◆ The Avondale retirement fund, begun in 1944, now totals more than $6 million. All of it comes from company earnings; the workers don't contribute a cent. This fund, plus their homes and farms, gives them little need to fear old age.

About 50 cents a week buys complete medical and surgical protection for an Avondale family. The hospital at Sylacauga has the first industrial cancer-detection clinic in the world. It also contains 38 beds, gleaming modern equipment, and a staff of 16 highly trained professionals. In one year the hospital and clinics treated nearly 40,000 patients; the staff made 16,350 home calls. A trip through the Sylacauga hospital prompted one New York visitor to wail, "And last week it cost me twenty bucks to have a doctor tell me my back ached!" The patients in the waiting room smiled, sympathetically but with understandable smugness; it couldn't happen to them.

Profit-sharing, homes and farms, retirement benefits, health coverage—you'd think that one of these would be the most-talked-about feature of the Avondale program. But it isn't; anyway, not among the workers. Everywhere you turn, you are asked, "Have you seen Camp Helen?" "Have you been on our boats?"

More than 20 years ago Donald Comer was taking his family on their annual trek to the seashore. En route he made a commencement speech stressing his favorite theme: teamwork *(Continued on page 71)*

HOW TO SUCCEED

HOW TO PICK YOUR GOAL

By DR. HAROLD A. WREN and H. C. DAYCH

Your first step toward success is to pick your goal. In this, the second of a series of articles on how to succeed, LIBERTY'S *career editors tell you how to do it*

READING TIME 9 MINUTES Geniuses are rare. The names that break into the headlines are people like you who decided upon and fought for success. You can do what they have done if you want success desperately enough and will apply yourself just as desperately.

Success doesn't just happen. You must plan it and you must pursue it. You must tear yourself apart and put yourself together again—as the person, the success you want to be. Here are the broad areas of your plan for success:

1. Pick your goal. 2. Determine your motive. 3. Discover your talent. 4. Eliminate faults. 5. Study, practice, practice, practice. 6. Never falter, never give up. 7. Begin!

Your first step toward success is to pick your goal. We all know people of real ability who never get anywhere in life because they just flounder, without a goal. We all know others of average ability, and some who seemed less than average who achieved success and prosperity. They had determined where they wanted to go and kept plugging away at it. That is what you must do. If you do, you can achieve your ambition.

In picking your goal, you must be courageous and daring, but also practical. Only one person in the nation can be President of the country. To set your ambition toward the Presidency is not a very practical goal. Pick a goal that is possible and within the limits of the talents you *feel* and *believe* you have in you, *multiplied by the desperateness of your ambition and the relentlessness of your determination and will power.*

You may wish to be something or do something you know nothing about at this moment. You may be a bookkeeper, or a factory worker, and want to be a medical technician or public speaker. Don't worry about your lack of knowledge or of skill in the field of your ambition. "Know-how" is available in books, courses of study, and through practice. But you must be sure of what you want to do, not as a temporary whim, but desperately and permanently.

We are driven by a wide variety of motives. A desire for money, power or influence, prestige, self-gratification, popularity, good looks, position, or even our own habits, drive us to reach the goals that we establish in many areas of our lives. The goals we cherish are part of our personality and we become wholly involved in reaching them. We may not even be conscious of these ambitions. Because they are a part of our personality and influence our feelings of satisfaction or frustration, they may help us reach happiness or become embittered and beaten.

◆ The occupation goal is the most basic of our drives. For the majority of people the job and attendant income determine our standard of living and degree of social acceptance.

In the American system of the development of individual initiative, this urge toward achievement as a social pattern is highly desirable. It leads to the maximum growth of individuals and the development of their potential, which contributes to society.

With young people, one of the most difficult problems is not in their capacity to establish realistic goals, but in the projection of the parents' ambitions upon the child. It has become almost a proverb that every druggist wants his son to be a physician. The bookkeeper looks forward to the day when his son will be a certified public accountant.

The father who insists that his son shall accomplish that which he was unable to do is foolhardy. It (*Continued on page 69*)

THE AMBIDEXTORIOUS

By JAMES BERNARD KELLEY

READING TIME 20 MINUTES About fifteen years ago I quit a perfectly good newspaper job to become road secretary for one of the major-league ball clubs. Since it doesn't matter one way or the other which club it was, we'll skip that part of it.

While I had been in the press box I had acquired the name "Lucky." Lucky Lawson was always the guy who happened to be walking along a quiet street with a four-legged hound at the other end of the leash when the body of the biggest gangster in town would be dumped in front of him. One day I was the only writer to show up at the ball park in the midst of a six-day rainy spell when a berserk fan showed up and tried to shoot the manager. It was always that way. So when I took this job with a seventh-place club, everyone figured they hired me instead of buying the three pitchers and two outfielders they needed. For a while, at least, it looked as though they were right.

When we had been in Florida about three days, a great big mountain of a guy shows up—with two gloves, which I might add he was wearing. One was on his right hand and one was on his left hand.

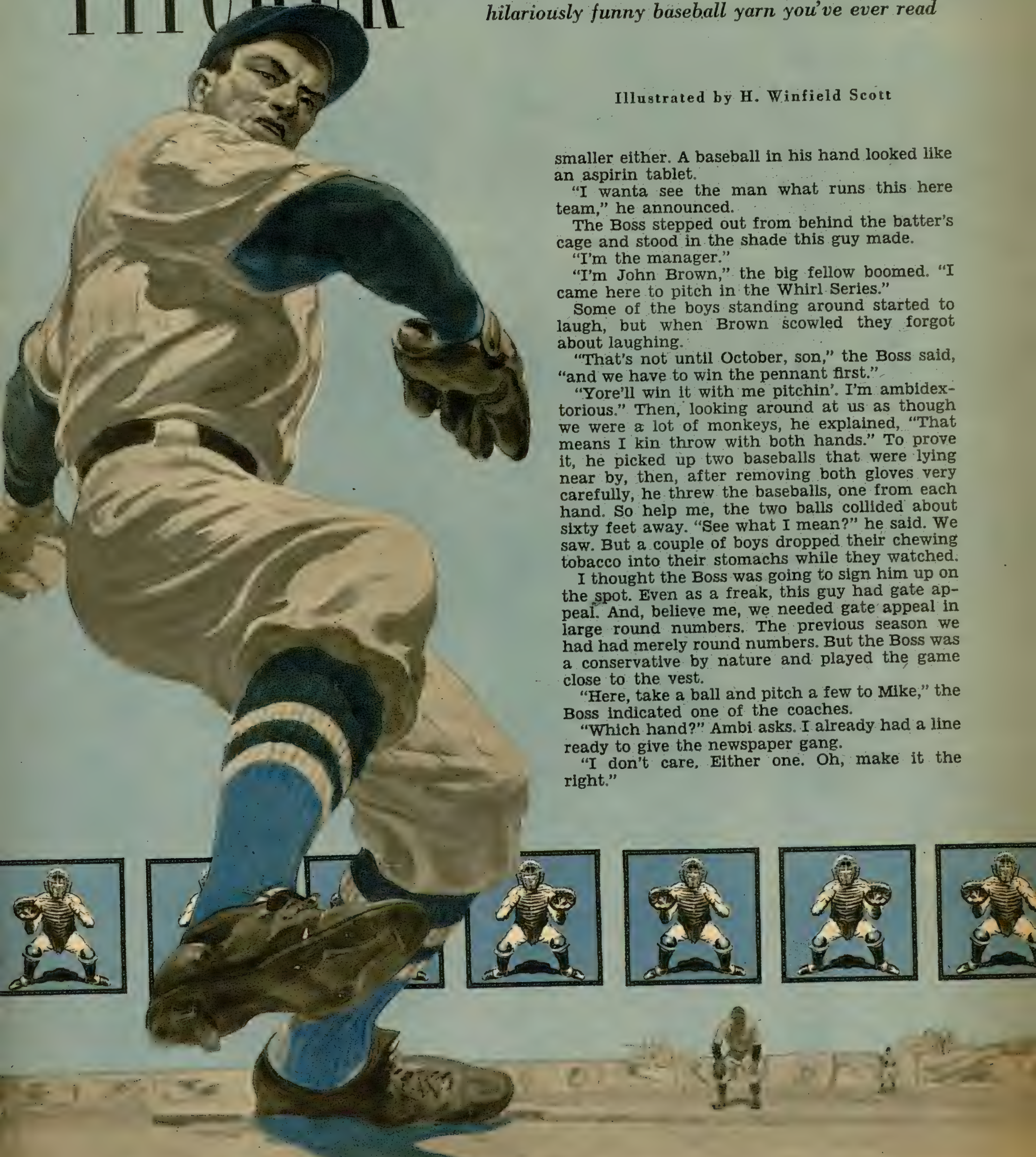
"I'm ambidextorious," he says, as though it was his name. For a couple of seconds we all stand there and look at him, trying to figure out whether or not it was his name, or whether it was an itch. I suppose we'd still be standing there if one of the players who had a brother who graduated from high school hadn't realized the monster meant he was ambidextrous. Immediately I could see that, regardless of whether he could pitch, this guy had the makings of the best publicity since Rube Waddell.

As I said, he was big. Oh, he wasn't any bigger than Primo Carnera, but then he wasn't any

PITCHER

The other guys on this seventh-place ball team laughed when Ambi said he could pitch with either hand and win, too. But that's only part of the most hilariously funny baseball yarn you've ever read

Illustrated by H. Winfield Scott



smaller either. A baseball in his hand looked like an aspirin tablet.

"I wanta see the man what runs this here team," he announced.

The Boss stepped out from behind the batter's cage and stood in the shade this guy made.

"I'm the manager."

"I'm John Brown," the big fellow boomed. "I came here to pitch in the Whirl Series."

Some of the boys standing around started to laugh, but when Brown scowled they forgot about laughing.

"That's not until October, son," the Boss said, "and we have to win the pennant first."

"Yore'll win it with me pitchin'. I'm ambidextorious." Then, looking around at us as though we were a lot of monkeys, he explained, "That means I kin throw with both hands." To prove it, he picked up two baseballs that were lying near by, then, after removing both gloves very carefully, he threw the baseballs, one from each hand. So help me, the two balls collided about sixty feet away. "See what I mean?" he said. We saw. But a couple of boys dropped their chewing tobacco into their stomachs while they watched.

I thought the Boss was going to sign him up on the spot. Even as a freak, this guy had gate appeal. And, believe me, we needed gate appeal in large round numbers. The previous season we had had merely round numbers. But the Boss was a conservative by nature and played the game close to the vest.

"Here, take a ball and pitch a few to Mike," the Boss indicated one of the coaches.

"Which hand?" Ambi asks. I already had a line ready to give the newspaper gang.

"I don't care. Either one. Oh, make it the right."

THE AMBIDEXTORIOUS PITCHER

Continued

So Ambi stands there and throws over by actual count fifteen straight strikes. He might have thrown more, but Mike's hand hurt him so bad he had to quit.

"I kin do better with my left hand," Ambi says. "I got different stuff on that hand."

"Well, you can show it to someone else." Mike went over and put his hand in a bucket of water.

So Ambi was warmed up on the left hand with Joe Hannigan, our regular catcher. And Joe had a tough time; the ball did tricks Joe never saw before. Finally Joe said, "I won't catch that guy without a raise in pay."

That's the way it went the whole first day. Ambi could throw the ball through a keyhole with either hand. He had the most beautiful control any of us had ever seen, and he made Dean and the rest of the speedy boys look like a couple of girls playing beanbag.

Finally, after everyone on the club except the Boss and me had red left hands, we took him into the office.

"Where'd you say you played last year?" the Boss asked him.

"I didn't say." He wasn't quite so dumb as we thought. "I kin hit too. You didn't see me hit, yet."

"Where did you play last year?" The Boss was not going to be side-tracked even though it was quite obvious Ambi wasn't going to give out much about last year.

"I didn't play no place."

"Why not?"

"I didn't wanta."

"Why?"

"I just didn't wanta, that's all."

The Boss looked at me. I shrugged.

"I kin hit better'n I kin pitch, almost. I'm as good as three men. I kin pitch twice as often as any other feller and I kin play the outfield. I'm a good fielder and I kin throw, too. Don't bother my pitchin' none."

There was no point in asking Ambi any more questions, so the Boss quit. We had to know who he was and where he came from before we could sign him, but he wasn't the guy to tell us. So the Boss said, "We'll give you a tryout. Lucky here'll get you a room at the hotel. You can room with one of the other rookies."

"I ain't no rookie. I came here to play in the Whirl Series, and if you ain't gonna put me in, I ain't gonna stay. So I ain't no rookie and I won't room with no rookie."

"O.K. We'll fix you up," I told him.

His baggage consisted of two gloves which he wore almost constantly, a ninety-eight-cent alarm clock, and a decrepit parrot that sang Onward, Christian Soldiers in the loudest and most terrifying voice. The parrot also knew some revival-meeting hymns, three lines of Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, and snatches of a few prayers. Ambi pointed out that the parrot did *not* swear.

The next day Ambi took turns striking everybody out and hitting balls over the fence. The Boss put him in the outfield, and with him there the other guys might as well have stayed home. Playing the outfield with Ambi was dangerous; you might get run down. (*Continued on page 66*)

WHAT LIBERTY MEANS TO ME

By DAVID DUBINSKY

President of the Ladies Garment Workers Union

The head of a great union knows what liberty in America means, for he was born and lived in a land which denied liberty to its people

READING TIME 4 MINUTES We in America who so frequently take our many blessings for granted, too frequently also take our great boon of liberty as a matter of course. We have lived in liberty and enjoyed it in such large measure that we imagine it is the only normal, the only natural, mode of existence. Yet countless numbers of human beings do not know this normal, this natural state of existence. Nations and entire continents are deprived of liberty, and their peoples are forced to endure incalculable indignity and affliction.

As an American by choice rather than by chance, I think I know the real meaning of liberty. Perhaps I know it better than others because I have a better basis of comparison than the one which commonly obtains in this country. I was born and spent my early youth in a land which denied liberty to its people. I was born in Tsarist Russia. I spent my boyhood in that land of despotism. At the age of 15 I was arrested for the crime of attending a meeting of working people. At the age of 16 I was exiled to Siberia for persisting in associating myself with working people striving for a more nourishing crust of bread, for recognition and acceptance of their human dignity. I therefore know from personal experience how cruel, how degrading, how evil a thing a denial of liberty can be.

The bitter advantage that is mine in having seen the dark side of the moon is one I do not wish to see visited on my fellow Americans. But suppose they, as I, had been born to the injustice and oppression which were the lot of millions upon millions of people inhabiting a huge portion of the globe; suppose they had suffered a lack of liberty on their persons and in their homes as I and countless others did in the land where my mother gave me birth, would they not understand why the love of liberty burns so fiercely in the hearts of mankind? Would it not also awaken a love of this country in them which goes beyond mere tribal attachment, beyond formal affiliation?

DAVID DUBINSKY

Photo by Leo Rosenthal-Pix

For this is the evil face of the tyrant and this what he visits on his victims: No man may call his home his own; police can swoop down on it and raid it at will. He may not move from city to city except by permission of the authorities and with a passport of political conformity. Resistance to low wages and atrocious conditions of work are considered a crime against the state, subject to the severest penalties. Poverty is thus enforced on practically the entire population, on all the men and women and their children. These children will never have a proper education, never have a chance to advance themselves beyond the miserable state forced upon their parents.

If these children are born to a religion (or caste or group) which is frowned upon by the despotic rulers, they will be subject to further penalties and restrictions. They and their parents will be forbidden to live in rural communities. They will also be forbidden to live in the big cities. Their place of residence will be confined to a limited territory called a "pale."

In all the land no one is allowed to read anything that has not been approved by the autocrat's censors. No one is allowed to gather in open meetings to discuss either their own conditions or the state of the nation. Anyone uttering open criticism of the tyrannous government is subject to arrest, to imprisonment, to exile, and even to death.

This was the abominable form of society forced on a good and kindly people by the Tsarist tyranny. This and much worse is what is still imposed on them by the Soviet despotism. This is what prevails wherever liberty is suppressed and an autocracy grasps power, and it does not matter whether that autocracy goes under the name of a Romanoff, a Stalin, a Hitler, or a Mussolini.

Wherever liberty is suppressed, truth and dignity and opportunity for advancement are lost. Let no one say that liberty is a mere abstraction pursued by impractical idealists. History tells us that it is as necessary to man's existence as the air we breathe, the food we eat, for in all the generations of mankind and in every land, men have foregone food and fortune, family and freedom for liberty. They have sacrificed their very lives in order to attain liberty for themselves and their fellow men.

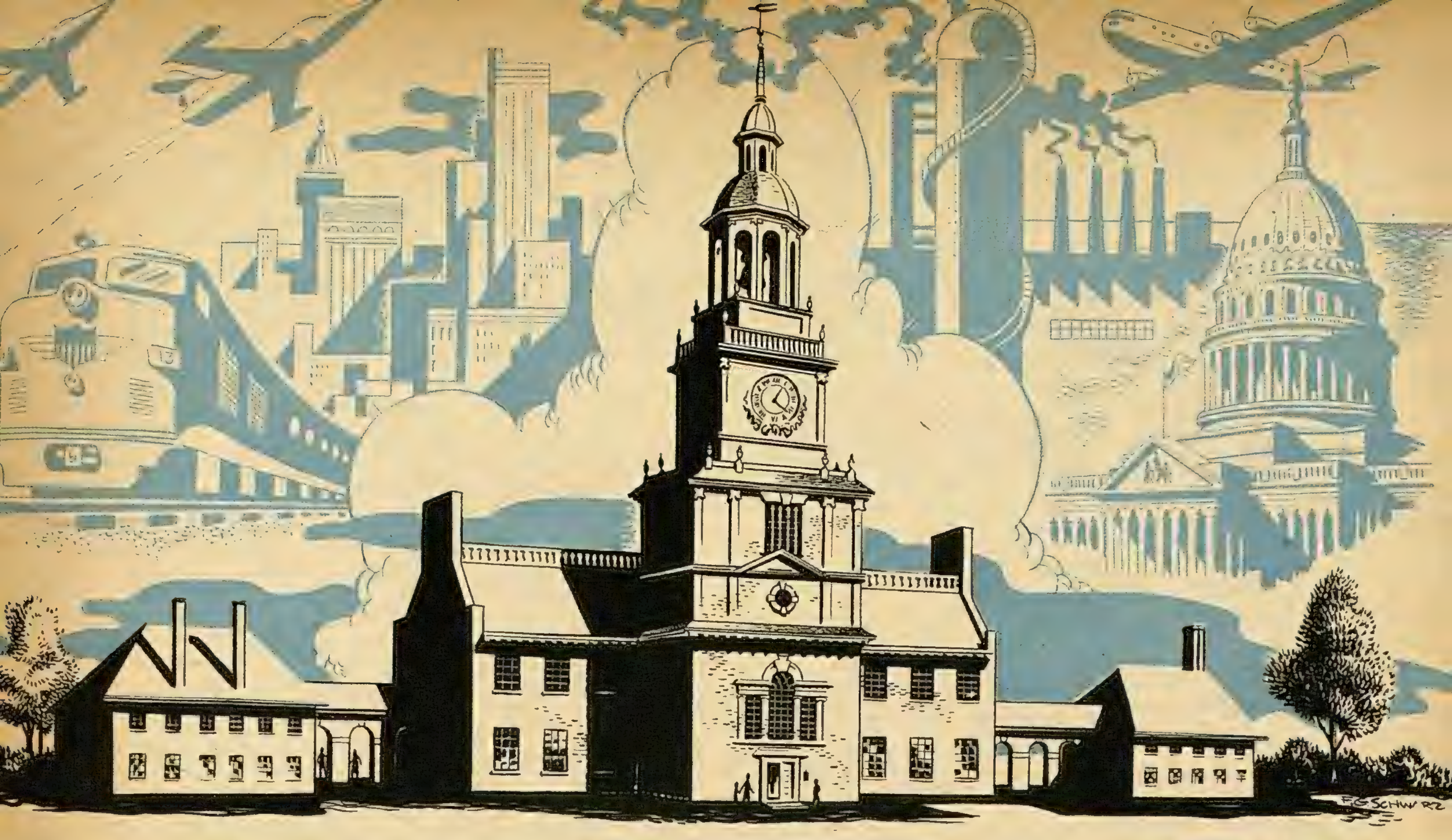
America has prospered and has become a truly blessed land only because of its love of liberty. It is this regard for human dignity, this respect for our own and our neighbors' rights, this democratic accommodation of differences of opinion in freedom that have made this great country of ours, which we love so dearly, strong and prosperous.

As a labor man, I feel that the unions have extended the liberty of our nation, for they helped the lowly and the weak resist oppression and overcome injustice. Intelligent industrialists and men of good will must concede that the labor movement has not alone improved the lot of the workers but has also enhanced the welfare of the nation as a whole.

To the extent to which I have helped American families raise their standard of living, enjoy better homes, secure a better future for themselves and their children, I have done my duty as a liberty-loving American—a better American, possibly, than those who cloak themselves in Americanism in order to vilify and calumniate labor. I am a better American because I have seen tyranny in all its abominable evil. I know and can appreciate liberty in all its glorious values. If I serve liberty, I truly serve America.

That is what liberty means to me.

◆ ◆



Drawing by Frank Schwarz

THE BIGGEST BUILDING

READING TIME 8 MINUTES If you've come by train, you walk out of Philadelphia's Broad Street station, past the gingerbread City Hall, and turn left on Chestnut Street. It's not a long walk down nine of William Penn's city squares, and it looks pretty much like any place in the country. The street is narrow, paved with red brick, crowded with trolley tracks, and flanked by business houses. Even though the buildings aren't very tall, they rear straight up from the sidewalk and press in on the roadway like the walls of a canyon. It's pretty much like any place you've ever been. There are department stores and banks and dress shops and taverns and a five-and-ten and a movie, all strictly American, with a hundred architectural styles glaring at one another over their neon signs. The signs say Bogolafsky's Bakery and O'Callaghan's Bar, and the Cathay Chinese Restaurant shares a building with the Turin Grotto Italian Restaurant—pretty much, as I said, like any other town.

There are only six lines on the bronze plaque that identifies the most famous structure in this country. Yet the lines are just as important to you as the lines on your birth certificate or on your marriage license

But suddenly the canyon wall breaks away and your sight is cheered by a burst of trees, and you know without a doubt that you're at the end of William Penn's squares and you couldn't be any place else in the whole wide world. There, back from the street, stand five low brick buildings topped by a white clock tower. To the right of the central doorway is a bronze plaque, and the moment you take to glance at it is one of these extraordinary, whole, remembered moments of your life. You read it all the way through. It's only six lines, but just as important to you as the lines on your birth certificate or your marriage license, or perhaps even on your tombstone, because the lines on those records of your life would not be the same nor mean the same thing if the lines on this plaque did not say:

INDEPENDENCE HALL
THE STATE HOUSE
OF PENNSYLVANIA
THE BIRTHPLACE
OF THE
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

We're a nation of skyscrapers and grain elevators, but this is the biggest building in America. It holds all of our heritage. So much happened here that even a hasty listing of what went on in one single room is staggering.

Here George Washington accepted appointment as Commander in Chief of the Continental Armies, June 15, 1775;

Here the Declaration of Independence was written and adopted, July 4, 1776;

Here Betsy Ross's American flag was officially made the flag of the United States, June 14, 1777;

Here the Articles of Confederation were adopted, July 9, 1777;

Here, on September 17, 1787, the Constitution of the United States was adopted.

All this most of you know. You know that the Liberty Bell hangs beneath the tower; that the Supreme Court sat in the building on the corner of Fifth Street; that its mate on the corner of Sixth was the national Capitol for ten years, the meeting place of the first Senate and the first House of Representatives; that Washington's second inauguration took place here; and that here John Adams became our second President. The bodies of Abraham Lincoln, John Quincy Adams, and Henry Clay lay in state here. The buildings have housed state, city, and federal legislatures and courts. Independence Hall was a prison and hospital for Continental troops captured by the British at Brandywine and Germantown; was a hospital during Philadelphia's fearful epidemic of yellow fever; and, after the federal government moved to Washington, D. C., was for some time a private museum. Among the exhibits at the museum was a live American eagle, still preserved, which was the model for official seals, and probably was the inspiration for our adoption of the bird as a national symbol.

The story of Independence Hall, how the building itself came to be, is a story little told, but in its way as significant as what happened within its walls.

IN AMERICA

By BLAKE EHRLICH

Other famous landmarks in national histories—the Louvre, the Kremlin, the British Houses of Parliament—were created in a far different way. Someone gave an order, someone else hired architects to design, artists to decorate, and the land and money were acquired through government requisition. Not so Independence Hall. It grew slowly, without large public levies, without architects and artists. It grew out of the native genius freedom finds among her wards and followers. It was built through devotion and sacrifice, and before the cry of independence and national union was raised it was the scene of meetings to preserve rights and liberties under the British crown.

In all these things the building itself is wholly American, down to its rock-solid 218-year-old foundations, although many of its builders never lived to see the United States of America become a reality.

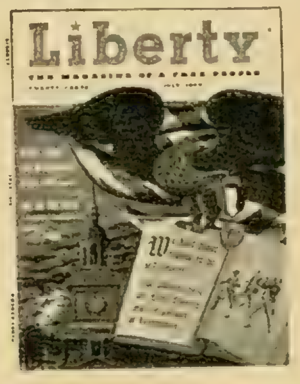
The man who designed Independence Hall was Andrew Hamilton, the lawyer whose brilliant defense won the acquittal of John Peter Zenger in 1735, and won for all of us the unbroken heritage of a free press in this nation. Zenger, editor and publisher of the New York Weekly Journal, was arrested on a charge of libel for criticizing the administration of British colonial Governor Cosby. For his historic courtroom battle on freedom's road, Hamilton was awarded the "keys to New York City" in a golden box.

How could a lawyer draw up workable plans for the third largest building ever attempted in the colonies? As a member of the Pennsylvania Provincial Assembly, Hamilton drew up the bill authorizing a State House (the Assembly had been meeting in rented front parlors for almost half a century); and later, as Speaker of the House, with Ben Franklin as clerk, he opened the first meeting in the new building.

Certainly Hamilton was an architect of good briefs and a sound draftsman of legislation, but could he really design a building dignified and graceful in the quiet good taste of the Georgian period, a structure to endure physically and aesthetically through the centuries?

He could and he did, but not without help. As a colonial gentleman and scholar, Hamilton, in addition to the law, the Bible, Latin, Greek and mathematics, knew a little architecture. You will recall that Jefferson designed Monticello and Washington changed and added to Mount Vernon. In every large colonial library there were always a few architectural works, usually including several books printed in England especially for the guidance of those who had to make homes in the "British Plantations." So our gentleman, Mr. Hamilton, drew his rough plans and elevations on a single sheet of parchment. For engineering and structural detail, Hamilton had to depend on ordinary workmen.

The "ordinary workman" of his day, however, was a fine craftsman. The Carpenters' Company of Philadelphia had been organized in 1727. Two of the founders, Edmund Wooley and Ebenezer Tomlinson, were hired as master builders, assisted by a third, John Harrison, joiner and carver. One of the glaziers was Thomas Godfrey, a superb mathematician who invented a mariner's quadrant and worked out at least one almanac published by Benjamin Franklin. Gustavus Hesselius, employed as a simple house painter, later toured the colonies painting portraits and building the first pipe organs made in America. The workmen's splendid craftsmanship and innate good sense and good taste are part of the building now revered as a shrine. In this respect it is a shrine of honest, creative labor, the work of free men. For its time, it was a gigantic construction job, and since the Assembly followed Franklin's principles of economy, the work was done only as it could be readily paid for. Thus it was 27 years (1732-1759) before the building was fully finished. Room by room it was occupied, although uncompleted, starting in 1736.



Artist Homer Hill's interpretation of the Fourth of July scene is a combination of all the symbols Americans associate with liberty. The book is opened to the words of the Declaration of Independence.

The Liberty Bell, which arrived from England in 1752 (the Whitechapel firm is still doing business despite complaints from colonial Pennsylvania), cracked upon being tested, was twice recast—with American copper added to the melted-down English metal—by Pass and Stow, "two ingenious workmen" of Philadelphia. It rang to summon Philadelphians to hear the reading of the Declaration of Independence. It cracked again, 59 years later, tolling for the passing of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. In the main hallway the bell is there for all to see; a glass display (*Continued on page 72*)

ON THE EDGE OF DOOM

By LOUIS DE WOHL

Manhattan was in peril. Then little Helen used her teeth in what was about the most important bite a woman had taken since Eve bit into that apple

CONCLUSION

Synopsis on next page

READING TIME 19 MINUTES The call to Washington came through after a few minutes' delay and Bill Halloran got hold of the officer in charge. He was only about in the middle of his story when the officer interrupted him:

"Just a minute, Halloran. You are not by any chance asking us to have an immediate investigation made, are you?"

"Well—yes, that's what I'm driving at. It seems pretty obvious that there's something fishy going on at the Summerfield works and—"

"It's a goddam hoax, Halloran, nothing else. You may be interested to hear that we have been literally swamped with calls within the last two days. There's scarcely a factory in the United States that isn't supposed to be fishy, one way or the other. Maybe some kind of chain letter. The entire American industry is going Communist, anarchist, philatelist, or sumpthin'. There have been eleven calls from people who said the White House would be razed to the ground and the President kidnaped by Russian spies. And all the callers and all the writers are asking for an immediate investigation. I wish we could lay our hands on the joker who invented this. Now you go to bed and forget the whole thing."

Washington rang off and Bill Halloran resumed his tiger-in-the-cage act. A hoax. A hoax on the gigantic scale. He resented the idea. And he resented it not because his vanity was hurt. Maybe all those calls were faked, but the Ward girl wasn't a fake. If the Ward girl was a fake, then there was nothing genuine in anything. What if . . .

Suddenly he knew what the solution was. He dialed the first number again and to his delight there was a response.

"This is Halloran, Ferguson. I rang you up before, but you weren't there, so I rang up the other number and left a message for you to ring me. Now listen . . ." This time he managed to get his story through without interruption.

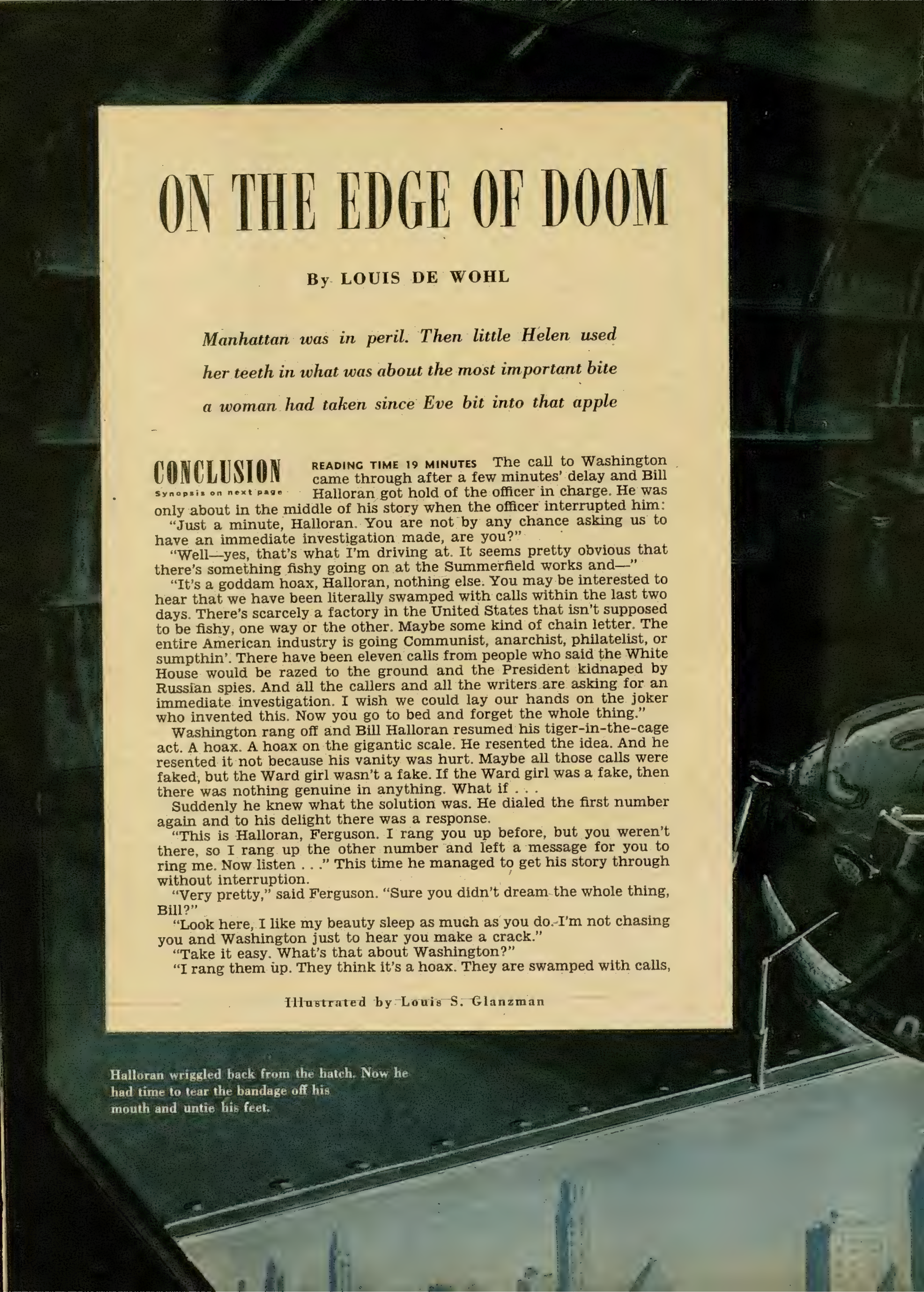
"Very pretty," said Ferguson. "Sure you didn't dream the whole thing, Bill?"

"Look here, I like my beauty sleep as much as you do. I'm not chasing you and Washington just to hear you make a crack."

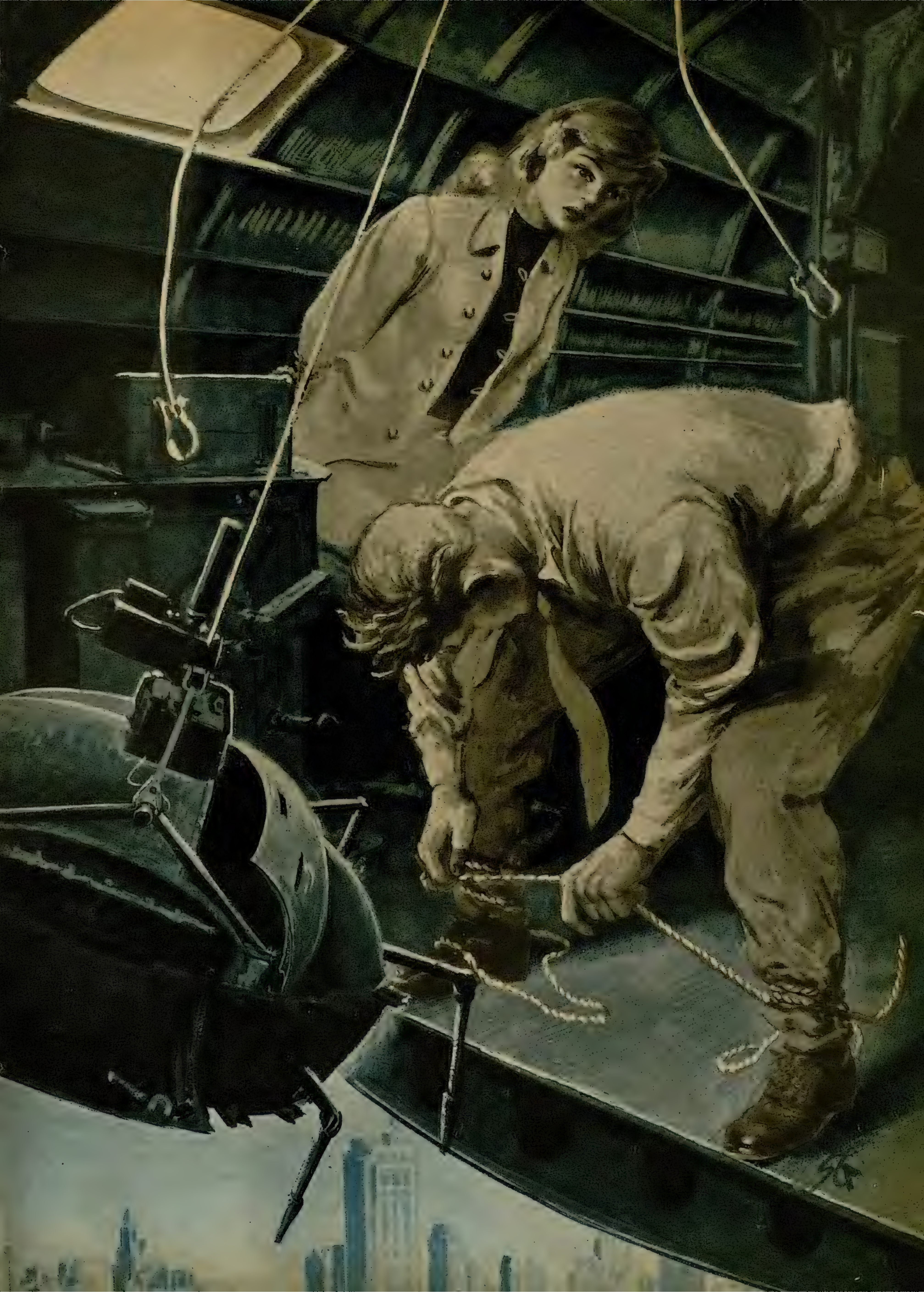
"Take it easy. What's that about Washington?"

"I rang them up. They think it's a hoax. They are swamped with calls,

Illustrated by Louis S. Glanzman



Halloran wriggled back from the hatch. Now he had time to tear the bandage off his mouth and untie his feet.



ON THE EDGE OF DOOM

SYNOPSIS

PART I

Bill Halloran awoke suddenly to find a girl in his room. She was a British agent, and she told him of a plot, to wreck United States military plans, emanating from the C-building of Warren Summerfield's plane factory.

Because of Halloran's incredulity, she had to tell him her story.

Her real name was Helen Crutch. She had been living in Spain when the civil war broke out. She met Grosjean, a scientist and fanatic anarchist fighting on the Communist side. He was her lover until his utter ruthlessness sickened her.

She returned to England. After World War II, the British asked her to shadow Grosjean, a disturbing influence in every country he visited.

A plastic surgeon changed her looks so that even Helen's father failed to recognize her.

As Mary Ward, she followed Grosjean to America. *He* was "Warren Summerfield," and she a stenographer in his factory.

Leaving Halloran to get help to search the C-building, Mary Ward returned to her room. As she opened the door, a large hand clamped over her mouth, and she saw a leonine face, and a voice said, "Good night, little Helen Crutch." Then she lost consciousness.

Continued

all demanding the investigation of factories and a lot of hooey about the President being in danger. So they think this is just part of the hoax."

"Maybe they're right, Bill."

"And maybe they ain't. Look. Those calls all came within the last two days—within the last two days. Don't you get me? It's two days ago that Beresford was murdered in Cincinnati."

"So what?"

"Beresford was Mary Ward's contact man. She had told him about Summerfield and about the C-building. And he was murdered. And then the fake calls started. They want to get Washington off the track, don't you see? They demand that forty-seven or sixty-nine factories should be investigated straight away. So when little Mary comes and tells her story, it's just one more hoax. It's goddam clever."

"Nice idea, Bill. But that means that they must have a regular net

(Continued on page 58)

THE DOG

READING TIME 10 MINUTES To those who have romped with a puppy, gone shooting with a hunting dog, or simply sat before the fire with a warm furry body at their feet, a defense of dogs must seem as unnecessary as a defense of joy, of loyalty, or of companionship. An answer, however, must be made to Dr. Paul Fluck for his attack on man's oldest and most devoted friend in the February issue of LIBERTY.

Scientific evidence proves that when man first hunted, dogs hunted with him. When man first kept flocks, dogs were there to help guard them. When man invented the runner and the wheel, dogs were there to pull the sled and wagon. When man first cultivated the earth, dogs were there to turn the primitive treadmills that ground grain. Of the thousands of species of animal life, the dog alone comes voluntarily to live with man, to share of his own accord man's life, to get his greatest happiness from being near his master.

As civilization grew more complex, so did the services of dogs. They became hunters, guards, companions, guides, warriors, even entertainers.

During the war, dogs served as soldiers in the K-9 Corps, winning citations for bravery under fire. One got a Distinguished Service Cross for capturing a machine-gun nest in Sicily. And some of our outstanding scientific advances—Pavlov's work with conditioned reflexes, the control of diabetes and anemia, basic research in heart diseases—were achieved with the help of dogs.

Stories of canine heroism, as even the most casual newspaper reader must be aware, occur almost every day. In Allentown, Pennsylvania, last year, for example, a dog named Queenie twice saved her three-year-old master's life—once by pulling him from his tricycle as he pedaled in front of a truck, and again by grasping his wrists in her mouth when he fell in a water hole. In East Hampton, Long Island, Lady saved a whole family from death by fire when she awoke her mistress by slapping her in the face with a magazine the dog clutched in its teeth. These are not unusual actions—they are typical ones.

Dr. Fluck says a dog mourns his master's absence only because the dog's routine of care and feeding is interrupted. Dr. Fluck obviously does not know the famous—and again typical—story of Buster, a bull terrier who waited outside a prison gate for ten years until his master was freed. No offer of food or

Drawing by Marvin Bileck

LOVERS BITE BACK

shelter could tempt Buster from his vigil. He happily lived on scraps given to him by sympathetic prison guards. But he would have stayed there had he starved.

Nor does Dr. Fluck heed the numerous documented stories of dogs who have walked hundreds of miles to find their lost masters. The most famous, perhaps, was Bobbie, an Oregon collie. Taken on a cross-country trip by his owner, G. F. Brazier, Bobbie got lost in an eastern city, and Brazier had to go home without him. Five months later Brazier heard a scratching at his door. He opened it to find a weak, bleeding, piteously hungry but still tail-wagging Bobbie, who had walked 2,600 miles to get home.

By NORMAN and AMELIA LOBSENZ

Howls from the dog lovers were heard from coast to coast when LIBERTY *recently published Dr. Fluck's attack on dogs. But here's the loudest howl of all*

This patient loyalty is only one of the many "psychological" services dogs perform for men. A dog is openly affectionate—and there are times when we all need such a display of love. He is constantly companionable. He adopts your mood as his, preserves you from boredom, flatters your ego, yet at the same time keeps you from becoming too self-centered. He is optimistic—all his world is fun—and he makes your life gayer by his presence.

◆ The most recent animal census showed America has 22 million dogs. Yet in 1948, according to the U. S. Bureau of Animal Industry, there were only 6,610 cases of rabies in dogs. Though statistics vary, an average of the most accurate government and private sources reveals that only about 50 persons die in the United States every year from rabies.

Is Dr. Fluck worried about people being killed by lightning bolts? He should be. Eight times as worried. For about 400 persons die that way each year. Does the doctor think we should do away with ladders? Logically, he should. For literally thousands of Americans are killed or injured each year by falls from ladders.

Figures can be made to tell any story. Dr. Fluck's bite-by-bite count of New Jersey's more than 14,000 dogbites in 1946 is, on the surface, an impressive statistic. But look at it a bit closer and it becomes meaningless:

New York City, with a population twice as large as that of the entire State of New Jersey, and with close to 350,000 dogs in its confines, *has not had a single case of rabies caused by a dogbite in the last six years!*

No one denies that dogs bite. Usually the animal is provoked into doing so. Remember that man, when he is annoyed, can fight back with a variety of weapons: a fist, a knife, a harsh word, or a planned psychological revenge. The dog has only his teeth.

"Most bites occur when a dog is teased beyond endurance, when he is hurt or startled, or when he is defending something," dog authority Harry Miller told us. "No dog is born vicious. A small percentage of dogs have nervous temperaments and react like human neurotics: they bite because they feel persecuted, or out of resentment."

Just how dangerous is a bite? Here is what Sydney H. Coleman, executive secretary of the A.S.P.C.A., told us: "In general, a dogbite is no worse than any other wound that breaks the skin. Most reported 'bites' are nothing more than nicks and scratches."

And the Gaines Dog Research Center, probably the headquarters for canine information in the United States, said: "The chances are that only one dogbite out of every million is a rabies bite."

Dr. Fluck overlooked another point: the dog is not automatically the villain whenever rabies occurs. Dr. Alexander Zeissig, veterinary consultant to New York State's Health Department, said foxes and cattle are often the culprits. In 1948 there were 568 cases of rabies in the state—258 were in foxes, 225 in cattle, 24 in cats, and only 23 in dogs. The rest were scattered among other animals.

The charge is also made that treatment of persons bitten by rabid dogs is a (*Continued on page 73*)

FIDO
US
m. Bileck

THEY CRASH FOR CASH

By FRANKLIN BANKER

Stunt drivers take to the air in wingless autos and perform other suicidal tricks for folding money and applause

READING TIME 11 MINUTES My wife, peering over my shoulder, read the newspaper advertisement with me, and we both blinked. Here's what it said:

WANTED: A SINGLE MAN. Not over 25 years of age, to drive an automobile in a head-on collision with another automobile in connection with Ward Beam's World Champion Auto Daredevils at the Lehighton Fair. We already have one man. Both cars must be speeding at 45 miles an hour at point of crash—a 90-mile-an-hour impact—and drivers must give unconditional release in case of injury or death. Give price you want and all details in first letter.

Was the offer real or a fake? Was it just a sly way to promote a country fair?

I called on a friend who is a sports editor. "Sure they do it," he assured me. "There are various shows like that going the rounds."

By now my curiosity was so excited that I had to see the show for myself. At the hilly Pennsylvania anthracite town of Lehighton my wife and I elbowed our way through the fair-ground crowds, past bingo tents and kewpie-doll concessions, past grizzled farmers and gangling youths ogling the hootchy-kootchy dancers.

Finally reaching the fast-filling grandstand, we paid $1.10 apiece for a couple of board seats. An usher handed us a garish blood-red program which spared no adjectives. The announcer stepped up, the crowd cheered and whistled, and the show was on!

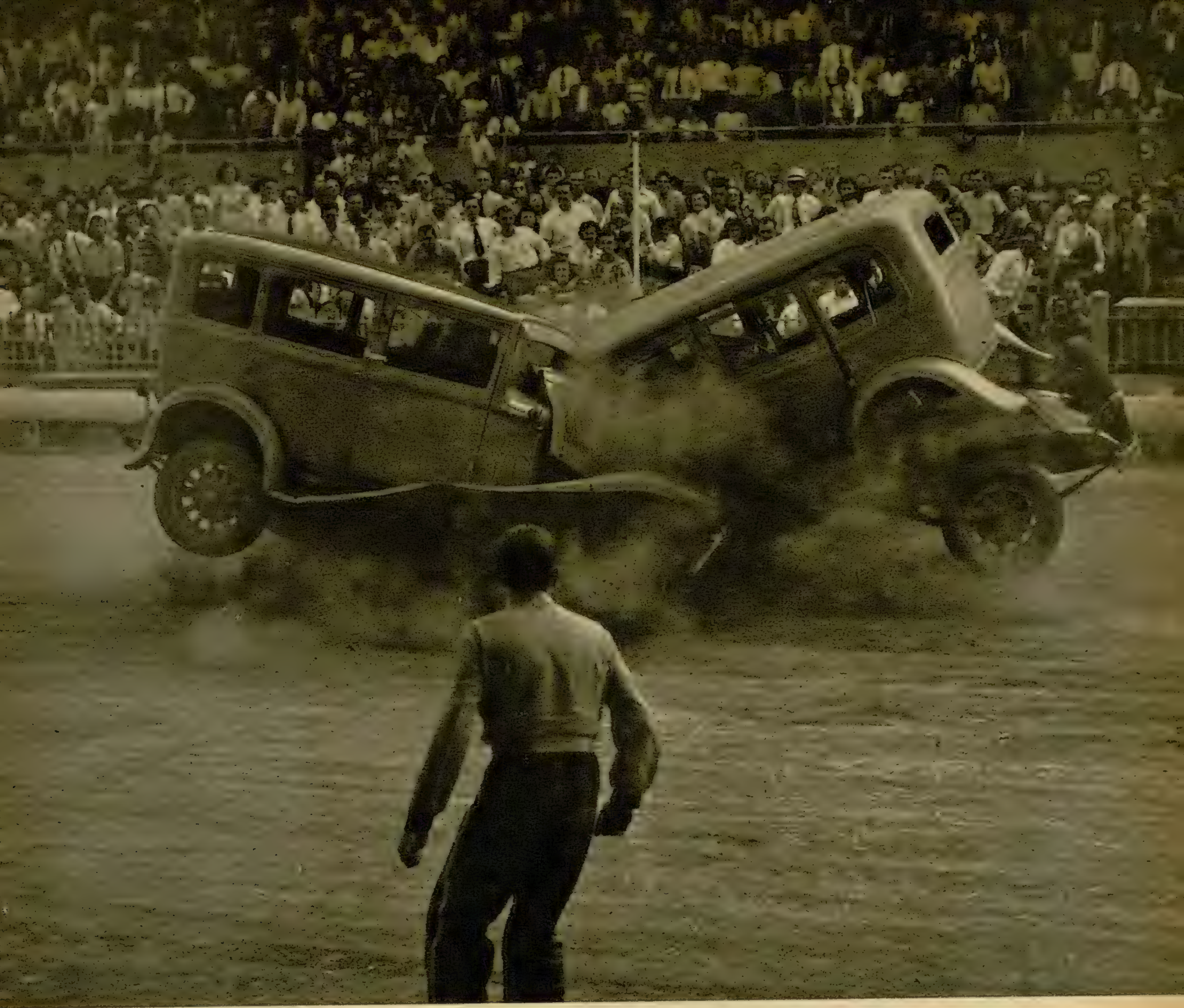
Four young men in four new automobiles painted a brilliant yellow swirl around the dusty track, bumper to bumper, at furious speeds. *SSSSSSSwish!* They flash by, then grind on the brakes, still bumper to bumper. Amid clouds of dust and the stench of hot tires they slue close to the race-track fence. The object is to see how close they can drive to one another without actually colliding.

The drivers line up again and add variations to the act. They crisscross at breath-taking speeds, always missing one another by just a hair. Then ramps are put on the track. The daredevils not only zigzag but teeter crazily over ramps on two wheels. One side of a car is thrown so high in the air that the machine is on the brink of turning over. It shimmies and—while the crowd gasps—finally decides to drop back to its normal position. Phew! These drivers make their cars perform like trained dogs.

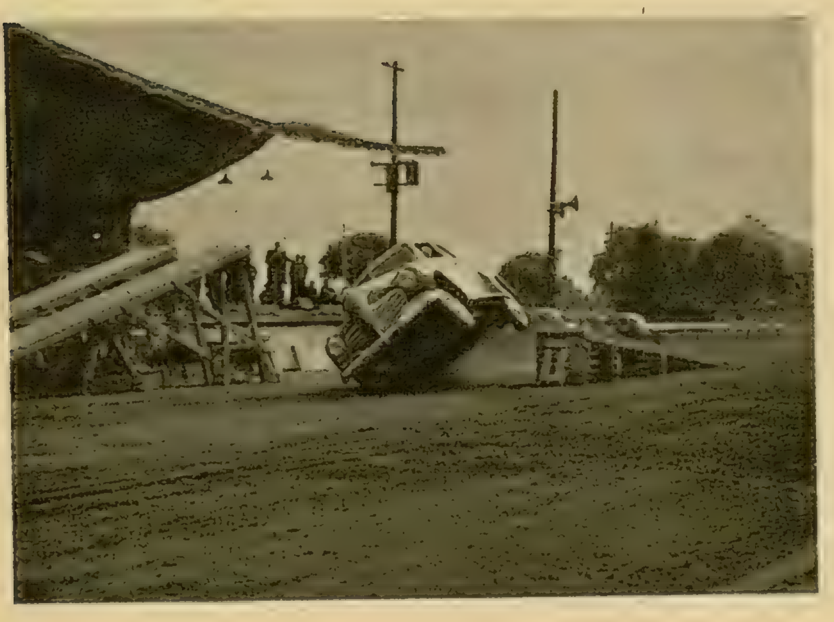
The crowd is feverish with excitement—and full of dust. Dust from the dirt track boils up in such clouds that the events are spaced out while the water sprinkler gets busy. Dust fills your eyes, nose, ears, mouth, and clothes. A glance at the program discloses that each successive event is a few degrees more maniacal. Also, you realize by now that the

If this happened on a highway, the ambulance might be too late; but experienced driver Johnny Filipeck came out with only a few cuts, after sailing 65 feet through the air.

Here's one trick you'll find at every show: A speeding daredevil smacks into a blazing board wall. The driver's object is to get away from the flaming timbers—but fast!



Sure it's dangerous—but the daredevil drivers take every possible precaution. They have released the steering wheels and are huddled behind the front seats.



Ever try this one? The left wheels have been thrown into the air by the ramp. The car is on the brink of upsetting, but if it does, you can be sure it's an accident.

program is a build-up of three simple themes—crazy driving, fire, and crashes, in that order.

Fire lends itself to all kinds of tricks. In the very next act one of the daredevils dons a helmet and lies prone on the hood of a speeding automobile, with his head sticking out beyond the radiator. He places his feet against the windshield frame to brace himself. In this position the man-plus-car team smashes into a board wall that is ablaze with searing, crackling gasoline. There is a frightening crash as the man's helmeted head hits the wall, then a shower of blazing gasoline and wood as the wall bursts apart. The car slows down and stops, but the daredevil hasn't moved from the hood. He seems stunned—and the announcer says that sometimes they knock themselves out from the blow. Now the daredevil slides off, shaking his head to restore his senses, and waves to the applauding crowd.

Next comes the "Famous Suicide Slide from the Back Bumper of a Speeding Sedan Through a Flaming Pool of Gasoline."

It's Jimmy Alvarado of (*Continued on page 60*)

COWBOY LARABIE'S DAREDEVIL

By RAY PALMER TRACY

Illustrated by Edward M. Stevenson

READING TIME 23 MINUTES Scorning the wagon trail, they rode the trackless high ridge to where they could zigzag down the precipitous foothill of the towering Sierras to the minute cluster of houses rejoicing in the name of Gold City. Under a bright California sun, the heat flaring up from the brown earth, they imagined themselves the super-cowboys they were destined to be, searching for the sign of terrified rustlers who had already heard that Bronk and Toppy Arden were closing in.

Bronk, tall and hard muscled, was eleven, almost twelve—only ten more months to go. Toppy was nine, pretty near ten—his quota in the red being a mere eleven months. It was his secret sorrow that he didn't have the bigness of his brother, although he was over average size for his age. Both were a mahogany-burned blond with flashes of sun and glamorous dreams imprisoned in blue-gray eyes.

Bronk glanced back at Toppy. He made a quick estimate of the distance between Jerry, the claybank he rode, and Paint, Toppy's pinto.

"Betcher," he said, "Jerry can outfoot ol' Paint to the store." He didn't wait for Toppy's enthusiastic "Turn your wolf loose." Raking Jerry with blunt spurs, he went down the last pitch like a swooping swallow, with Paint thundering uncomfortably close to Jerry's flying heels.

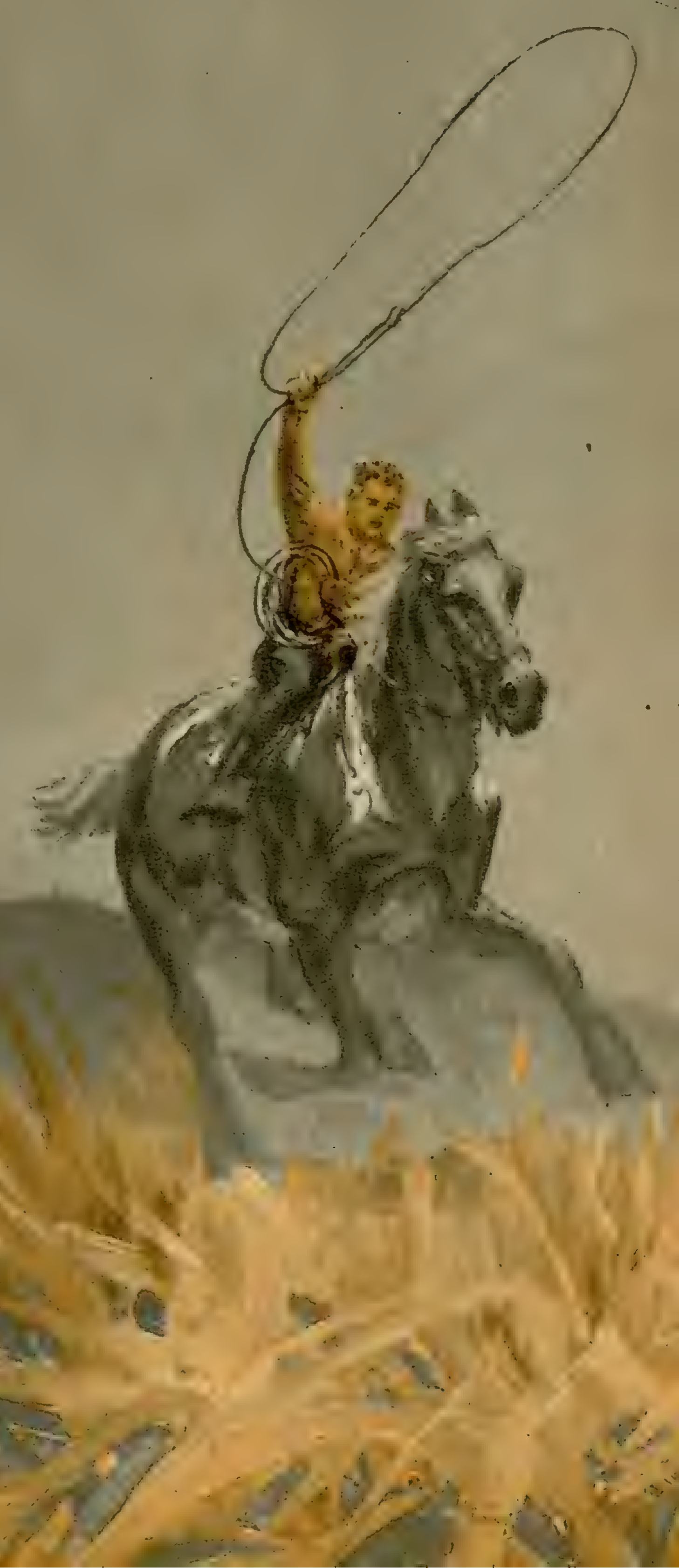
Bronk and Toppy kept Pa and Ma Arden, Whangleather Lou, the sleek-queued moon-faced Chinese cook, and the hands on the Block-M from getting in a rut. While Bronk had earned his aggressive name, Toppy's handle had just reached out and slapped itself on him, although the occasion had been the same.

It was an ever-fresh marvel on the Block-M how the boys—Bronk had been nine and Toppy barely seven at the time—had enlivened their wasting years by indulging in a little bronk-busting practice on a big Palomino who had never had a strap on him. To date no one had figured how the Palomino had been roped, snubbed, and saddled, or how Bronk had got so far as to settle himself in the hull. It was still more of a mystery how he had escaped with only two cracked ribs. Toppy, the cautious, never got a scratch.

Pa Arden had been torn between pride and anger. From his great height he had looked down on the little hero stretched on the living-room couch, breathing painfully, but cocky as all git-out.

"Well, bronk twister," he commented, "looks like you bit off more than you could chew."

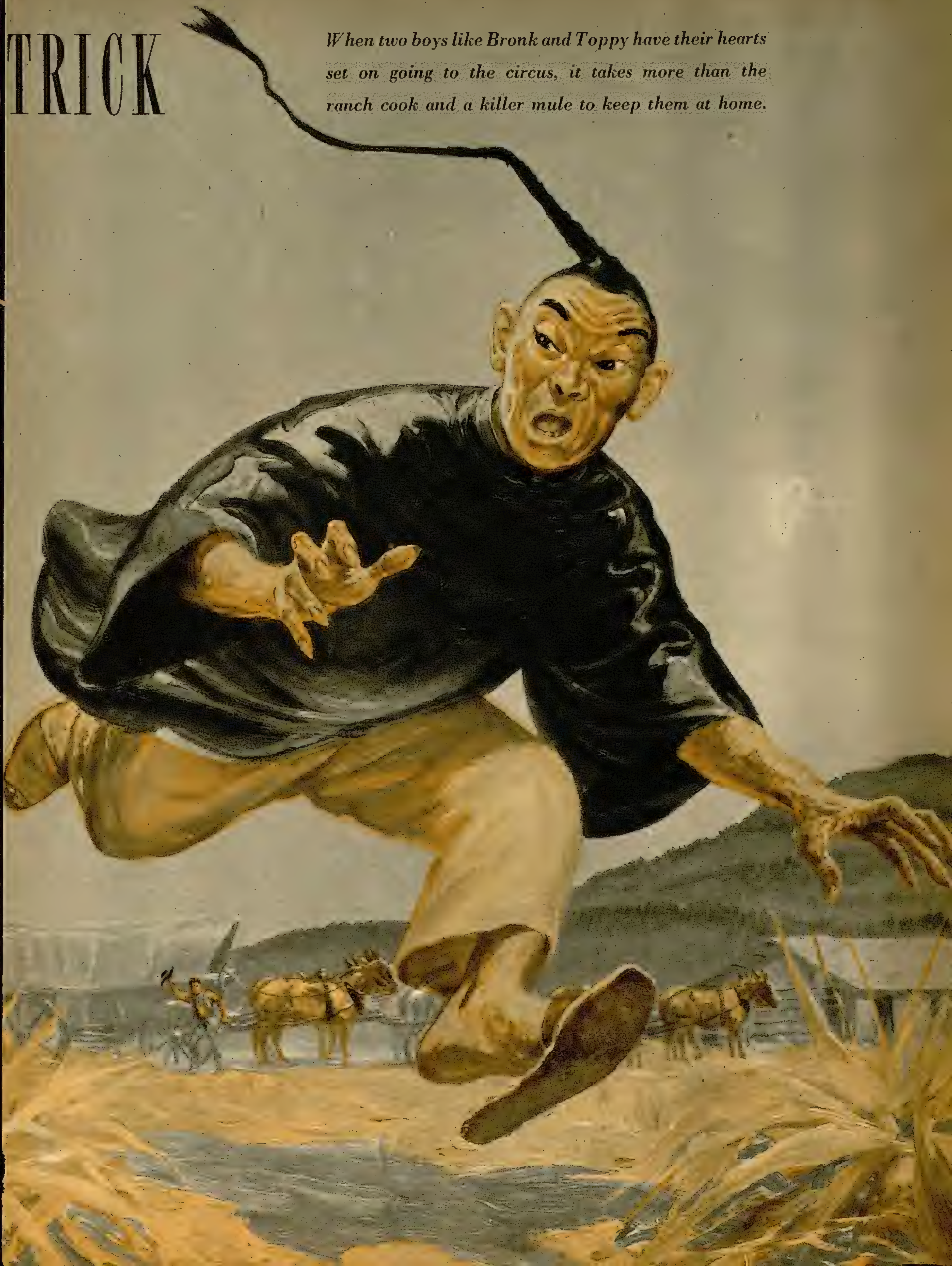
Toppy, hovering around, consumed with jealousy over the attention his brother was getting, while his own share in the exploit was completely overlooked, piped up shrilly, "I betcher I could have topped that ol' Palomino. I betcher I could, if I was nine."



At Toppy's yell Grizzly bounded forward. Whangleather Lou glanced around to see Grizzly bearing down on him, a tricky rope twirling back of the flowing mane. ▶

TRICK

When two boys like Bronk and Toppy have their hearts set on going to the circus, it takes more than the ranch cook and a killer mule to keep them at home.



COWBOY LARABIE'S DAREDEVIL TRICK

Continued

There was a suppressed twinkle in Pa's eye as he looked from one to the other.

"Listen, you two," he said in the tone the boys had learned meant business. "If I catch a hootin' one of you desperadoes monkeying with a wild one till I tell you, I'll take my quirt and set your britches on fire." And that was that. But the names Bronk and Toppy, following as naturally as day following night, stuck; and the memory of the event furnished a little puddle of fame in which they still swam.

Paint was faster than Jerry. The pinto's head crept up to nod at Bronk's stirrup. Bronk had misjudged the distance of his lead. He cast about for an excuse to undo the mistake. An expanse of gaudy new paper on the billboard where they hit the road, caught his eye. "Looky!" he whooped, and pulled up to stare at the billboard as though it had swept the race he was losing from his mind.

On the billboard was pictured a circus that was soon to show in Red Bluff. There were gaily caparisoned horses, elephants, and personnel. Trapeze artists in spangled tights sailed through the air with smiling ease. Then, down in the right-hand corner, Bronk saw something that actually did make him forget the race.

Toppy wheeled Paint back and stared at Bronk with righteous anger.

"You quit!" he accused. "You was scared me and Paint—"

"Look!" Bronk cut him off and pointed. "Cowboy Larabie, the world's greatest trick rider, doing his daredevil trick of crawling under his pony's neck while going at full speed."

"Yeah, I can read," said Toppy with a strange lack of enthusiasm for one of the Arden brothers who planned to be the greatest all-around cowboys of all time.

Bronk was too engrossed to notice. He said, "We've got to go to Red Bluff and see that trick. Betcher with a little practice we can do it as good as ol' Cowboy Larabie."

"Maybe Pa won't let us go," suggested Toppy.

"Yes he will. Pa has more fun than we do at a circus."

"I dunno if I can go," hesitated Toppy. Then he explained, "I spent all my money but ten cents Fourth of July." He paused and then asked with monumental innocence, "You've got a whole dollar, ain't you?"

"Yeah, I've *saved* a dollar," admitted Bronk, suddenly wary.

"It says it only costs fifty cents to get in the big top."

Sure now where this was leading, Bronk pretended not to hear. He leaned forward and studied Cowboy Larabie crawling under his speeding pony's neck. "Yeah," he said, "when I see how it's done, I bet I can do it as good as him."

"I say it only costs fifty cents to get in the big top," repeated Toppy in a higher key.

"Huh? Oh, yeah," nodded Bronk. "It takes fifty cents to get in the big top. Fifty cents more will be about right for side shows and pink lemonade."

"I'm forty cents short of even getting into the big top," figured Toppy.

Bronk scowled. It was practically impossible to shut Toppy off when he got to harping on something. He said, "Le's see. You said you've got ten cents? Ten from fifty leaves forty. Yes, you're forty cents short."

"You could lend me the (*Continued on page 62*)

READING TIME 9 MINUTES June Havoc nearly played havoc with the shooting schedule of Red, Hot, and Blue when the opening scene had to be reshot a dozen times—because she is extremely ticklish. In that scene Betty Hutton does a wild number, I Wake Up, in which she dashes around the room, pausing from time to time to tickle her sleeping roommate's feet—June's feet. But before each attempted tickle, June would flinch, and the shot would be ruined. The only way they could "unflinch" her, finally, was by playing Chopin's Funeral March.

In The Birth of a Nation, the celebrated director D. W. Griffith made expert use of the tickle reflex. He was doing a close-up of Lillian Gish in a romantic scene in which she was supposed to register acute nostalgia for her absent suitor. To produce an appropriately ecstatic expression, he had her feet tickled with a feather while the camera was photographing her face.

The excruciating sensation of ticklishness is something we've all experienced, either on the giving or the receiving end. No office is without the buffoon who likes to sneak up behind the stenos while they're at the water cooler and poke them in the ribs just as they're taking a swig. Some of the gals react big, and a good time is had by all—except, perhaps, the girl herself who, likely as not, will spill water all over her best nylon blouse. Others just turn and give him a stare, or, if the boss isn't looking, they'll toss a cupful in his face. But it is strange that the same person will sometimes react with hilarity and at others not at all, and that such a feeble stimulus can produce such a turbulent reaction.

That's what puzzled neurologists and psychologists for years—the fact that this reflex—unlike such simple ones as blinking, frowning, and the knee jerk—has a strong *psychological content*. In the first place, it takes two to make a tickle. As one scientist solemnly remarks, "It is impossible to retire into solitude, tickle one's ribs, and get one's self to give forth peals of convulsive laughter." Secondly, even the most ticklish person has to be in the mood before he will react at all. Furthermore, people who are ticklish have an appetite for ticklishness—although they protest, when the fit of laughter abates, they often come back for more.

To establish these and other facts relating to the subject, an

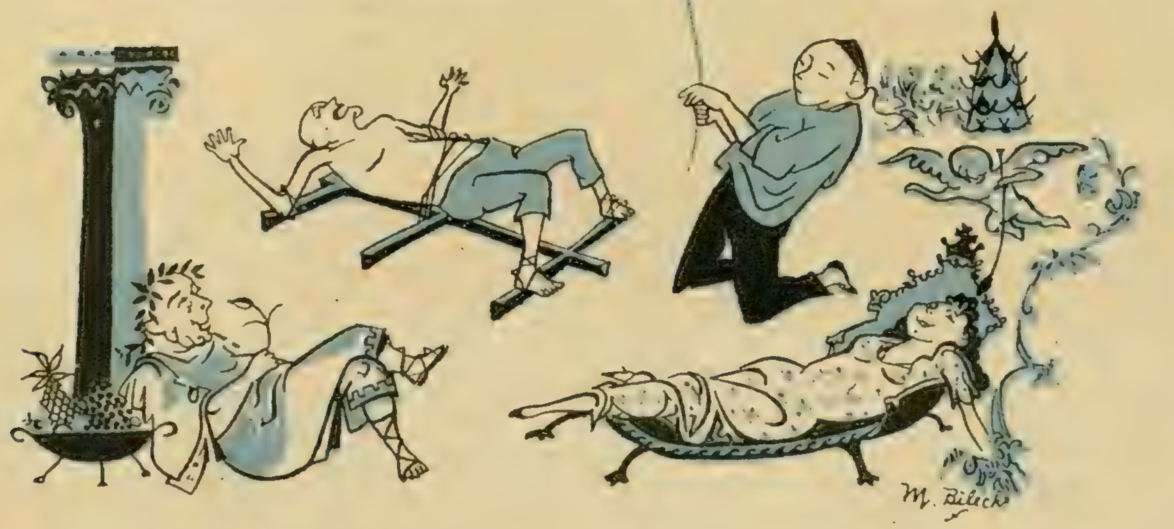
Drawing by Marvin Bileck

experiment was conducted at Cornell University. Three professors and three graduate students were assembled, all of whom proceeded to tickle themselves and one another with various objects and instruments and to record their reactions. They determined that a hair .23 millimeter in diameter was the best device for the purpose (practical jokers, please note). Other results of this study are duly recorded in professional journals, but they are too technical to be dealt with in this article.

A TICKLISH SUBJECT

By MIRIAM and LEWIS MORTON

Although the how and why of ticklishness have been discovered only recently, the Chinese used to tickle to torture, the Romans tickled for fun, and an Austrian empress was tickled to cure her childlessness



By far the most interesting experiment was conducted by a gentleman of outstanding erudition, Dr. Louis Robinson, at the turn of the century. And it resulted in a very provocative theory, now generally accepted. But first, the experiment:

It was a bright Sunday afternoon, and the London Zoo was teeming with a capacity crowd of gawking children and gaping adults, while the animals for the most part returned stare for stare. Hardly anyone noticed a dignified bearded man carefully poking and prodding each animal, and making penciled notes in a little book. Those who did notice him took him for a keeper and let it go at that. Not so the animals. They reacted! He was tickling them, and they were all ticklish—all except one. Dr. Robinson lamented that "the only young gorilla which I had an opportunity of handling was morose and unwell, and could not be got in the mood."

As for the young chimpanzee, Dr. Robinson discovered that it is ticklish in exactly the same spots as the human child.

Dr. Robinson's far-reaching conclusion was that ticklishness is one of the "survival mechanisms" which have helped the *genus homo* to subsist on this planet. He found that all animals are ticklish—dogs, cats, apes (and young children), so much so that they won't let you get near their sensitive zones. Regions which are most carefully defended by this reflex—armpits, ribs, inner thigh, front and side of neck, etc.—are those which in a serious fight with teeth and claws in a jungle existence would prove most vulnerable. Some of these regions have arteries only slightly protected; others have thin tissues covering vital parts of the alimentary tract. And if anyone suggests that the soles of our feet are not vital spots, let him remember that in our tree-climbing stage, a few eons ago, they kept us alive at a safe elevation while such monsters as the mammoth (not ticklish, they!) were frozen in Pleistocene mud.

Thus tickling in play—the kind we see in animals between the mother and her young—is a "mock battle," practice for later defense in real battle. This carries over to the play between a human mother and her child. Dr. Arnold Gesell, the outstanding authority on child development, conducted an experiment at his Yale clinic with infants less than one year old. He found that these children were 15 times as ticklish when the tickler, that is the "mock attacker," was their mother as when it was a stranger. That's because a response to tickling depends on a *mock* attack, where no real danger is involved—and with strangers the babies couldn't be quite sure the "attack" wasn't real.

The growl used by animals in this mock battle of muscle, nerve, and temper has evolved into the giggle with the human, but its purpose is obviously the same. Doubtless the young girl defending herself against a playful "wolf" giggles and wriggles in self-protection.

Applying Dr. Robinson's theory further, and in a sense backward, Havelock Ellis, the famous English psychologist, maintained that ticklishness aids the child even in its mother's womb. The curled-up position serves as a protection against the damage of very tender and still-developing parts by external pressures. This position results from the ticklish sensations produced on the embryo's already sensitized skin by the fluid in the womb, which moves whenever the mother does.

So this much underrated reflex has been extremely valuable to us, both as a race and as individuals. And if, through the eons, its defensive value in the economy of human life has gone down drastically, ingenious man has developed substitutes—sticks, stones, and, more recently, stock piles.

But what makes the tickle tick? What can modern science tell us about its why and wherefore?

(*Continued on page 38*)

COMING OF AGE

By MATT TAYLOR

John's mother and dad had had twenty happy birthdays with him; but the twenty-first—it was something special

READING TIME 7 MINUTES Months ahead the Claytons began talking of the birthday. "It's his twenty-first," Mrs. Clayton said, "and it should be something special."

Her husband agreed. "They make quite a thing of it in England," he said; "sort of a family get-together for a boy's coming of age. It's a nice tradition."

"I've looked up the date," Mrs. Clayton told him, "and it falls on a Saturday. He'll be home from college."

The Claytons lived in one of the more expensive of the New York suburbs, and their son John was finishing his senior year in New Haven. He had been given the use of the aged Clayton station wagon, and most weekends he drove the sixty miles to be home. He was an only child, and the three of them made a happy, close-knit family.

LIBERTY SHORT SHORT

"We could make it a surprise party," Mrs. Clayton went on eagerly.

Her husband smiled. "We could try," he said, "but he'd suspect something. He knows you too well. I suppose you've given him a birthday party every year since he was six."

"He had his first when he was three," Mrs. Clayton said.

Her eyes misted a little, remembering. It really had been every year, she thought, except for the few times he'd been ill. Children whose names and faces were long since forgotten had filled the house, their screams and laughter echoing through the rooms. Every party had climaxed—at least in Mrs. Clayton's memories—at that big moment when her son blew out his birthday candles. She had always stood close beside him, her eyes shining, and at the cheer that went up when the flame of the last candle died, she had always hurriedly left the room.

Mrs. Clayton thought back to all of them—to the elaborate ones and the simple ones, the early teen-age dancing parties, the young-man-of-the-world stag party for his high-school fraternity. And she decided finally the one she liked best had been a surprise party.

It had been the family that time. He'd been seventeen. They had sent him out of the house for the afternoon, and when he came back, there they all were—his grandmother, uncles and aunts, and six cousins he had grown up with. She had never forgotten the happy excitement in his eyes as they converged upon him.

She checked her thoughts abruptly. "We'll have just the family for his coming of age," she said to her husband, "and let's try to make it a surprise."

They had their plans well laid a month in advance. They decided the club would be best—the Rose Room of the club, which was off the main dining room and afforded semiprivacy. Mr. Clayton settled with the steward on the menu, the cocktails, the flowers. They asked everyone two weeks ahead, and the acceptances came in by mail and phone. Mr. Clayton had two sisters and a brother within driving distance, and Mrs. Clayton had two brothers. The various families had always seen a lot of one another. They always came together, when they could, for special occasions.

The Claytons carefully avoided mention of the birthday on their son's final visit preceding it. "Next Saturday, as usual?" Mrs. Clayton asked as she kissed him good-by.

"For dinner," John Clayton said casually. " 'By, Mom. 'By, Pop. See you then."

They stood together as the station wagon sped away. "Did he say anything about his birthday?" Mrs. Clayton asked.

"Not a word to me," her husband told her. "It shows he suspects something and doesn't want to spoil our fun. He knows we wouldn't forget it."

The guests were to be at the club by six the next Saturday. ***Mrs. Clayton stood at her living-room window, looking down the street, and a few minutes after five she saw the station wagon round the corner. She watched it turn into the driveway. Watched her son step out. Watched him help a slim, laughing girl from the car and take her small suitcase.***

Mrs. Clayton waited at the door with her husband. Her son kissed her lightly. His eyes were bright with excitement and his cheeks were flushed. "This is Helen, Mom," he said—"Helen Drake. Mom and Pop."

He stood laughing as they exchanged greetings. "Shouldn't bust in on you like this," he said, "but we were sort of rushed. And I know the guest room's always ready, and you've often said, Mom—"

"Of course, dear," Mrs. Clayton broke in. "Helen's more than welcome. Especially tonight."

"We really didn't have time to phone," the girl explained. "It was all cooked up at the last minute."

"Was it?" said Mrs. Clayton. "What was?"

"This big time in New York tonight," her son told her. "Some fellows at college know about this

▶ ▶ ▶

Illustrated by John McClelland

COMING OF AGE

Continued

spaghetti joint. We're celebrating. Helen and I are pinned, Mom. We're meeting the gang downtown in an hour. It may be a late night, and I thought Helen might as well stay over. So I— Is something wrong?"

Mrs. Clayton moistened her lips. "No," she said unsteadily.

"Nothing at all's wrong," Mr. Clayton said quickly. He held out his hand. "Happy birthday, son."

They watched their son's eyes widen with dismay. "My birthday!" he said weakly. "Gosh, it—it *is*, isn't it? I clean forgot!"

"Show Helen to the guest room, dear," said Mrs. Clayton. "She'll want to change."

He was back in less than a minute. He looked at them anxiously. "I don't know how I forgot," he said. "I never did before. I met Helen about a month ago. I've been dating her a lot. Guess I've been in sort of a fog." His smile widened. "I didn't know what day it was." Then, anxious again: "If you've planned anything for me, I can cancel this other."

"No doubt you can," said Mr. Clayton, and he glanced swiftly at his wife.

"We were just having dinner at the club," she said quietly. "It doesn't matter at all."

Her son stooped and kissed her. "You're swell, Mom," he said. "You like Helen, don't you?" he added eagerly.

"She's lovely, simply lovely."

"A fine girl," Mr. Clayton added.

Twenty minutes later, they were alone again. They looked at each other a moment, smiling. Then Mr. Clayton said, "You were pretty wonderful."

"You did all right yourself," Mrs. Clayton answered. She sighed. "But what will we tell them at the club?" she asked.

Her husband laughed. "The truth," he said: "'He forgot all about his birthday. He'd made his own plans, and we didn't want to spoil them.'"

Mrs. Clayton nodded quickly. "We've had twenty birthdays with him," she said; "more than some—all we have a right to."

Mr. Clayton kissed her. "And now I'll get the car," he said gaily. "There's a party waiting, and we've something to celebrate. The coming of age of a couple of parents!" ◆◆

A TICKLISH SUBJECT

Continued from page 35

Its *physical* mechanics have been thoroughly explored. Typical is the studies of a German scientist who wrote a treatise on The Physiology of the Sensations of the Fluttering of the Nerves in the Tickle. It has been established that the zones most sensitive to tickling are those which nature has supplied with the richest concentration of touch-sensitive nerves. And during the war, an army surgeon discovered, in the course of treating three G.I.s with brain wounds, that there are two areas in the brain involved in sensations of ticklishness—one area generates it, the other inhibits it.

On the psychological end, most modern authorities explain its peculiar phenomena in terms of Dr. Robinson's "mock attack" theory. Suspense is also the keynote to their explanation of why we laugh when we're tickled. That slight soupçon of apprehension which we feel when "attacked" finds release in laughter.

◆ And since tickling is a game—a *mock* attack, the victim has to be "in the mood" or it doesn't work. The gal who does the big take at the water cooler will just spit in your eye if you happen to catch her after she's had a dressing-down from the boss.

Which brings us to the $64 question: Why are some people more ticklish than others? The body of psychiatric opinion holds that moderate ticklishness in adults is normal; but either extreme ticklishness or extreme stolidity is a symptom of some maladjustment. The giggle-and-wriggle type, especially if female, is not unusual, but the shriek-and-squirm variety is. The theory seems to be that such people are more high-strung and nervously excitable than their fellows—or, in psychological terms, they're said to be "emotionally insecure."

Sex edges into the picture at this point. Some psychologists—notably Havelock Ellis—have observed that ticklishness is most marked in pre-adolescent girls and that it diminishes with sexual activity.

More recently the Wilhelm Reich school of psychiatry—one of the most challenging of the post-Freudian groups in its emphasis on psychosomatic medicine—has come up with the theory that the most ticklish people are those who have suffered from prolonged feelings of repressed anxiety, which the Reichians trace directly to improper functioning of the sexual drives. They have subconsciously built up "muscular armor" in their chest and rib areas, where this tension is concentrated.

In this connection, consider the curious case of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, who availed herself of the truth and consequences of ticklishness with most extraordinary—and historically important—results.

Childless after many years of marriage, she turned in despair to the court physician, Van Swieten. After a careful examination he concluded that the trouble was what we would call psychosomatic, and suggested that "your most sacred majesty should be tickled for some length of time"—for general stimulation. She took his advice—and proceeded to bear 16 children. One of them was Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

◆ Although the how and why of ticklishness has received scientific attention only in recent years, the phenomenon itself has been encountered through the centuries. It was a form of torture among the ancient Chinese and of ecstasy among the ancient Romans. And in the rigid discipline of the Russian Imperial Ballet, it was an ever-recurring problem.

Marius Petipas, the Frenchman who went to Russia to become the father of the school of ballet that produced Pavlova and Nijinsky, had to cope with it (like every ballet master before and since) in his "young rats," as the pupils are called. As every ballerina knows, when it comes to the adagio movements, where she has to be lifted and swung gracefully by a male dancer, this can be managed only if she gives herself "ballast" by tightening her muscles and lightening her avoirdupois. But there was usually one ticklish miss who would wriggle and go limp. Result: the *pas de deux* ended abruptly with her on the floor and the whole class giggling into their tulle. For this Petipas had one solution: he strode up to the fallen dancer and whacked her sharply with his rhythm stick where it did the most good. It always worked.

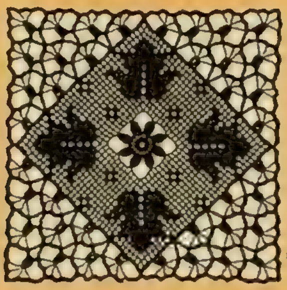
Petipas had never read Robinson, but this was a clear-cut case where real aggression replaced mock aggression with satisfactory results. ◆◆

LIBERTY HOME

JULY 1950 *Gertrude Wilkinson* HOME EDITOR

SUMMER COTTONS THAT CHASE THE HEAT—page 40

With summer right around the corner, a woman's fancy turns to vacation clothes for all activities.

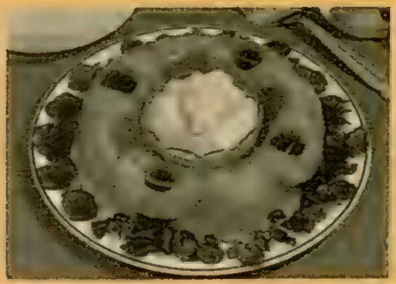


YOU'LL LIKE THESE NEW CROCHETED DESIGNS—page 42

When you laze in the hammock, on the piazza, or in a deck chair, pick up your crocheting for fun.

HOW TO CHOOSE GLASSWARE—page 44

If you are planning to buy new glassware that is just right for your table, you'll like these pages.



CANNED JUICES ARE KIND TO YOUR BUDGET—page 48

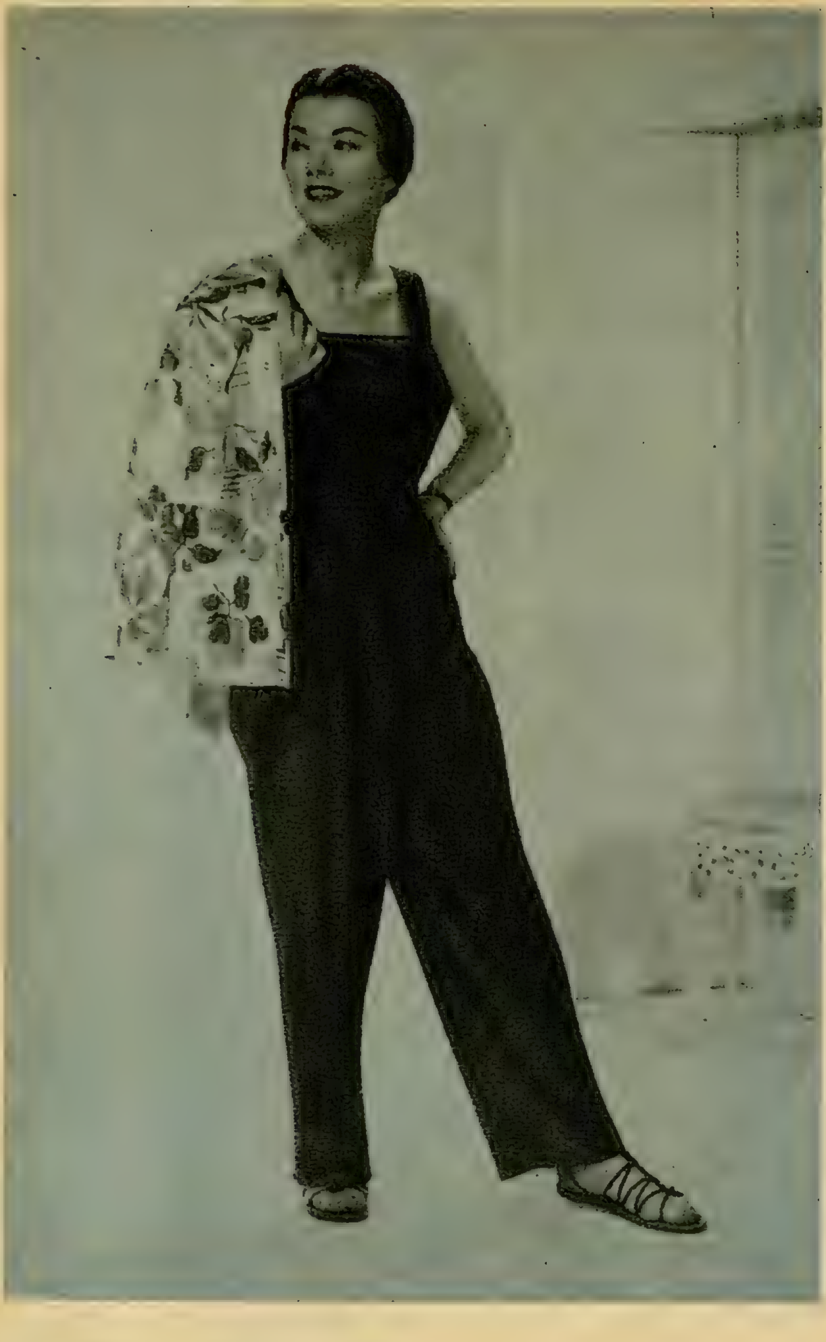
Tomato and other juices make a sturdy backbone for thrifty beverages, aspics, salads, and desserts.

YOUR OWN QUIZ SHOW ON SOAPS AND DETERGENTS—page 50

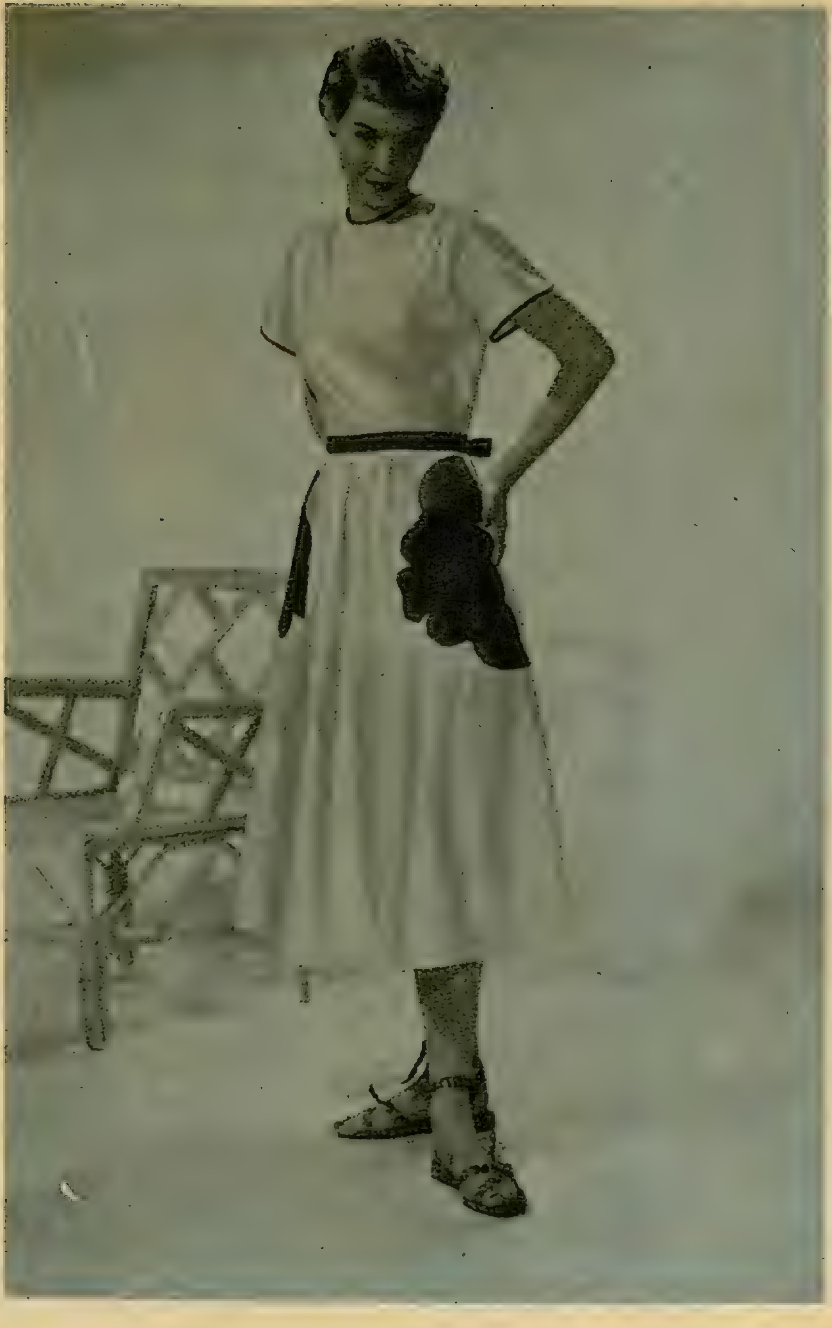
If you are asking yourself questions about soaps and the new detergents, here are all the answers.

YOUR LAUNDRYMAN ISN'T ALL WET—page 52

Thrifty homemakers count their laundry dollars today. We offer tips to insure happy laundering



CALLED A PATIO SUIT, this cotton coverall is preshrunk, washable, needs no ironing. The gay little white jacket is a new fruit-and-butterfly chintz; doubles for evening. Black, purple, and other colors in the coverall.



A SHORTIE FOR SERVING BREAKFAST or going to the grocery store; a gay cotton pinafore, wraps around and buttons in back. Washable, preshrunk, nonfading; needs no ironing. Blue, pink, and other colors.

SUMMER COTTONS THAT CHASE THE HEAT

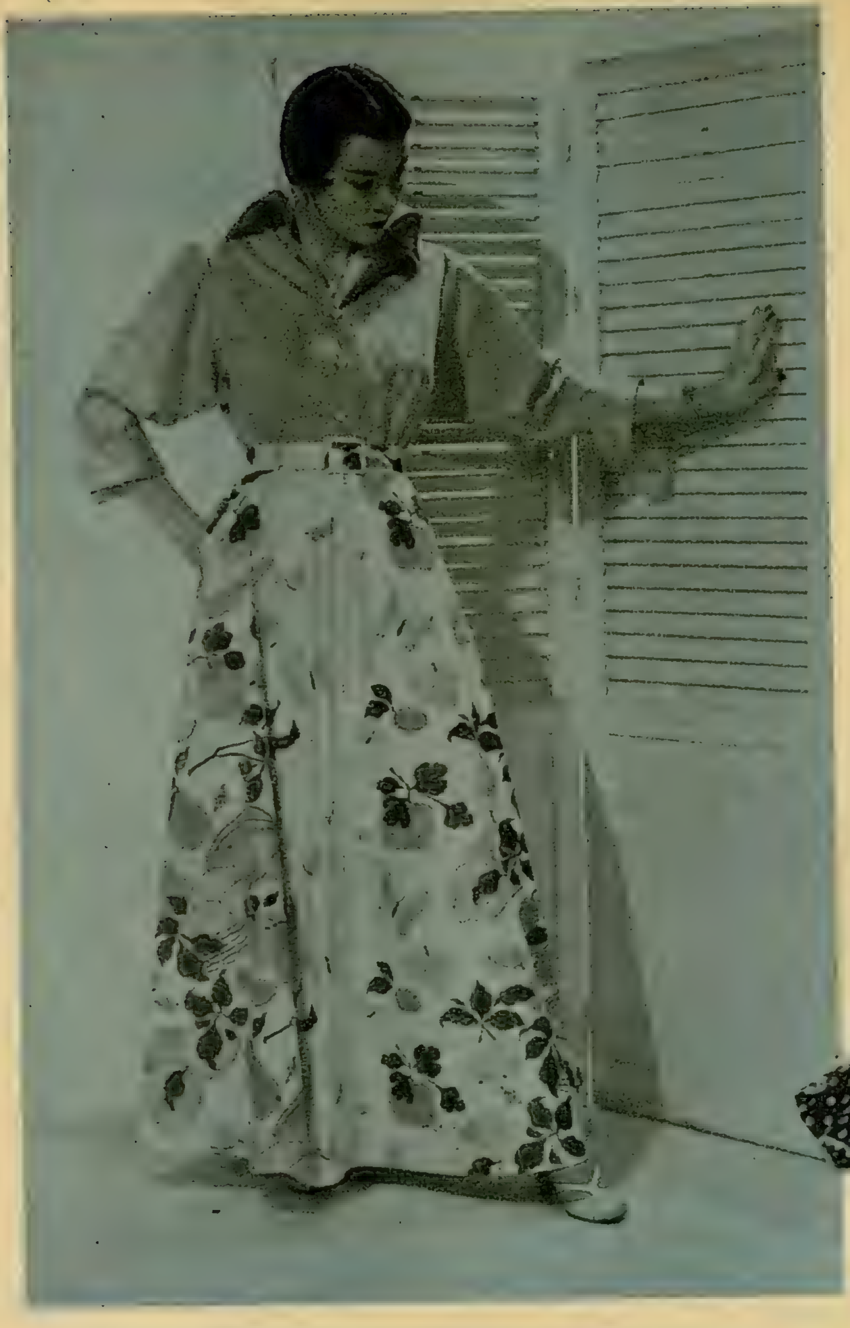
You'll be right in style at the beach, the mountains, or in your own back yard with these summer-wear cottons

◆ Cotton-at-home fashions that double as street and play and vacation clothes are big news this summer. That cool, clean feeling every woman likes in hot-weather clothes comes from cotton's easy washability. Most of them require little or no ironing.

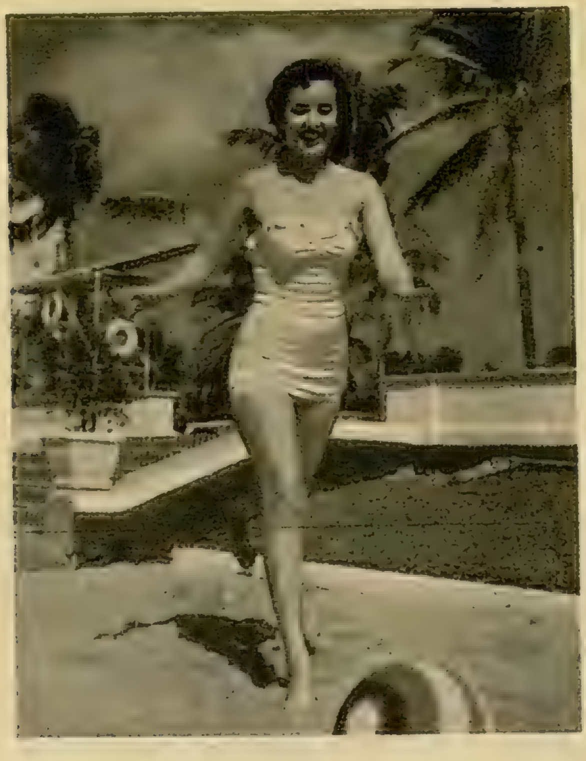
Mrs. America insists on clothes that are easy to slip into, light on the budget, once-over lightly with the electric iron, and a dual purpose in wearing. She must look just as smart at 7 A.M. as she does at 7 P.M.

The pinafore dresses are so right for serving a supper on the enclosed porch, or going to market or hopping in the car for a cool spin. The coverall is now a patio suit with adjustable shoulder straps on the bra-top trousers of black, amber, or violet. The gay jacket has the charm of a Chinese coat, and its flower-and-fruit design makes it adaptable for any occasion.

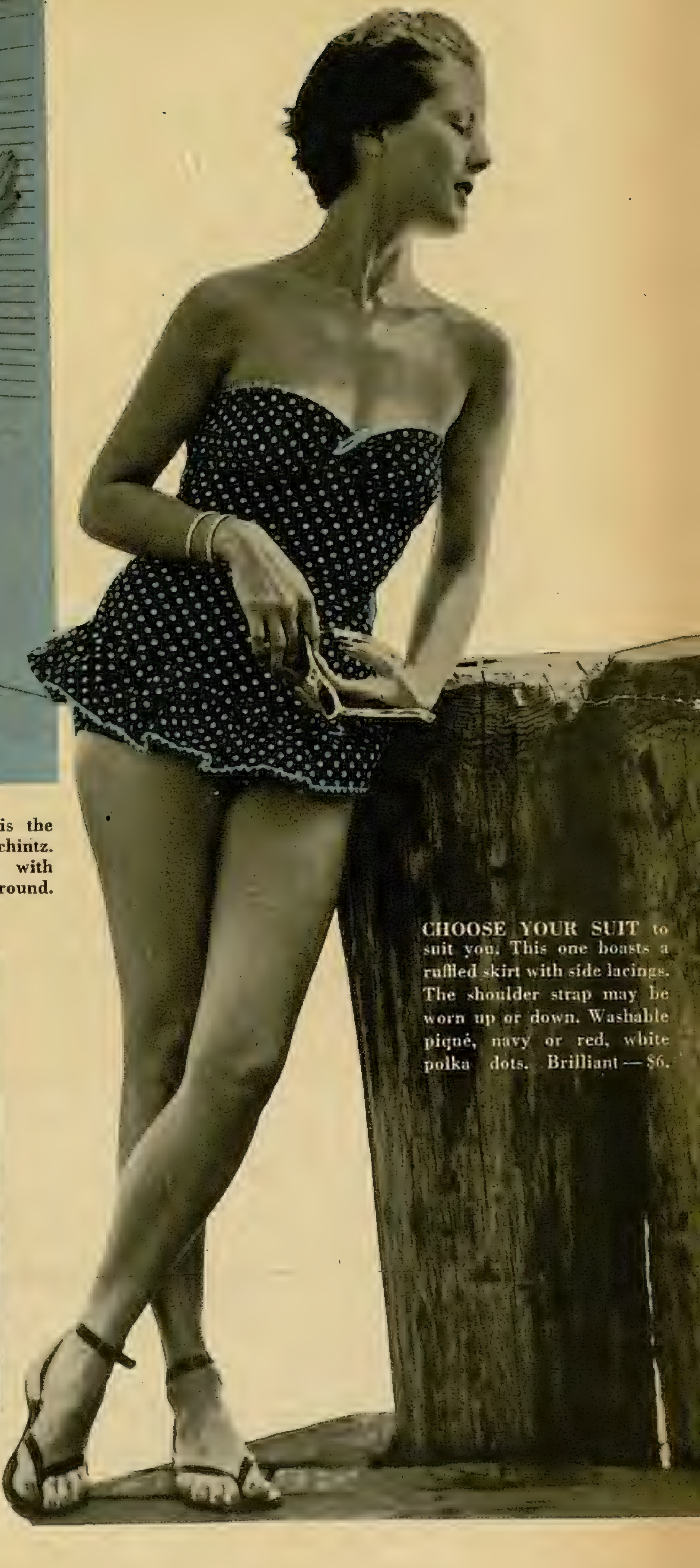
You'll want them all—pinafore, patio suit, short skirt or full-length skirt. Add a new bathing suit and your play and home wardrobe is complete. At-Home Fashions by St. Marys. ◆ ◆



THE TOP OF THIS COTTON HOUSE COAT is the comfortable shirt-maker style; the skirt made of chintz. Washable, preshrunk. Aqua or purple top; skirt with white background; pink top, with gray background.

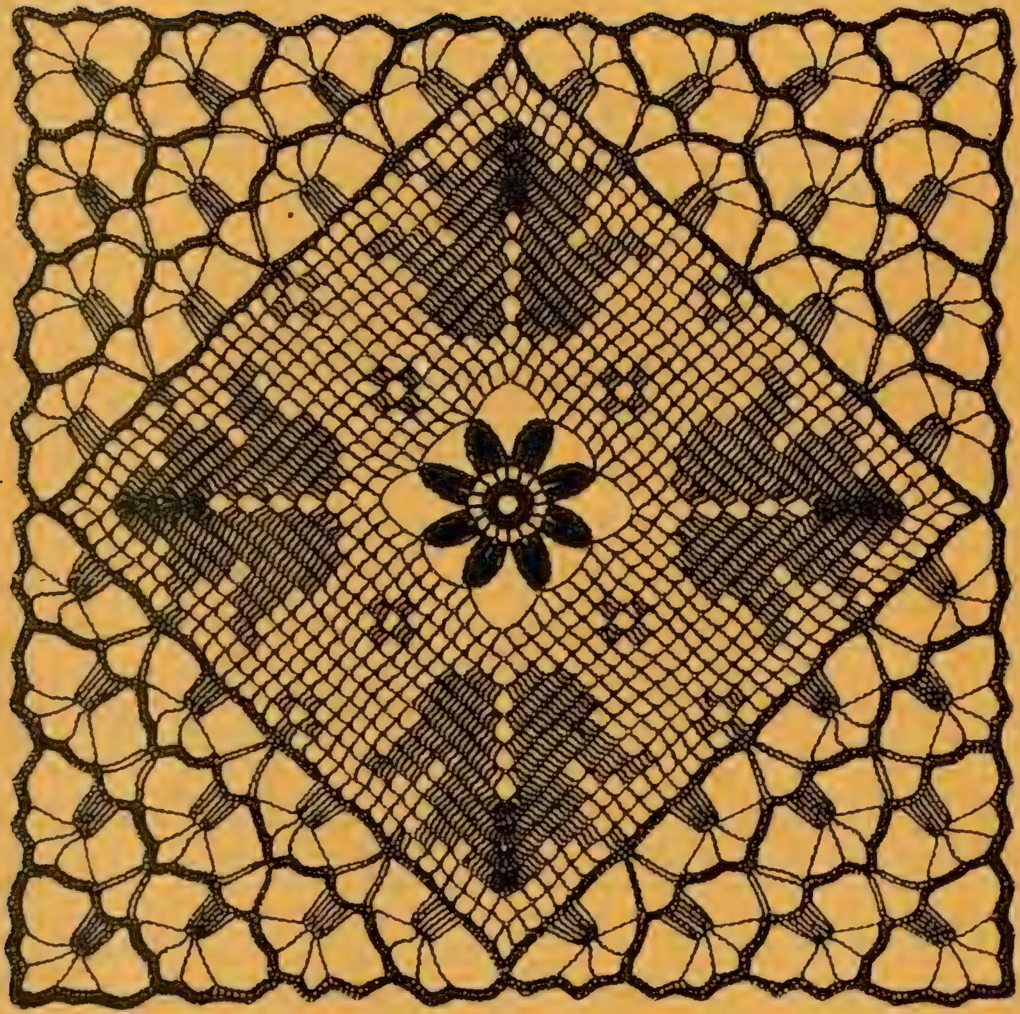


SATIN LASTEX SUITS are figure controlling. Here's one with a double-ruffle top. Comes in a range of colors. Has button-on strap. Sea Nymph—$8.95.

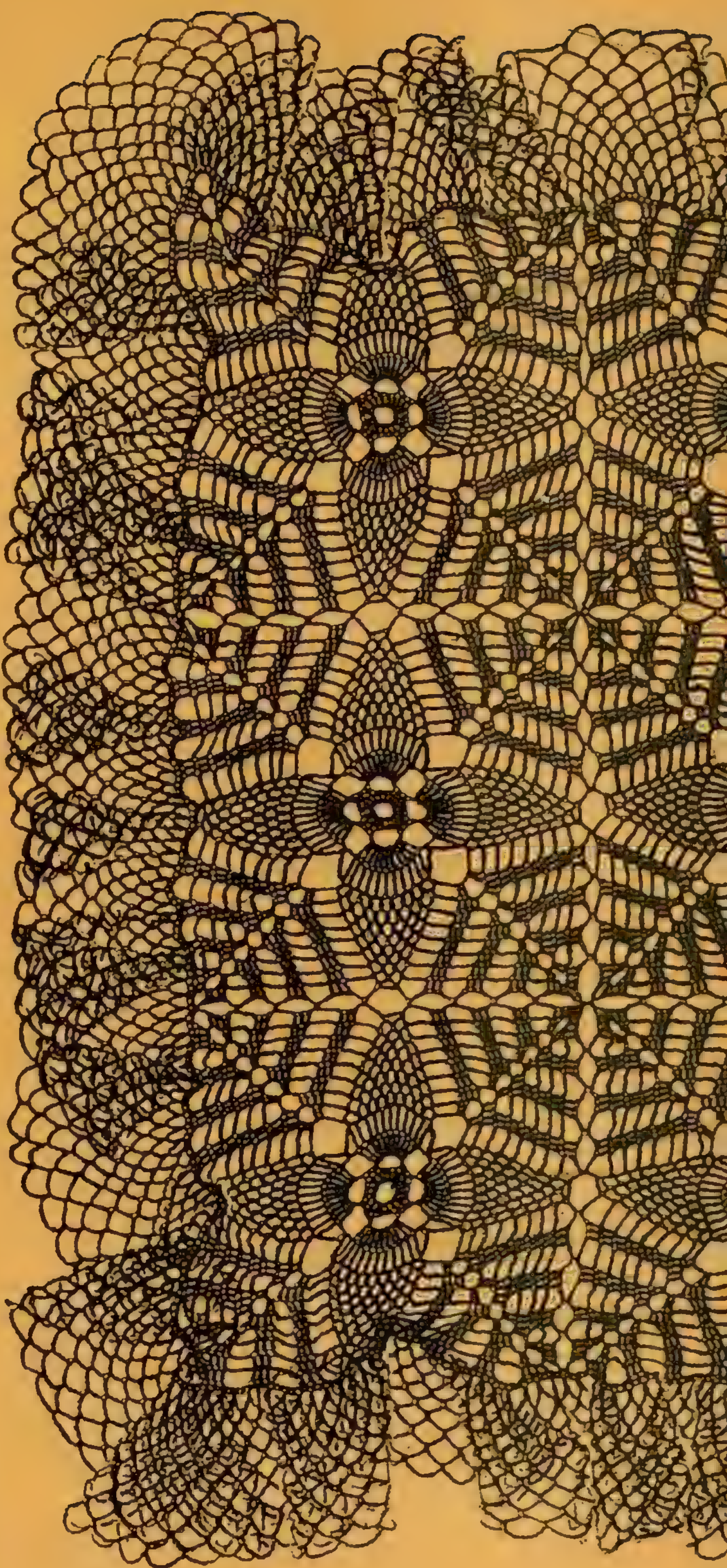


CHOOSE YOUR SUIT to suit you. This one boasts a ruffled skirt with side lacings. The shoulder strap may be worn up or down. Washable piqué, navy or red, white polka dots. Brilliant—$6.

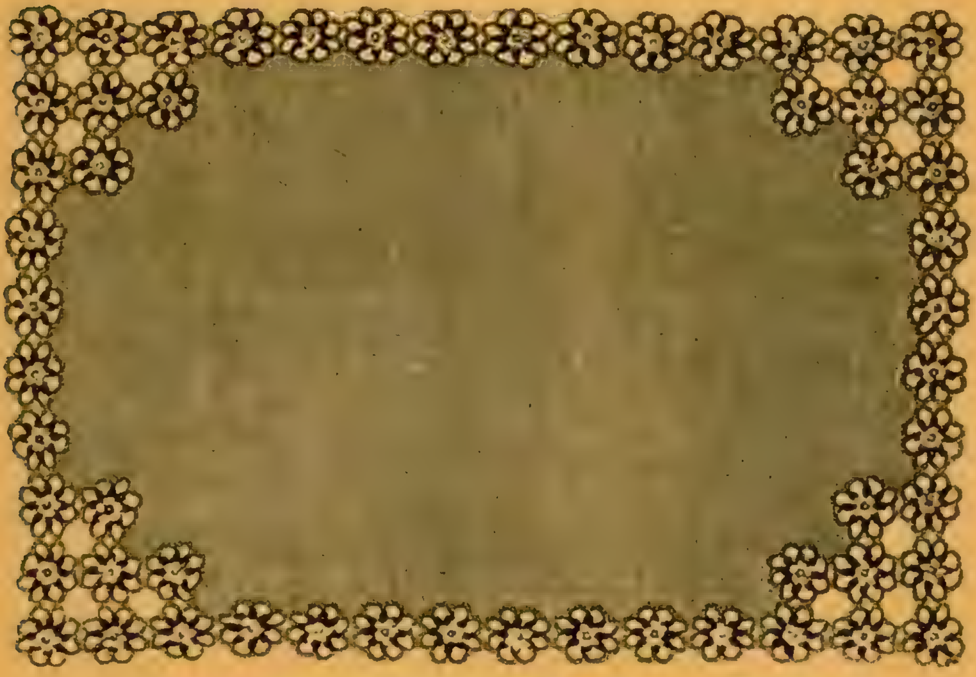
YOU'LL LIKE THESE NEW CROCHETED DESIGNS



Doily with a flower centered in a diamond of filet.



Pineapple centerpiece

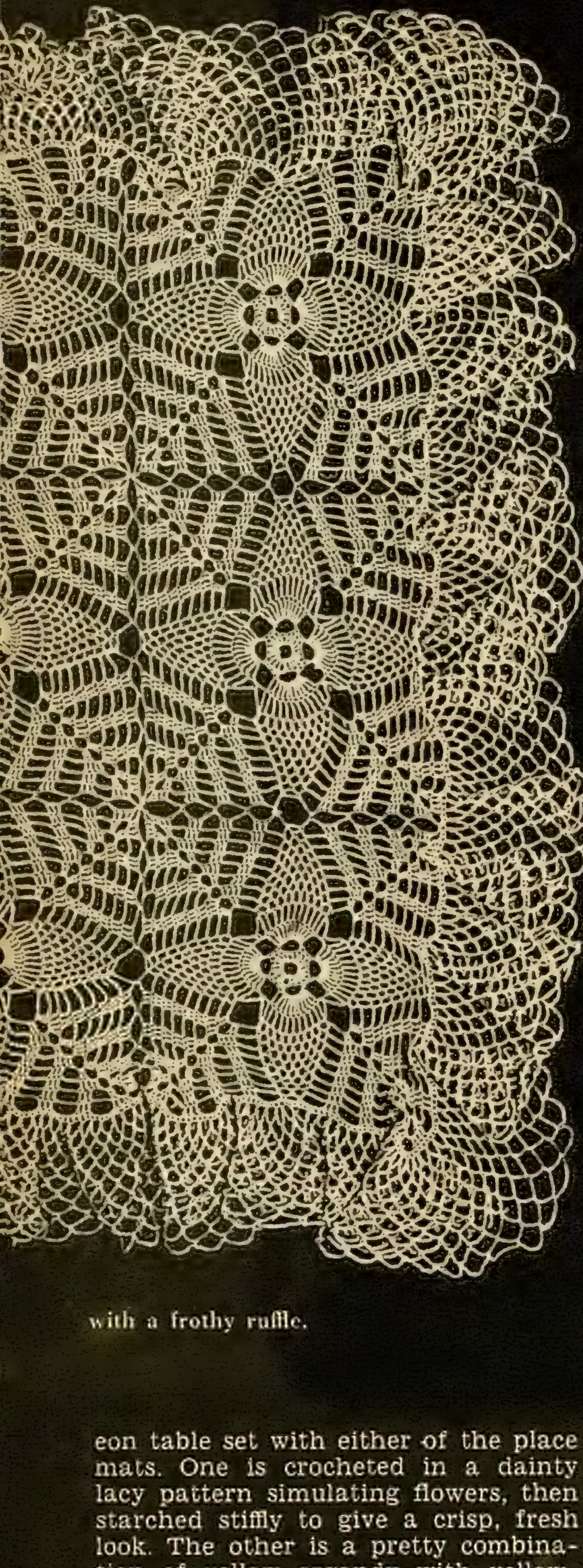


Organdy place mat bordered with crocheted flowers.

By **ELIZABETH L. MATHIESON**

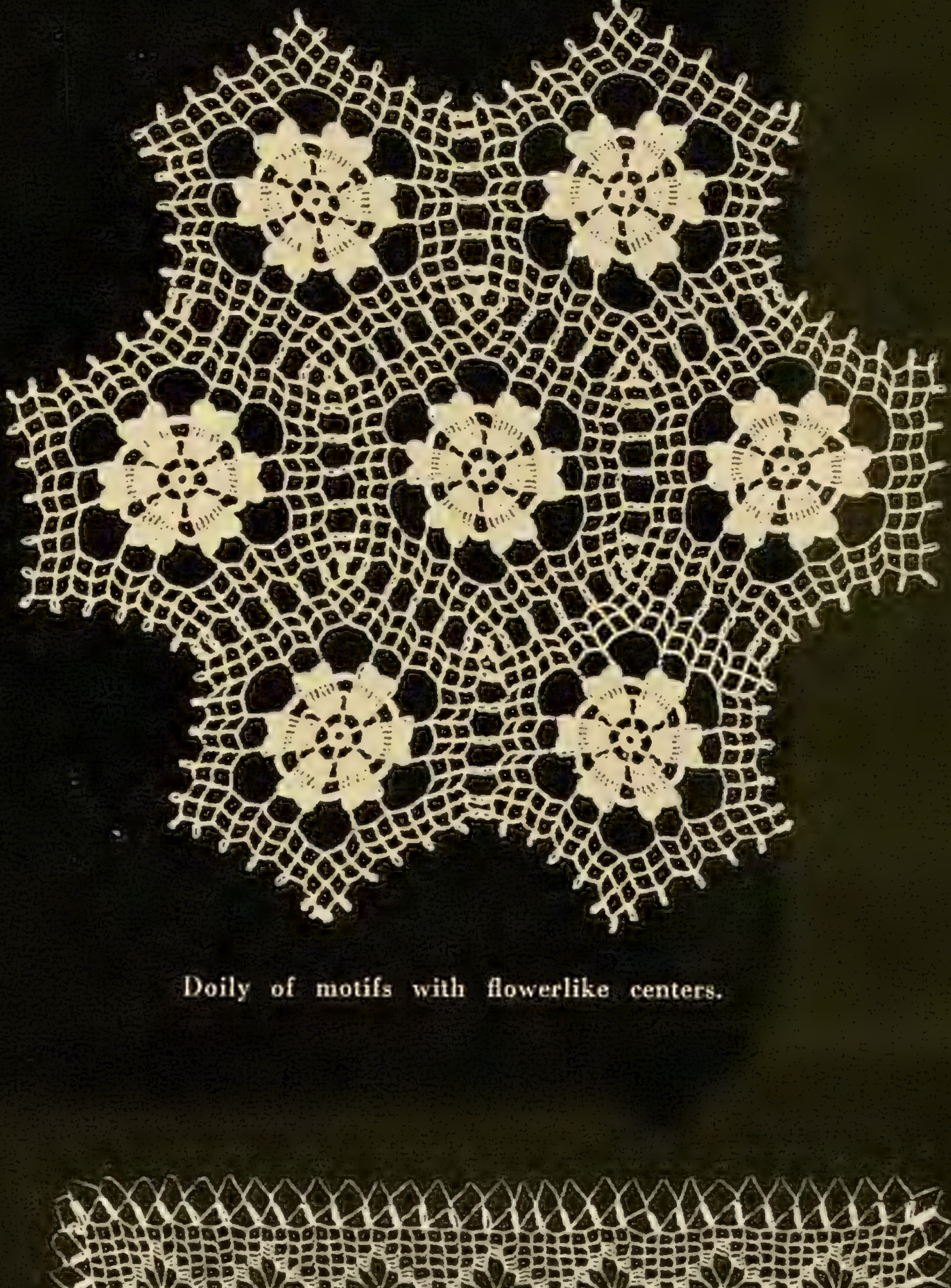
◆ There's magic in your fingertips when you spend your spare minutes with crochet hook and thread in hand. Your agile fingers can produce an endless variety of beautiful modern and traditional designs that will add a special charm to your home. The machine has brought us much comfort and luxury, but when it comes to the touch of beauty that every woman loves, nothing can supplant the inimitable loveliness of original handiwork. This is especially true of crochet, and, whatever your choice of these pictured designs, you'll be delighted with the results of your handmade doilies, place mats, or centerpieces.

As a background for your finest china and silver, picture your lunch-



with a frothy ruffle.

You no longer need envy your grandma and her crochet designs. Here is a group of original patterns to beautify your home

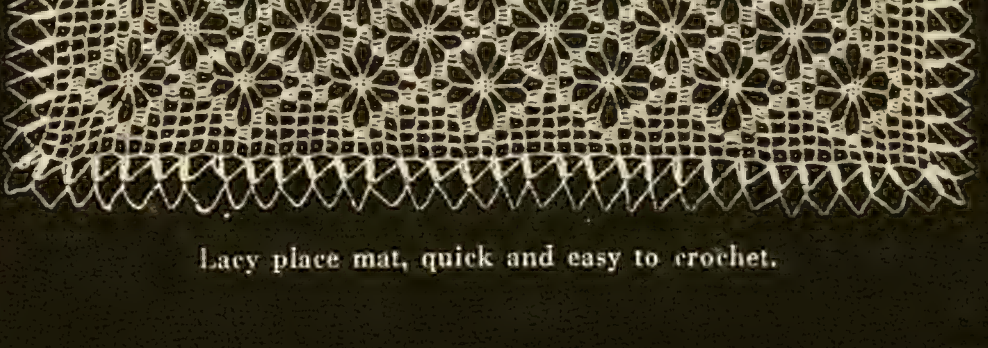


Doily of motifs with flowerlike centers.

eon table set with either of the place mats. One is crocheted in a dainty lacy pattern simulating flowers, then starched stiffly to give a crisp, fresh look. The other is a pretty combination of yellow organdy with yellow-and-white crocheted flower motifs around the edge and clustered in each corner. A low flower bowl filled with iris or snapdragons would be a fitting complement to the place mats.

For your dining-room table we suggest the pineapple-pattern centerpiece with its frilly ruffle to set it off. Make it in white, ecru, or—for a very modern note—use a color to contrast or blend with the room's color scheme. A pair of candles of the same color set in low candle holders would be smart.

The two small doilies are perfect accessories for end tables. ◆ ◆



Lacy place mat, quick and easy to crochet.

Simple lines in emerald green make this pressed glass effective for modern tables.

HOW TO CHOOSE GLASSWARE

Five basic glassware items for each place setting will serve you graciously for meals, parties, and general use

◆ Setting an inviting table is one of the most satisfying parts of the housekeeping routine. Whether she's planning the table for a birthday party, Saturday-night neighborhood buffet, or weekday dinner, a homemaker takes pride in her table accessories. And she may well be proud of the handmade American glassware available today.

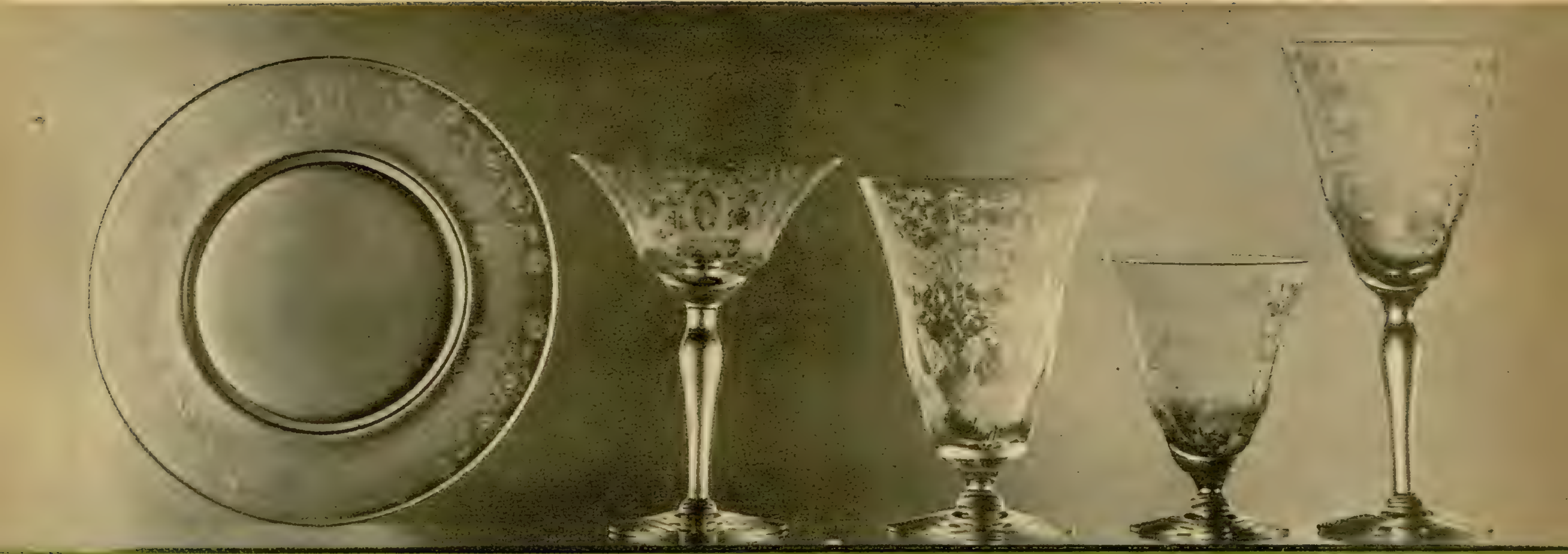
There's so much variety in designs that choosing a pattern to live comfortably with other accessories is no problem. What's more, you can buy as much or as little as you need—by the piece, the dozen, or by place settings. Actually, three basic pieces for each place setting start you out, and two more glasses later equip you for almost any meal or occasion. See these five pieces in the new patterns shown here.

Start with a small plate—seven or eight inches—for desserts or salads. Use it alone, or under a stemmed sherbet glass which dresses up the plainest pudding or lives up to the fanciest. In it, serve ice cream and other desserts, fruit cups and "starter" courses. Choose a versatile water tumbler, footed or not. If you select a big one, it's fine for iced tea, delicious homemade sodas, or any soft drink.

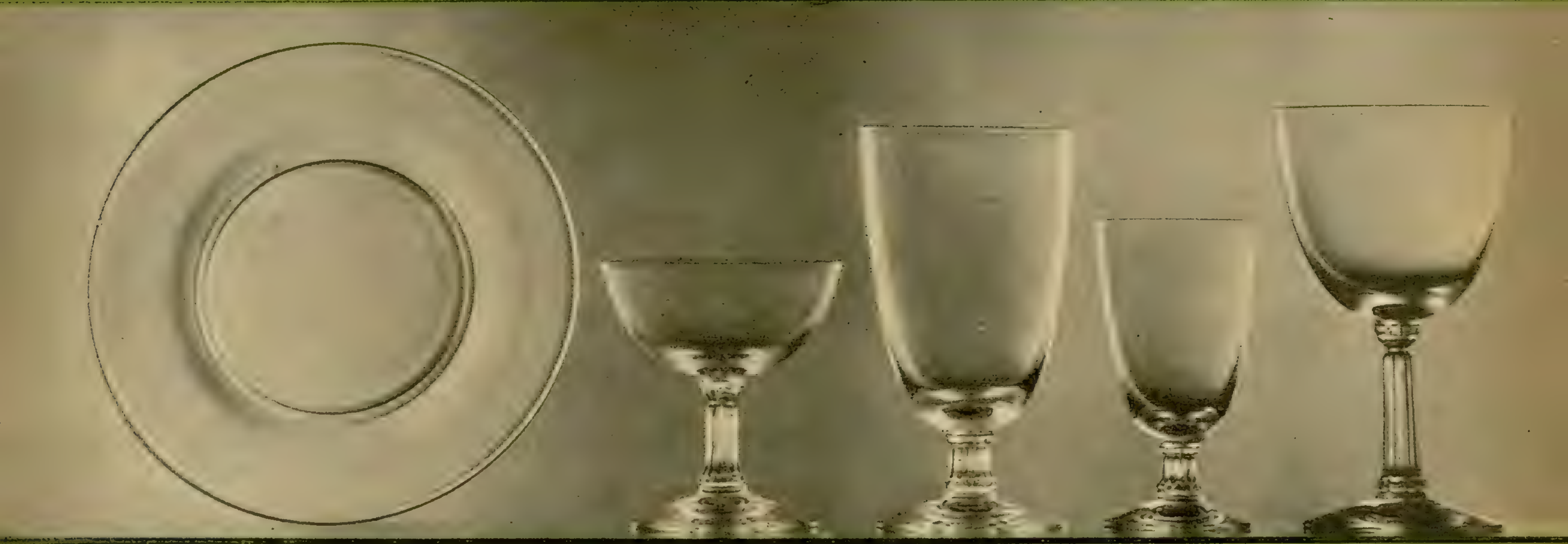
With the popularity of canned and frozen juices, a small juice glass will be used frequently. For the last, we'd pick a stemmed goblet. If you wish, there are wine and cocktail glasses, other sizes of plates and serving pieces to add to your collection.

Here are a few definitions to aid your shopping. Thin, delicate *blown* stemware is actually formed by blowing molten glassware through a four-foot pipe. *Pressed* glassware is shaped in a metal mold; plates, bowls, and larger pieces, as well as some of the heavier stemware, are made this way. The finest blown glassware is *crystal,* which contains lead, for clarity. Rap a crystal goblet with your fingers and it rings with a clear, musical tone. Similarly, lime is added to the best pressed glass, for strength. Rap a good pressed glass and you get a muffled tone. *Cut* glass is made by pressing a goblet against a revolving wheel. The indentations in the glass are deeper, and the pattern simpler, than in *etched* glass, which is made by dipping a goblet into an acid bath. The acid cuts into the glass except where it is protected by a wax coating, to trace the pattern.

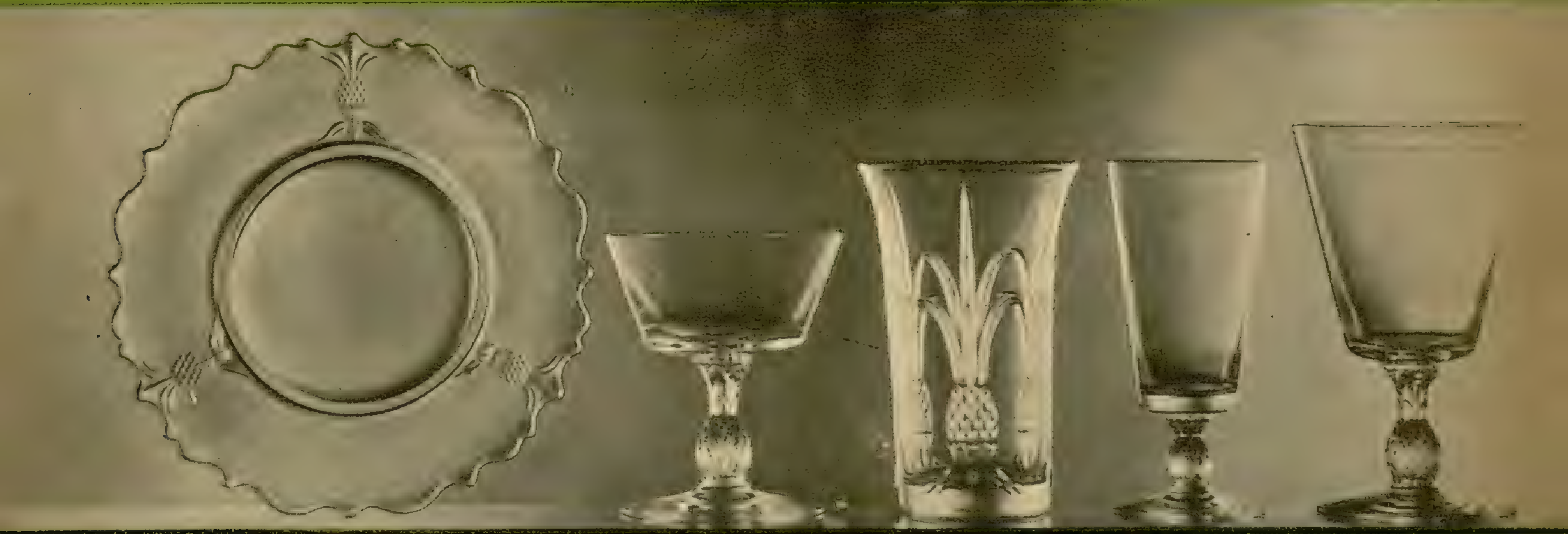
There are a few important rules for the care of glassware. For protection, place a rubber mat or dishtowel in the dishpan and on the drainboard. Hold stemware by the bowl to avoid strain. Clean etched or cut designs with a soft brush. Add a few drops of ammonia or bluing to rinse water to bring out the luster. Glass expands with heat but contracts with cold, so don't subject it to sudden temperature changes. Allow tumblers which have held iced drinks to warm up before dipping them in hot water; set a silver spoon in the glass before pouring in a hot liquid. Don't drop ice cubes into a glass from above. Store glasses rim side up. Do not stack. Treat your glassware to this minimum care, and it returns you years of sparkle for your table. ◆ ◆



Delicate etched traceries of crystal will complement traditional patterns in china.



Young couples with a leaning toward modern like these blown glasses with pillarlike stems.

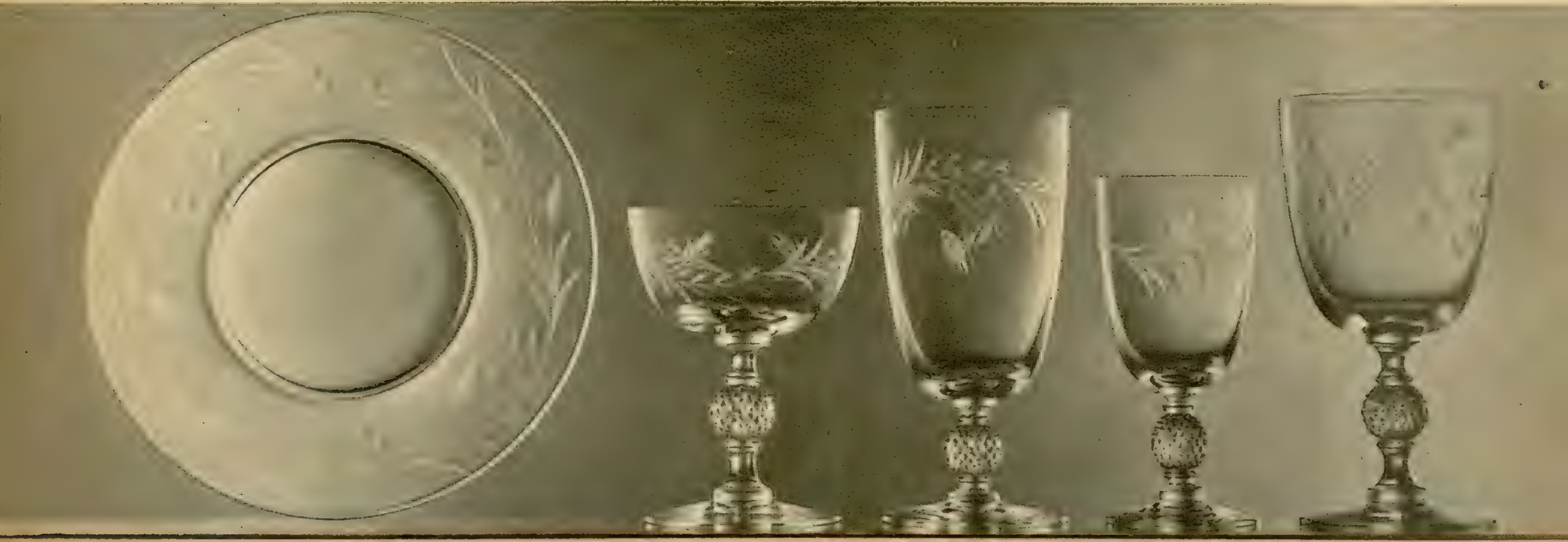


An old symbol of lavish hospitality, the pineapple, distinguishes this handsome stemware.

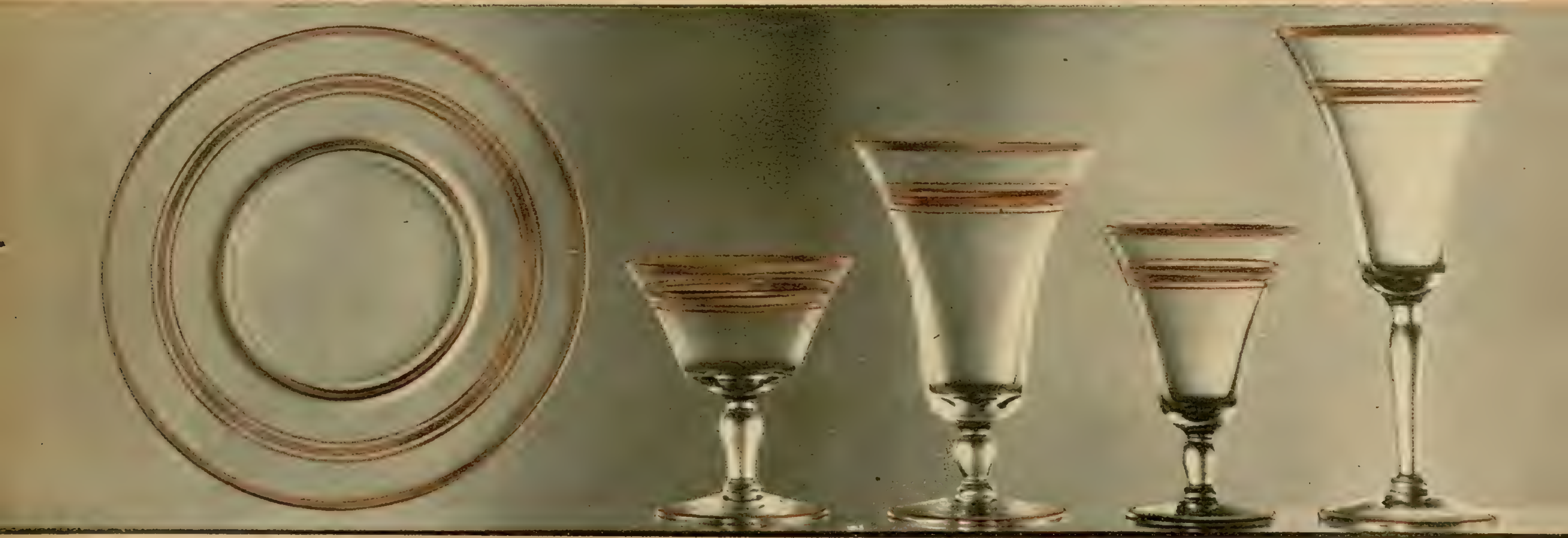
Photos by Edward Jacobsen

HOW TO CHOOSE GLASSWARE

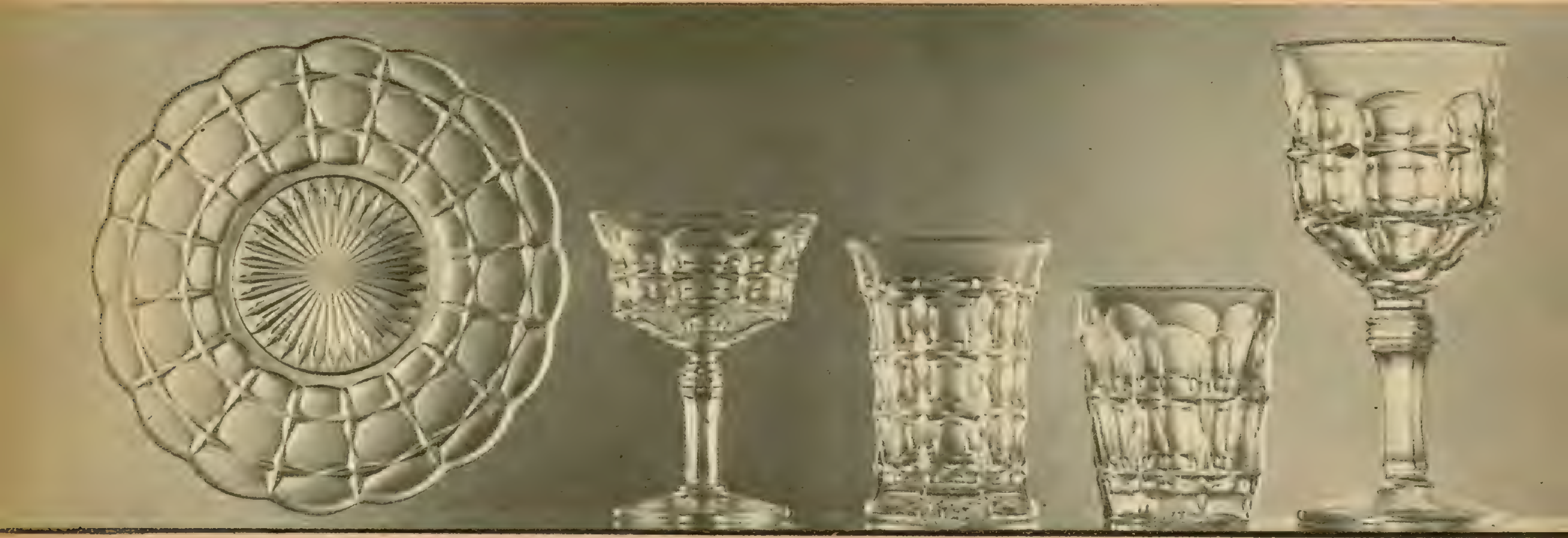
Continued



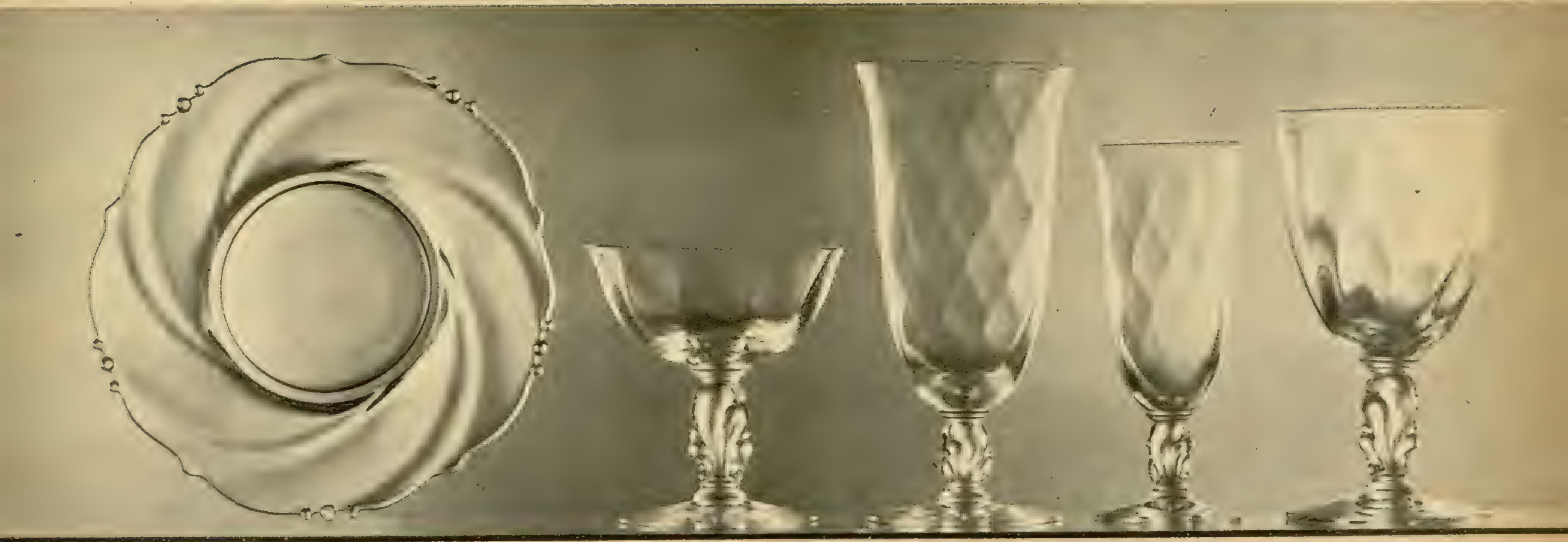
A vine and leaf encircle the rims of these crystal glasses with intricately cut stems.



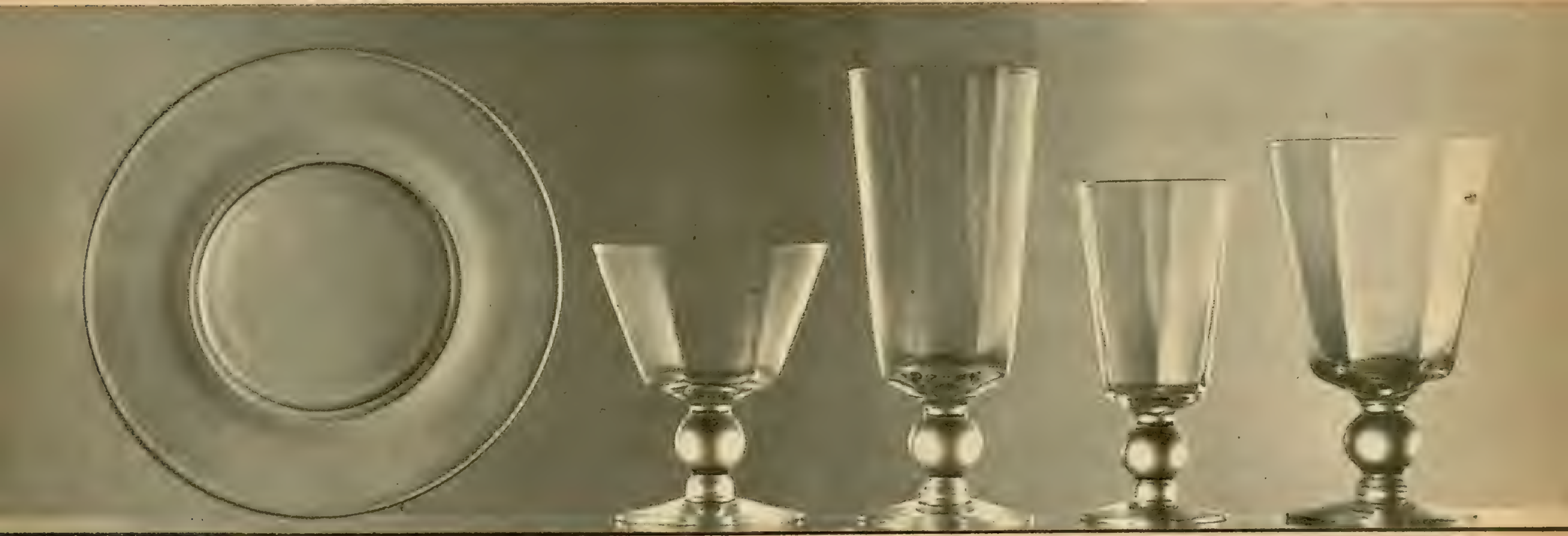
Ever-popular burnished gold bandings on graceful, well-proportioned shapes in blown glass.



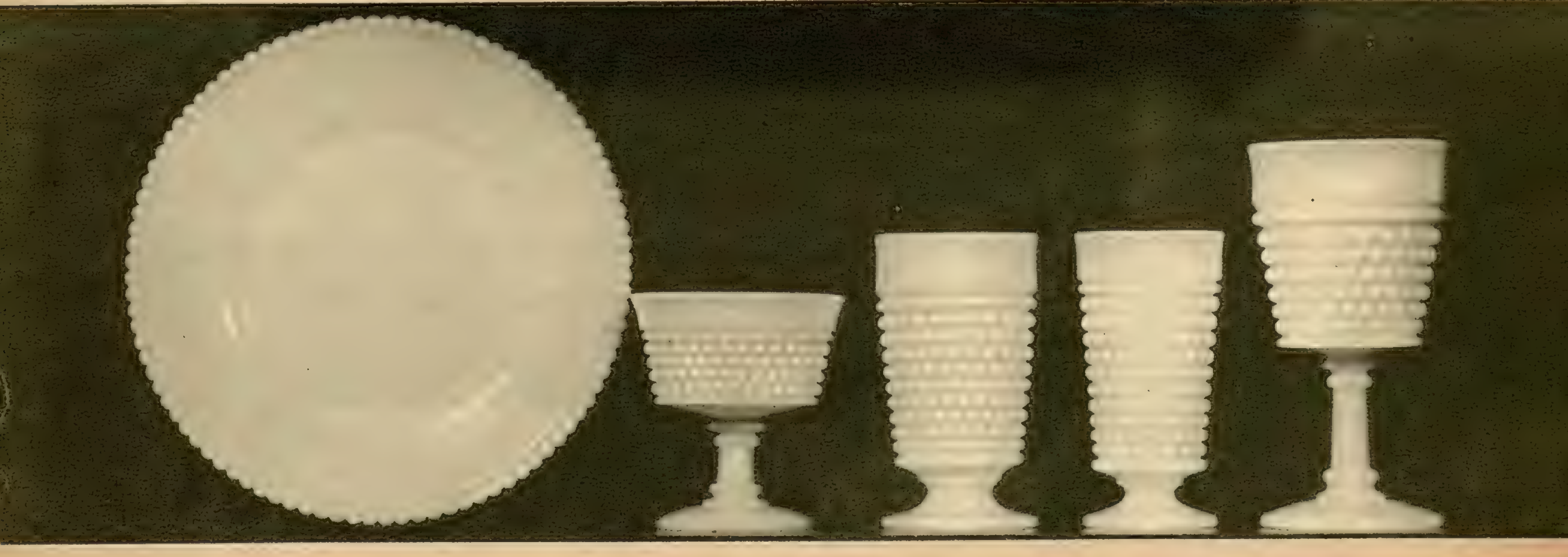
There's a solid, early-American feeling in this "thumbprint" pattern in pressed glass.



Blown-glass stemware has a swirl optic bowl to contrast with design emphasis at the base.



The smart looks of this blown optic glass pattern with a paneled-effect bowl belie its cost.



Hobnail pressed milky-white glass for collectors of maple furniture and lazy Susans.

TOMATO JUICE ASPIC MOLD

3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1½ quarts canned tomato juice
1 level tablespoon grated onion
1 level tablespoon salt
Will fill an 8-inch ring mold
(See text for detailed directions)

TOMATO ASPIC RIBBON LOAF

Layers 1 and 3: 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin; 3½ cups tomato juice; 2 teaspoons onion juice. Layer 2: 1½ teaspoons unflavored gelatin; 2 tablespoons cold water; 1 teaspoon salt.
(See text for filling in Layer 2)

CANNED JUICES ARE KIND TO YOUR BUDGET

By BEULAH KARNEY

Summer meals can be made more appetizing with canned juices. Keep a supply on the pantry shelf and in the refrigerator

◆ It's July—July with all the goodness summer brings, among the best being ice-cream sodas. They can be made in your own home from a handy assortment of canned fruit juices—pineapple, orange, and loganberry, to name a tasty few. Just pour the well-chilled juice over generous spoonfuls of ice cream in tall glasses, fill with charged water, and pass the straws and spoons.

There is so much room in modern refrigerators that you can always be ready for company with frozen juice cubes if you fill the ice-cube trays with tomato juice. Freeze and use for a healthful cocktail. Pineapple or orange juice are two other good first-course ideas.

That reminds me that tomato-juice sherbet is another unusual first course guests will rave about. It's partyfied and glamorous and refreshingly cold. We like to make it even more attractive by spooning the frozen sherbet into a pretty sherbet glass and placing it on a service plate lined with a bright green leaf. To make the sherbet, simply take a can or two of tomato juice, shake well, and pour from the can into a refrigerator freezing tray. Set the temperature control at coldest position. Freeze, stir-

CANNED TOMATO JUICE

This is the way tomato juice is packed:
No. 300 can contains about 1¾ cups.
No. 2 can contains about 2¼ cups.
No. 3 can contains about 5¾ cups.
No. 10 can contains about 12 cups.
(Read the descriptive labels on cans)

FRUIT-GELATIN RING MOLD

- 2 packages lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup canned orange juice
- 2 cups fruit syrup
- 6 peach halves, drained
- 6 pineapple slices, drained

ring occasionally, to a firm mush. (Plan on about 1½ hours for freezing.) Spoon the sherbet lightly into glasses and serve at once. If you like, garnish with a wedge of lemon or a sprig of watercress.

Of course you know about using well-chilled pineapple, orange, or loganberry juice over diced canned fruits for a delightfully flavored fruit cup and for replacing some of the water called for in your favorite fruit-gelatin ring mold.

These are days, too, for those quivering aspics, and we have a handy basic recipe for you, and a fancy ribbon loaf, too, for the woman who likes her guests to remember how attractive her table was.

And now, enjoy summer to the fullest—as I know you will if you make good use of these recipes.

TOMATO JUICE ASPIC MOLD

(See ingredients listed under photograph)

Soften gelatin in 2 cups of the cold tomato juice. Heat balance of the juice to a full boil. Add onion, salt, and softened gelatin, stirring until the gelatin dissolves. Pour into ring mold and chill until set. Fill the center with cottage cheese and chives.

Other fillings are: potato salad, egg, chicken, or salmon salad, or cabbage salad to which cubes of corned beef, veal loaf, or lunch tongue have been added. Garnish with salad greens.

TOMATO ASPIC RIBBON LOAF

(See photograph for ingredients for Layers 1 and 3)

Layer 1: Soften gelatin in ½ cup cold tomato juice. Heat balance of juice to a full boil. Add onion juice, salt, and gelatin. Stir until gelatin is thoroughly dissolved. Place half of mixture in a loaf pan. Chill until firm.

Layer 2: Soften gelatin in cold water. Place over boiling water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add 4 hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, ½ cup celery chopped fine, ¼ cup green pepper, chopped fine. Mix well, add ¼ cup light cream, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, ¼ cup mayonnaise. Mix and spread over Layer 1. Chill until firm.

Layer 3: Pour remaining aspic over egg mixture to form third layer. (Soften aspic if necessary over hot water.) Chill again until firm. Unmold and garnish with salad greens. Slice to serve. Serves 8 to 10.

FRUIT-GELATIN RING MOLD

(See ingredients listed under photograph)

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add orange juice and fruit syrup and chill mixture until slightly thickened. Pour ½ cup gelatin into bottom of 8-inch ring mold (1½ quarts) and chill until almost firm. Set pineapple slices in gelatin with a cherry in the center and pour in gelatin just to cover. Chill until firm. Stand peach halves upright against sides of mold and place cherries above pineapple slices. Pour in gelatin to cover peaches about one-half and chill until firm. Add remaining gelatin and chill thoroughly. Unmold and garnish with salad greens. Serve with a whipped-cream dressing. ◆ ◆

YOUR OWN QUIZ SHOW ON

The right answers to your questions about the soaps and detergents that lighten your housekeeping and laundry chores

What is a detergent?

Technically, a detergent is any cleansing agent, including soap. But in common practice, we do distinguish between soaps and the products we usually call detergents. Soap is a combination of some fatty substance and a caustic or alkali, soluble in water. Man-made, tailored-to-order detergents are quite different chemically: they employ a wider variety of raw materials but contain no fats or petroleum.

What kinds of detergents are there?

There are light-duty detergents for dishes and hand laundering of stockings and fine fabrics. There are heavy-duty, "built" detergents suitable for a family wash that includes sheets and workclothes, and for general cleaning of windows, floors, painted surfaces, and such. Many specialized cleaners—upholstery shampoos, scouring powders, cream polishes for silver—also contain some detergent. There are low-sudsing liquid detergents, used mostly for dishwashers. And did you know that most of the cream shampoos are detergents? They are easier to rinse out than soap, leave no film, and are particularly good for hair that tends to be oily, since they have a slight drying effect.

How can I tell a soap from a detergent?

By reading package labels. Labels on soaps say "soap." Generally, however, detergents are labeled "New suds miracle," "Washday wonder," or "Soapless soap"—not "detergent." If the label says that the product leaves no hard-water crust, you have a detergent.

How do detergents work?

Both soap and detergent work in much the same way by lowering the surface tension of water, making it "wetter." They help the water to break down oil or grease film on dishes or fabrics. Then the soap or detergent loosens the dirt and holds it in suspension in the water.

Do detergents work in hard water?

By all means. Detergents star when used with hard water. Soap combines with the minerals in hard water to form that insoluble lime curd which collects in a ring around the bathtub or streaks and dinges clothes; detergents do not. Soap is an excellent water softener but expensive. So when you use soap in hard water, treat the water first with a packaged softener.

Are detergents good for dishwashing?

Dishwashing is quick, easy, and pleasant with these detergents, according to Miss Lydia Cooley, Director of Home Economics at Procter & Gamble.

Quick, because dishes and glassware need only be rinsed and drained; they dry sparkling clear. Easy, because detergents work efficiently with greasy dishes and skillets. Pleasant, because detergents, reacting differently to the chemicals in the water, form no dishwater scum and therefore no dishpan ring.

Do low-sudsing detergents used in dishwashers really clean?

Yes. The cleaning power of such a detergent depends on how well it dissolves soil and how much it aids the water in penetrating that soil—not on how thickly it suds. Excessive suds may interfere with the mechanical action of dishwashers (and certain types of automatic clotheswashers) and prevent a thorough cleaning job. Your best bet is the type of soap or detergent recommended by the manufacturer of your machine.

Do detergents require as hot water as soap does?

Like soaps, detergents perform more efficiently in lukewarm or hot water (depending on the job) than in cool. Their effi-

SOAPS AND DETERGENTS

ciency, is not quite so dependent on water temperature as is that of soap.

Should I use the same amount of detergent as I do soap?

Unless you have a low-suds detergent, judge the correct amount in the same way you judge soap —by the thickness and consistency of suds. Any soap or detergent loses part of its efficiency if you pour in too much. The right amount of either soap or detergent depends on the type of fabric, amount and kind of dirt, your machine, and the temperature and hardness of the water. Experiment until you find the most satisfactory quantity.

Does a detergent corrode the inside of washers?

The galvanized-iron, zinc, and aluminum surfaces in some washing machines may be corroded by any man-made detergent. Some manufacturers have substituted other metals or plastics in their machines. Soap leaves a coating on these metals which protects the machine but may be hard on clothes. Some rubber rollers on wringers are also affected by these detergents, but flushing the rollers in clear water and leaving a piece of paper between them minimizes this effect. Many manufacturers recommend a detergent for use with their machines. When buying, ask about this. If you already own one, ask your dealer.

Are all fabrics safe with a detergent?

All *washable* fabrics are safe with a detergent. Detergents are especially kind to woolens, and to soft colors. You should continue to sort the laundry for color fastness, however, and to pre-treat the types of stains which might be "set" by hot water.

Will it harm clothes to switch from soap to detergent?

No. The first time, however, run the laundry through the machine with neither soap nor detergent, using just a water softener. This loosens up soap particles remaining in the clothes despite careful rinsing. Soap and detergents don't mix well.

If my supply of hot water for general laundry is limited, is it all right to skip rinsing?

If you use a detergent specifically designed to make rinsing unnecessary, you may dispense with the rinsing, according to John W. Bodman, Chief Development Consultant of Lever Brothers. Mr. Bodman says that with a detergent properly formulated for nonrinsing, the dirt remains suspended in the wash water as it is wrung from the fabric. Consequently, when you wring out the water, you remove the dirt. The important thing is to get out as much water as possible. Eliminating rinsing can save up to half your washday's time and labor, as well as make substantial cuts in water and fuel. How much depends on whether you use a standard or an automatic machine, or wash by hand.

If I use a no-rinse detergent, when do I add bluing and bleach?

Generally, it's not necessary to bleach, but if you do, add the solution during the short soaking period before the wash. Any bleach left in fabrics tends to rot fibers. Add bluing to the wash water.

May I use no-rinse procedure with baby's wash?

Baby's laundry is usually handled separately. Follow your doctor's advice on this question.

Do I wash clothes with a special finish, such as crease-proofing, with soap or detergent?

If the finishes can be washed, they are equally safe with soap or detergent. But some special finishes do not survive laundering, and must be renewed. Check labels when you buy.

◆ So take your choice. Detergents are the news, and soaps your old stand-bys. Both serve you well if properly handled. ◆ ◆

YOUR LAUNDRYMAN ISN'T ALL WET

By ED CUNNINGHAM

Despite their precautions, commercial laundries still get blamed for faded curtains, buttonless shirts, and torn sheets. But the American Institute of Laundering proves it's not always their fault

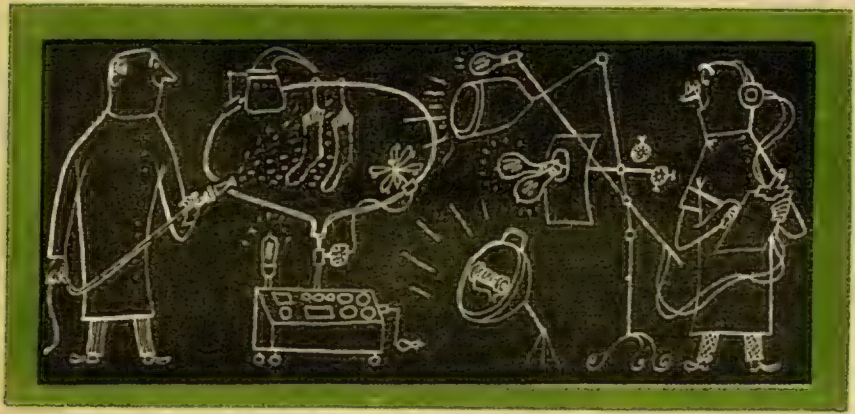
◆ An irate woman stormed into a Boston laundry. She waved a white-linen jacket under the clerk's nose, and shouted, "Look at that hole under the right arm! Your laundry has ruined my best summer suit!"

To keep a good customer, the laundry paid the damage. But the real injury had been done before the jacket arrived at the laundry. Although no holes or stains were visible, the jacket's underarm section had been weakened by contact with a liquid deodorant containing an acid salt. When washed, the salt reacted with the water to form hydrochloric acid. The already weakened fabric disintegrated, leaving a gaping hole.

Yet all deodorants are not harmful to fabrics. Several popular brand-name types may be used with no fear of aftereffects. Such deodorants carry a "certified washable" seal, issued by the American Institute of Laundering. That is the customer's insurance that they contain no ingredients damaging to laundered fabrics.

Today more than 80 brand-name manufacturers of garments, household fabrics, and auxiliary articles—like deodorants, zippers, buttons—carry the A.I.L. "certified washable" label. Originally designed as a protective measure for complaint-weary laundrymen, the seal has now become a public buying guide.

What causes chemical damage, fading, and shrinkage? These and



CHEMICAL DAMAGE

FADING

It is your guaranty that the fabric will wash well and wear well. Look for this seal when you buy.

Before any manufacturer may use the "certified washable" seal on his product, it must pass exhaustive tests at the A.I.L. research laboratory in Joliet, Illinois. Will it shrink, bleed, fade in sun or water? Is it perspiration resistant? What is its tensile strength and its color fastness exposed to certain atmospheric gases? How about its seam and thread strength? Are the buttons strong and washable? Unless the examined product meets A.I.L. standards on those questions, it is not approved.

The Joliet laboratory also polices its own 4,500 A.I.L. member laundries. It checks them periodically on washing and bleaching formulas, proper pressing methods, and other laundering processes. Laundries which do not meet Joliet standards are advised how to overcome those deficiencies. Like brand-name products and informative labeling, the A.I.L. sign in your laundry window is a customer safeguard.

Despite all modern precautionary measures, the commercial laundryman still gets blamed for faded curtains, buttonless shirts, and torn sheets. But it's not always his fault; the Joliet laboratory's analysis of many damaged fabrics proves that. Maybe the customer is responsible, or the fabric manufacturer. Sometimes there is even another culprit in the closet—termites, for instance.

Termites eat only wood? Then maybe their appetites are changing. Last summer, in a Midwest linen closet, they ate their way through 16 neatly stacked sheets—without missing a single fold. The housewife blamed the laundry, insisting the holes were caused by a delayed-action washing chemical. Baffled, the laundryman sent the sheets to Joliet. Microscopic examination revealed one of the termites, still sampling his new menu.

Chemical damage, often branded as "laundry carelessness," is responsible for many complaints. Yet many times the damage is traceable to the housewife's own medicine cabinet or kitchen aids. Metal polish, porcelain cleaners, peroxide, and many astringents contain corrosive ingredients. Their stains cause chemical deterioration. Weakened areas become holes in the laundering process.

Next time you find your towels have developed holes, ask your husband if he wipes off his styptic

pencil with a towel. The alum-filled pencil helps close his shaving cuts, but it works in reverse on your bathroom cloths.

Celluloid and other plastics containing nitrocellulose are frequent causes of fabric damage. One case involved celluloid automobile "frost shields," stored near tablecloths in the linen closet. The shields decomposed in the warm, air-restricted closet, releasing nitric acid, which seared the tablecloths.

Next to chemical damage, fading is the most frequent complaint leveled against laundering. Yet some colored fabrics are just not washable because of inferior manufacturing processes. Some dyes never fully penetrate the yarn of heavy fabrics; rub off during normal wear or laundering. Others, known as "fugitive dyes," either bleed from their original designs into the fabric's background or lose their color completely. All of which is another argument for brand-name fabrics. They carry informative labeling which enables you to avoid "fading" pitfalls.

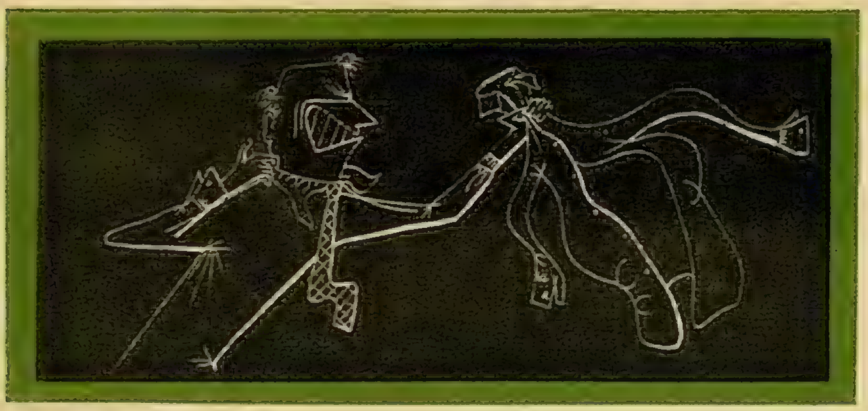
Atmospheric gases affect some dyes, particularly on red- and blue-colored fabrics. The reds turn yellow, the blues take on a rainbow effect. Whose fault? Not the laundryman's. Department stores lose several thousand dollars annually that way. Their dresses change color while still on display racks.

Sunlight is another major cause of fading. Most frequent victims are your window curtains. They fade and lose their tensile strength under its rays. Summer playclothes, whose prints sometimes contain fugitive dyes, are another push-over for Old Sol. Remember that, next time you home-dry your washables in the sun. Read the label for "fadeproof."

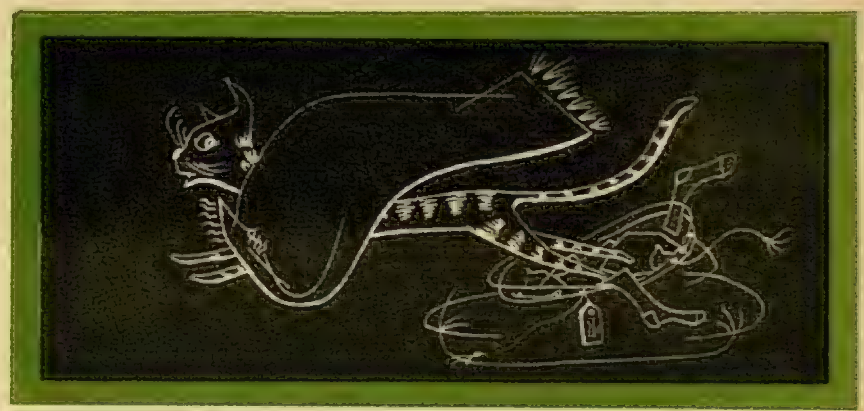
Fabric finishes are another laundering headache. Make sure the glazed chintz you buy for draperies, slip covers, and summer dresses carries the "certified washable" seal. Otherwise you will find the wax or starch glaze on this gaily colored cotton will either wash out or gum up to form wads on the cloth's surface.

White garments processed for crush-and-crease resistance also cause trouble at the laundry. The synthetic resins used are often chlorine retentive.

other questions about laundering are answered in this article



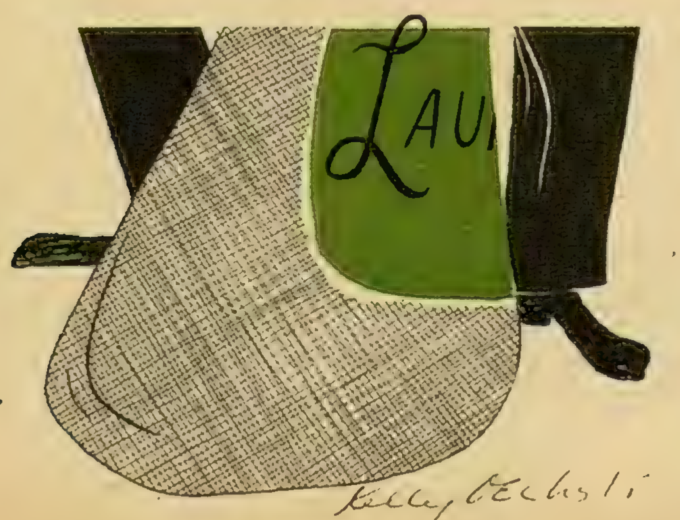
SHRINKAGE



LOST ARTICLES

They absorb chlorine from the laundry's bleaching agent, hold it through the rinsing process. When pressed, the garment develops a yellowish tinge.

Shrinkage of fabrics is another major cause of laundry-customer dissatisfaction. Such damage is often traceable to inferior manufacturing processes, particularly in woven cotton and linen fabrics. In fabric weaving and finishing, yarns are usually held under extreme tension; often they stretch beyond their normal length. Without adequate preshrinking treatment, the yarns usually return to their original length after the fabric's (*Continued on page 71*)



Drawings by Kelly Oechsli

Kelly Oechsli

It's not difficult to relax in a setting like this. Bermuda's southern coast has over 12 miles of fine beaches.

SPRING NEVER ENDS IN BERMUDA

Dropped into the ocean like lovely jewels are the islands of Bermuda, where every breeze is tender, the air fragrant with flowers, and the tempo geared for lazing or living

READING TIME 5 MINUTES Just about 150 years ago Thomas Moore, the famous Irish poet who had been in the colony for about a year, wrote that Bermuda was a heaven "for love to sigh in, for bards to live in and for saints to die in." Americans agree wholeheartedly with the first phrase especially, because they always think of Bermuda as the perfect spot for a honeymoon.

Bermuda is a group of more than 360 coral islands in the Atlantic Ocean about 580 miles east of the North Carolina coast. It is not included in the West Indies, as many people think. The few inhabited islands are divided into nine parishes over which the British Union Jack floats in the breeze, because the Bermudas are a British crown colony.

Whether you go to Bermuda in the spring or wait until the big rush is over, in early or late summer, you'll enjoy a vacation that is out of the ordinary. The climate is made to order for vacationists, the year-round temperature being mild and equable. There's no frost or snow, and extreme heat and humidity are rare. Although August is the hottest month of the year, the temperature averages less than five

Photos by Colonial Airlines and Bermuda News Bureau

Many hotels have their own pools.

By Carol Patrick

degrees warmer than in June or October. And while the sight and scent of the Easter lilies in spring are unforgettable, Bermuda flowers are loveliest of all in the summer.

Bermuda's shore line is an endless succession of small sheltered inlets. So numerous are they that every visitor can enjoy his own private beach while admiring the unbelievable hues of the ocean that laps at his feet. In Bermuda, color is everywhere—in the water, in the flowers, in the buildings. Even the quaint peaked roofs of the houses are

(*Continued on page 74*)

A couple of attractive visitors are receiving flowers from a Bermudian. Note the carriage with the fringe on top. Horses are still much in evidence and transportation is never rapid.

Mid-Ocean golf course sprawls across 600 acres in picturesque Tucker's Town. This is the fifth tee. The Mid-Ocean is one of four excellent courses where golf is played the year round.

Sight-seeing by bicycle is popular. This is historic St. George's.

Liberty's Movie

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES

WABASH AVENUE (Twentieth Century-Fox) has Betty Grable singing and dancing and showing those famous legs in Technicolor. This time Betty plays an entertainer in a honkytonk on Chicago's Wabash Avenue in 1892. She shakes a shimmy that has the boys crying for more. But thanks to Vic Mature's coaching she becomes a big Broadway star, and sings and dances the popular "Wilhelmina." In this picture, Vic returns to the breezy, brash character of his early fame. He and Phil Harris play a couple of con men, both vying for the love of Betty.

THE BIG HANGOVER (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is a romantic comedy which stars Elizabeth Taylor and Van Johnson, and features a talking dog. Elizabeth is the daughter of lawyer Van's rich and not too ethical boss. Her hobby is psychiatry, and she finds Van a perfect subject. It seems that during the war Van was caught in the cellar of a French monastery and was almost drowned in century-old brandy. So now he is allergic even to a whiff of spirits. His obliging uncle (Edgar Buchanan) helps him overcome his allergy. Mr. Johnson wins Elizabeth, too.

THE SLEEPING CITY (Universal-International) is a hard-hitting, realistic, completely deglamorized drama. It was filmed entirely against authentic New York backgrounds, including the Williamsburg Bridge, the United Nations buildings, but principally Bellevue Hospital. Richard Conte plays a detective, posing as an interne in order to track down a doctor's murderer. His ward nurse (Coleen Gray) and a wizened old hospital elevator man (Richard Taber) both become suspects. The film gives an excellent portrayal of an interne's busy hospital life.

THE MEN (Stanley Kramer-United Artists) is an excellent postscript to war. It is the stimulating story of a young veteran who is paralyzed from the waist down. Marlon Brando, who made a big hit in Broadway's A Streetcar Named Desire, is the paraplegic, so crushed and bitter that he has called off his engagement to his girl, Teresa Wright. With the help and understanding of a doctor (Everett Sloane) and his paralyzed buddies, he gradually learns to adjust. Forty-five paraplegics from the Birmingham Veterans Hospital play real-life roles.

Reviews

Top film fare: a traditional American story.

Liberty suggests: a film solely for adults.

We recommend you take the children, too.

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

CAGED (Warner Brothers) tells in semi-documentary fashion the true story of life in a women's prison, based on reports of writer Virginia Kellogg, who voluntarily had herself imprisoned for several months. Eleanor Parker, completely deglamorized—she even gets her hair shaved off—plays a young girl who enters prison as an innocent first offender, and comes out a hard and cynical woman, ready for a life of crime. Agnes Moorehead, Betty Garde, Hope Emerson, and Lee Patrick are outstanding. There is nothing pretty about this bitter, real picture.

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is a superior gangster film which exposes the behind-the-scenes details of a million-dollar jewel robbery in the Midwest. Directed by John Huston, son of the late Walter Huston, it is like all his pictures—grim and brutal, exciting and thrill-packed. Louis Calhern plays a suave lawyer, with Sam Jaffee as the master mind of the robbery, and Jean Hagen a cheap night-club hostess. But the big news is Sterling Hayden. Playing a horse-loving two-bit stick-up hoodlum, Sterling proves that he is a fine actor.

BRIGHT LEAF (Warner Brothers) is a melodrama of the early days (1894) of big tobacco-growing in the South. Gary Cooper plays a tenant farmer who has been kicked out of town because he dared to kiss Patricia Neal, a rich and proud Singleton. Lauren Bacall operates a "roominghouse for ladies" and carries a torch for Gary. Gary makes a mint of money out of a gadget called a cigarette machine, ruins the mighty Singletons, and marries Patricia—only to discover that she married him to ruin him. The cast includes Donald Crisp and Jack Carson.

THE SECRET FURY (RKO) stars Claudette Colbert and Robert Ryan in a first-class thriller which works up to a hair-raising climax. Claudette and Robert are standing at the altar when a strange man interrupts the fashionable wedding by shouting that Claudette is already married. Claudette knows she isn't—but before her family, her friends, and the law get through with her she begins to doubt her own sanity. Accused of murdering her husband, she breaks down emotionally in court and is put into an asylum. Robert turns detective and saves the day.

Continued from page 28

of spies all over this country."

"Well, what if they have? It only goes to show that they are as dangerous as the Ward girl says they are, or rather as Grosjean is. What are you laughing about?"

"She's taken you in nicely, Bill. Fortunately there is a little flaw, just one little flaw."

"I've been trying to find one and couldn't. What flaw?"

"I have the plans of the Summerfield factory in front of me."

"Well?"

"There is no C-building."

"Oh, hell."

"Was she very pretty, Bill?"

"Cut the cracks."

"Don't be sore, son. You're not the first one to whom a pretty dame has told a whale of a story, and you won't be the last. Drop in at the office tomorrow afternoon. I may have something for you then. The Carruthers case seems to split wide open. Good night."

"You mean you won't do anything about the story I told you?"

"I wouldn't say that. I'll put out some feelers about this man Summerfield. In a couple of weeks or so we'll know where we stand."

"You won't do anything tonight—now?"

"Tonight I'm going to work, if you'll kindly let me, Bill. Good night."

◆

And that was that. Bill Halloran put down the receiver and threw himself on his bed. It cracked and moaned under the weight of his hundred and seventy-five pounds and it went on cracking and moaning as he tossed about under the heavier weight of his thoughts.

Ferguson, the head of the field office, was an intelligent man and something of a psychologist. That could be a good thing. In fact, it was an essential thing, but it could mislead a man too. And how all these clever men feared to be the dupe of something or somebody. The cleverer they were, the more they were afraid of being hoaxed.

There was no C-building. All right, so there was no C-building on the plan. It wouldn't be on the plan if Summerfield had built it in the last few weeks. She had been so emphatic about the C-building.

And no one in the world could tell a story like that just as a hoax. Why, he knew the tone of a woman's voice when she was speaking of a man she loved, that strange tone of tense casualness—and in some way she still loved that fellow Grosjean. She would do anything to destroy him, but she loved him. A woman could do that. She had the eyes of a woman who could do that. If that girl was a hoaxer, why, she could play Katharine Cornell off the stage. She wouldn't be doing secretarial work.

He looked at his watch. Half past three. He got up. He had a wash and a shave. He dressed, very carefully—a clean shirt, a natty blue suit, tie to match and socks to match. Blue and blond go together, Ma used to say. He grinned at his freshly shaved homely face in the mirror. "Idiot," he said. "On your way."

He slipped into his light-brown overcoat. Cigarettes. Lighter. And the forty-five. Papers, badge, money.

Outside, it was pitch dark, of course. It took him the better part of ten minutes to find a taxi. He gave the address of the Summerfield factory. It was a twenty-minute ride at least, and a dreary one. It was cold and the streets were as dead as in a dream.

When he could see the flat-topped buildings of the factory, he made the driver stop, got out, and paid the fare.

It was a walk of about three hundred yards to the entrance. The last fifty yards he slid along the brick wall on tiptoe.

The entrance was closed, of course. No night watchman in sight.

He could see two large buildings. He thought grimly, A and B. Then he saw the tree at the other side of the entrance. A minute later he was swinging from one of the lower branches and let himself drop over the wall. He made a good landing. For a few moments he remained motionless. Then he began to move, very quietly, toward the factory buildings A and B—A and B and a few little shacks. Any of those could be the famous C-building. He cursed himself as a hopeless idiot. At least he might have asked the girl for the exact situation of the building that mattered so much in her opinion. She seemed to think that one just couldn't miss it. Another twenty yards, always in the shadow of the big looming A-building. He thought, A for assembly line; B for bureaus; C—C for what? See for yourself, he thought, enjoying the pun.

Another shack became visible. It was a fairly big one and there were posters in front of it. They were marked C.

C-building existed. Ten after four. No one was likely to be in there now. It was bound to be locked, of course, but—

He heard the footsteps, but there was not time enough even to turn round. The whole building seemed to fall on his head and the soil came up at the same time.

◆

The first thing he saw when he came to was a pair of gray eyes and he knew that he knew them. The Ward girl. Then he saw that she had a funny kind of bandage over her mouth. "What's the matter?" he said. But it did not make a sound—not much of a sound anyway. His head ached abominably and he wanted to touch it. He could not move his hands. They were tied. And so were his feet. There was a strange noise going on, but he didn't know for sure whether it was in his head or outside.

"Where are we?" he asked. Again his voice was no more than a hoarse squawk, and now he realized that he, too, had a bandage over his mouth. But now his mind had cleared sufficiently to inform him that the strange, softly roaring noise came from the outside.

With a great effort he succeeded in lifting his head and shoulders a little.

The cabin of a plane.

A curious kind of plane. No passenger seats, no curtains. Cables and ropes and pieces of machinery of some kind. Not a big affair. He and the girl were lying on the floor. She was looking at him and he could see the flickering despair in her eyes. Slowly they shifted to some object in the plane and then again back to him.

◆

The object seemed to be one of the bits of machinery—the biggest of them. It was a squat black thing, about four feet high with a cylindrical excrescence in the middle.

Perhaps it was the expression in the girl's eyes that made him think of the head of a black heathen god without eyes or mouth.

The thing was attached to the ceiling and the sides of the cabin with steel ropes. Heathen god, nonsense—it looked like a giant spider. Damned ugly.

A sudden sweep of reckless power made the plane tremble. He knew the feeling. The plane was rising into the air. He must have come to when it was just beginning to taxi along some runway.

They were rising steeply now—the black spider in front of him seemed to stem in its legs to keep its equilibrium.

The girl uttered a faint moan.

Then a metal door opened six or seven yards behind the spider and a big hulking man entered the cabin. He was dressed in gray overalls. He could not be less than six feet—even so, his head seemed too large for his size. It was an enormous leonine kind of head with a halo of gray curls, a dome-like forehead and eyes of the most vivid blue surrounded by adoring coronas of little wrinkles.

When he passed the spider, he gave it a careful little caress with his hand, and Bill Halloran felt, without knowing why, that there was something horribly obscene about that gesture.

Without paying the slightest attention to him, the man went over to the girl and took the bandage off her mouth.

"Welcome on board, little Helen," he said in a deep quiet voice. "And thank you for giving me the greatest pleasure that you could ever give me. We've had some beautiful hours together, we two—haven't we? Well, none of them can be compared with this one. To have you here with me in the hour of triumph—the historical zero hour, little Helen."

She was staring at him. She said nothing.

He smiled—but his eyes had no part in that. "You have changed a great deal, little Helen. It is, shall we say, poetic justice that they had to give you a new face—for your new state of mind? I liked the old one better, needless to say. There was fire in you then—a spark of the fire of Prometheus. Now there is only the sad courage of the spy. Did you really think that I would not recognize you? They couldn't change your eyes, you know. And what impudence, to think that you could interfere with my plan—once I might have said our plan, little Helen."

His smile withered away and died. "Do you remember our hopes, our wild hopes, that the second World War would bring at long last the freedom of mankind? Not the tyrannical freedom of the dictators—not the tepid nursery freedom of the democracies—but proud, complete freedom for every human being. But the dictators fell too quickly. So I had to pin my hopes on the next war—that inevitable showdown between East and West. And then that showdown would not come."

He slid a small metal panel aside. There was a window behind it. He looked out for a few seconds and turned back to the speechless girl.

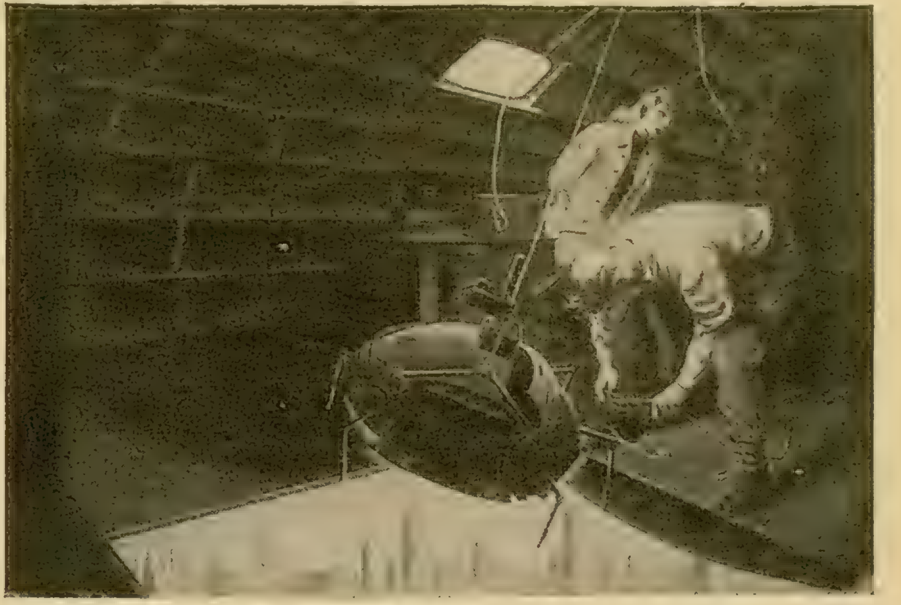
"I did my best to help bring it about," he continued. "But the idiots in the Kremlin still hope that the West will disintegrate by itself so that they can take over without taking real risks. They may change their minds in a few years' time, I think—but why wait that long? And you just can't get the Americans into a preventive war. Now you can kidnap the President and they won't go to war!"

He gave another look through the little window and nodded appreciatively. "Just a few more minutes," he said. There was an icy blue light in his eyes when he turned round again. "I have one ally left, though," he said. "The strongest of all—fear. There is fear in the Kremlin—fear in Washington and London and in all the capitals of Europe. If I succeed in raising that fear to its highest pitch—to mad, dizzy hysteria—then we might get somewhere after all. And then I found the way. And this is the way."

He stepped back to the spiderlike black object and once more he caressed it. "A plutonium bomb," he said. "A little beauty. It isn't quite the size and quality of the latest thing they're producing at Oak Ridge, but it's good enough. About five times the strength of the Nagasaki bomb. In a minute or two we shall be over Manhattan. Then I shall drop it. You see what I mean, don't you, little Helen? There won't be the slightest doubt about where this bomb came from. To the best of American knowledge, only the United States and Russia have got the bomb. Only the Russians can have dropped it. It is clear, then, that they have started the war.

"Washington can't afford to wait until they drop another—five others—twenty others. Washington must act. Russian denials won't help. Within twenty-four hours from now American squadrons will be on their way to Russia, and of course Russia will retaliate—she must. And the third World War will be in motion. Nothing can stop it. There will be war in Germany. There will be risings in France. And the Russians will use their germ warfare. This time, at long last, it will be the end of organized society and the freedom of those who survive. And this is the greatest thing since Prometheus gave fire to mankind. It has taken me two years of preparation—and what preparation! Just so as to give an idea about one little detail—do you know who my pilot is? His name is Nagamoto and he comes from Hiroshima. Most Japanese, even in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, seem to have got over what happened to their cities, but not Nagamoto. He'll have his revenge. I'd like to tell you more, little Helen—much more—but it's too late. The minutes are precious."

He gave a last glance through the little window.



"Manhattan. The idiotic towers of the lunacy called civilization. We'll see how much there'll be left of them in less than five minutes from now. We'll press this button—see?—and the hatch opens. My little black friend is dangling over New York. Now he'll go—and then you will go too, little Helen—you and your F.B.I. friend."

He started to work on the steel cables that held the bomb. He unfastened all but one of them and the squat black thing began to swing as in a ceremonial dance.

By then Bill Halloran had his hands free. It had taken him endless minutes to get hold of the cigarette lighter in the pocket of his overcoat, and still more endless and extremely painful minutes to burn down the thin rope behind his back. Twice he had been very near fainting. And even now only his hands were free. But there was no time to lose. His flying tackle brought Grosjean down with a crash.

Halloran threw himself on top of the anarchist, trying to knock him out. But at the first vicious punch to Grosjean's jaw a shaft of fire seemed to go up his right arm—it was badly burnt. And the anarchist was a man of herculean strength. Over and over they rolled, their arms now interlocked. An icy blast came from the open bomb hatch.

"Very well," gasped Grosjean. "Then it's you —who—will go first."

From the corner of his eye Halloran saw the girl, still bound, crawl slowly toward them, her eyes gleaming wildly in the deathly pale face.

For a split second the thought flashed through his brain that she might want to help her lover of old after all—that he had hypnotized her back into subservience. But then he saw her bend over Grosjean's left arm and sink her teeth into it. He had to release his grip. Halloran pushed with all his strength, and the huge body of the anarchist disappeared through the yawning bomb hatch, his screams drowned by the noise of the plane.

Halloran wriggled back from the hatch. Now only had he time to tear the bandage off his mouth and to untie his feet.

Then he did the same for the girl.

Her body went suddenly limp. She had fainted.

He lifted her up and carried her to the utmost end of the cabin. He had to duck so as not to be hit by the bomb—still swinging on the steel cable.

Not out of the woods yet, he thought. There was still the bomb to be disposed of—and the pilot. It was a miracle that the Japanese had not become suspicious and opened the door. No, it wasn't. This wasn't a heavy bomber. It was a comparatively light small plane. The pilot would have felt that it had become lighter, as Grosjean's heavy body fell into space. He would think that the bomb was off and be bent on getting the plane as quickly as possible away from the milling, mushrooming hell that would break loose any moment now—in his belief.

In half a minute or so, of course, he would become suspicious. They had taken his forty-five out of his overcoat pocket, naturally—gosh, if they had thought of taking out his lighter too . . .

He found a spanner on a tool board—it looked like a spanner anyway. Good enough. Now, just a bit of luck . . .

He opened the door to the cockpit, saw the pilot turn round, got a glimpse of slit eyes widened in sudden fear, and struck.

The Japanese slumped in his seat. Halloran lifted him out of it and carried him back into the cabin, where the girl was just coming round.

"Try and tie that fellow up," said Halloran hastily. "I must look after things out there. When you've tied him up, search his pockets for arms. And be sure to take his lighter away too."

He went back to the cockpit. The plane was dancing crazily. Just as well that he had flown a few crates in the last war. The instrument board was a bit different here, but he managed to switch in the automatic control. Back to the cabin.

"George has taken over," he said cheerfully. She seemed to understand—she nodded anyway. And she *was* busy tying up the little Japanese, who was still unconscious. He gave her a hand.

"That's that," he said.

"How did you get free?" asked Mary Ward in a wavering voice.

He explained. "Just as well our friend Grosjean couldn't resist giving you his commercial," he added. "I thought I'd never burn the rope through in time. Now, his little black friend here . . ."

The squat black thing was still swinging.

Bill Halloran gave it a friendly nod. "You'll be all right, Pluto," he said. "You're under entirely new management now."

It was too much to hope that she would be able to smile. In fact she was crying softly now.

◆

He went on talking to "Pluto." "I'd give my eyeteeth if I could only get you back safely to some airfield," he said. "But I don't trust your temperament, Pluto. I shall have to let you go where you can't do much harm. If only I knew a little more about your inside, you silly earthquake. Do you go off when you hit something real hard—or do you go off in some other way? You can't be too delicate or our late friend wouldn't have touched you so lovingly. Tell you what—I'll give you wings. How's that, Pluto? Maybe you'll like it and maybe you won't. I'll have to risk that."

He fetched the pilot's parachute and fastened it, not without difficulties, on the cylinderlike excrescence of the bomb. Then he went back, to steer the plane out to the open sea.

It took some time until all coastal shipping was out of sight. At last all around was ocean, bluish gray in the rays of the morning sun.

They unfastened the cable together. As soon as the bomb fell, he raced back to the pilot's seat and zoomed away as fast as he could. "Close your eyes," he roared, "just in case."

But there was no flash, no roar, no billowing cloud of radioactive gas.

The parachute had opened and the bomb floated down and—sank immediately.

"Home," said Bill Halloran. It was then that he found out that he had not much gas left. About half an hour—perhaps a little more.

The motor was sputtering menacingly when they reached land.

He landed perilously on a field.

"Gosh," he said, "the crate is still in one piece. Must be my St. Christopher. Better climb out quick, little lady."

They climbed out. Now they saw the plane from the outside. Bill Halloran whistled. It was a good imitation of a small Russian army plane, marks and all.

Then he saw that the girl was trembling from head to foot.

He gulped. "Now, listen," he said. "I told you once before I'm a dumb guy—I can't make speeches like—some people. But lemme tell you this one: You've been great—and that doesn't matter to you, I know. But there are a lot of children like that little girl in Spain who'll be running around alive and well in the world because of what you've done. This time you weren't too late, bless your soul."

She did not say anything. She did not even look at him. But he knew somehow that she had heard him. She'll get over it, he thought. Women are tough creatures. If she hadn't bitten that bum, he would have dropped me on Manhattan, and Pluto after me for good measure. Perhaps it was the most important bite a woman took since Eve bit into that apple.

Then he began to think what Ferguson would say. ◆ ◆

THEY CRASH FOR CASH

Continued from page 31

Staten Island standing on the back bumper. Looking like a Roman charioteer, he holds onto a tough strap fastened to the trunk compartment. He tightens his grip and crouches with feet braced against the bumper. His derrière—protected by a sort of leather diaper—skirts the ground as the car roars up to a pool of blazing gasoline ten feet in diameter. He lets go and drops right into the middle of the fire. His momentum carries him over the ground for at least 75 feet.

This is a favorite trick of Alvarado, a husky athlete who in private life is a vacuum-cleaner salesman.

◆

By now the country-fair thrill-seekers give with frenzies of applause. And the most hare-brained act of the whole afternoon—the Rocket Car Leap—is yet to come. The m.c. is announcing it now. Johnny Filipeck of Chicago, he says, is going to drive an old car up and off a ramp ten feet high. It'll sail through the air and crash 65 feet away onto a row of jaloppies.

Boy, will he really have the guts to do that?

There he goes! *WWWWWWWhizzzzzz!* The crowd tenses as the m.c. jabbers at high pitch. The car hurtles through the air, then turns upside down. With a sickening crunch it smashes, top-down, onto one of the jaloppies.

"Ambulance! Ambulance! Can't somebody get that ambulance?" screams the announcer when attendants can't seem to extricate Johnny from the wreckage.

All eyes are riveted on the pile of automotive junk. The spectators, all on their feet, peer anxiously down at it. But lo, as the ambulance rolls up, Filipeck wriggles feebly out of a crumpled door. He is dazed from the impact of the crash. His face bleeds from several cuts, but he wipes it with his hands, waves at the applauding crowd, and jogs off to a doctor waiting on the side lines.

The final event now looks as if it would be an anticlimax, yet it is what brought us here—the head-on collision. From opposite directions down the track come two jaloppies galloping toward destruction. There are no trick installations to soften the impact, although the windshield and window glass have been removed—in the interest of safety!

They are still coming straight at each other. Then, when the jaloppies are about 100 feet apart, we see how the drivers protect themselves. Agilely maneuvering their legs to the rear seat—while still grimly holding the wheel at arm's length—they now drive standing up. At the very last moment, when the cars are only a few feet apart, each driver lets go of his wheel, huddles behind the front seat, and covers his head protectively with his arms.

THUMP! They crash. Crunching and screeching, metal tears metal. The radiators telescope. The motors bury themselves in each other. Then the destruction is enveloped by a cloud of dust. Spectators spring from their seats, jump the fence, and swarm around the smashed jaloppies as the dust settles. There is no fire, and the drivers climb out of the back seats intact. Men and women paw the battered fenders and gape at the torn-up junk. Some rip off small parts for souvenirs.

◆

Johnny Filipeck hobbles up the track in his paddock boots. Although he has starred in the show, he makes no bones about helping out with the menial work of packing up the show's equipment. He dons a regulation Lee coverall to keep his bright new uniform clean. We look him over curiously as one who so easily winks at death. Johnny is 27, clean cut and handsome. His light curly hair is rumpled. Blue-gray eyes twinkle against the healthy background of a tanned face. He could pass for a smart young lawyer, except for his scratches where still-wet blood glistens through a disinfectant. He is tall, with the lithe and sinewy build of a cowboy.

We ask Johnny how he does that crazy Rocket Car Leap.

A lot of judgment, he smilingly obliges, is necessary in leaping a car. You need sufficient speed, yet you must try not to overjump, because in both cases you'd miss the row of jaloppies, whose sheet metal cushions the impact of the crash. You must steer the car straight off the ramp at 45 to 55 miles an hour, and not go twisting off sideways.

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Johnny explains that he "freezes" the steering wheel, holding the car straight until it leaves the ramp. Then, while it sails through the air, he lets go the wheel and ducks under the dashboard to protect his head in the crash. He thinks this is much safer than being strapped to the seat. For one thing, it avoids his being impaled on the wheel.

Despite the greatest driving skill up to this point, how the car lands is a matter of luck. "You try to pancake it down on the row of jaloppies," he says, "but you can't tell in advance whether it will land right side up, upside down, or right on the radiator—nose down.

"It gives you a funny feeling in the stomach when you see nothing but a lot of air under you. Sometimes I get the shakes after I get out of the car, but on other days I feel I could jump to the moon and get away with it! Those cars can be awful mean—they can tear you apart!

"The head-on collision looks easy, but it isn't. You gotta have good timing or you won't last long. You gotta have faith in your buddy who's driving the other car. You wouldn't want any screwball hitting you. Tell you why. You both have to drive at the same speed. If one car went slower, the faster car would smash through it and kill the slower driver. It would never do to have one going twenty and the other sixty."

Instead of jumping into the back seat, the drivers used to jump out just before the collision, but Johnny thinks this is dangerous. "If you jump out and the cars miss each other, you may jump right into the path of your buddy's car and get it for sure."

A peaceful, law-abiding upholsterer in the wintertime, Johnny has responsibilities: a wife and two-year-old daughter. Doesn't his wife protest against his crazy auto driving? Yes, she objects—but only because it takes him away from home so long. As for the danger of his daredeviltry, she regards that as his business.

Filipeck's colleagues also lead prosaic lives outside the show season. One operates a gas station, one is a farm boy, and there are an apartment-house manager and a used-car dealer among the drivers.

But for 20 weeks of the year—May to October—they enjoy the itinerant life of the circus: putting on the show, then packing up in 20 minutes and driving overnight to the next show town, catching sleep as they can. They even "commuted" the 70 miles between Lehighton, Pennsylvania, and Flemington, New Jersey, to stage shows on alternate days. They keep benzedrine pills in the car for use in case of drowsiness.

The stunt men like being celebrities, waving to the girls and giving away autographs. It's a gay, dashing, action-packed life, and their brilliant red, yellow, and blue uniforms add to the color.

◆

Jolly 240-pound Ward Beam, owner of the show, has been promoting thrill shows for the past 27 years. He claims to have originated this business by crashing a model T Ford at the Toledo, Ohio, police and firemen's show in 1923. Since then his shows have become larger and more dramatic every year. He estimates he has played to 25 million people since that first show in 1923. A single performance, lasting 1 hour and 40 minutes, has drawn as many as 37,000 customers.

A florid giant, standing six feet four inches, he chatted with us while munching peanuts and sipping a glass of beer. Beam permits his 18 drivers a few beers, incidentally, but bans stronger drinks "because it would get the show disorganized."

A pioneer exhibition flyer from Celina, Ohio, he's been in the show business since he quit stunting

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planes in 1914. He staged horse races, auto races, indoor circuses, and outdoor musical shows before going for thrill shows. Despite all his activities, he squeezes in time to operate—as a hobby—a 163-acre chicken farm in Ohio.

Beam's pay is a certain percentage of the gate receipts, and thus he does all his own advertising and promoting. The bigger the crowd, the bigger his check. He pays his stunt drivers up to $400 a week for their 20-week tour of about 100 county-fair grounds in the East and Midwest every summer.

Several applicants have answered the "Wanted: A single man" advertisement, and Beam disclosed he obtains a number of his stunt drivers through such ads—although he concedes the ads are primarily show promotion. He explained he would not start anyone on a dangerous act "cold." Drivers join the show as $75-a-week assistants, handling miscellaneous duties such as setting up ramps for a couple of years. Then, if they're qualified and still determined, they are promoted to suicidal tricks.

Only one of his employees has been killed. This man inadvertently drove off the side of a ramp and cracked his head against the car door. As for injuries, Beam relates that his troupe has 25 or 30 hospitalizations during the season. Some of the men are laid up several months with broken bones and other bodily damage. Beam, by the way, charges such accidents mostly to drivers' mistakes in judgment.

Who pays the fat hospital bills? A fund takes care of that. During the intermission the drivers sell a good-luck coin for a quarter. The coins have a Catholic prayer on one side and a Protestant prayer on the other. The spectators buy 'em like hot cakes—and keep the fund in healthy condition.

Nevertheless the drivers all sign a statement releasing Beam from any responsibility in case of injury or death. Beam declares he never asks anyone to do a stunt. They volunteer. And when they leave a hospital, they generally go right back to the show. They like the life.

Defections among newcomers are heavy. Half of those who do a stunt once never care about making a second try. And about 90 per cent never get to do a major stunt like the long leap through the air. One night the troupe experienced an unplanned leap. Their big bus veered off a road and plunged down a mountainside. That was the end of the bus. As for the riders—it was just another thrill.

"Sometimes everything goes wrong, just like in other businesses," grinned Beam. "I have all the worry in the world—but I like excitement."

He gets it! ◆ ◆

COWBOY LARABIE'S DAREDEVIL TRICK

Continued from page 34

loan of forty cents and still have enough to get in the big top and see one side show." Toppy put it so Bronk couldn't misunderstand that the bite was being put on him.

"No fun going to a circus unless you can take in the side shows and drink pink lemonade," evaded Bronk. "I wouldn't hardly want to go if I didn't have enough money. Anyway, I can learn this trick off ol' Cowboy Larabie and show you how it's done."

"You mean you won't lend me the loan of a lousy forty cents so I can learn the trick off Cowboy Larabie my own self?" Toppy was appalled by such callousness in his only brother. "I couldn't learn nawthin' off you."

In silence they rode to the post office and got the mail they had been sent after. When they started home, Toppy took a huffy two-hundred-yard lead. He wouldn't associate with such a mean ol' skinflint as Bronk.

Still holding his lead, Toppy rode around the cool grove of trees that shaded the rambling Block-M house. Pa was down at the big corral above the barn, replacing a broken top pole in the fence where a wild bangtail had made a break for freedom and had misjudged the spring in his hind legs.

Noting the space between Toppy and Bronk as they rounded the grove, he made an experienced diagnosis, but waited till both boys had dismounted at the gate before announcing it.

"What you cowboys fighting about this time?" he inquired.

"We ain't fighting," denied Toppy lugubriously.

"No, we ain't fighting," agreed Bronk. Then, because he was also experienced and knew Toppy was about to pull out the tremolo stop of an abused younger brother, he beat him to it. "Aw," he said, "ol' Toppy got sore because he squandered all his money but ten cents last Fourth of July, and I don't hardly feel like giving him the money I've *saved* to go to the circus in Red Bluff."

"Circus in Red Bluff?" asked Pa with suspicious amazement. "When?"

"It's on the billboard at Gold City," chorused the boys. "Next Friday. Can we go, Pa?"

"The Cattlemen's Association meeting will be on then. Ma and I will be in Red Bluff already. Somebuddy's got to stay home and run the ranch."

"Aw, Pa!"

"Besides," Pa went on, "you, Toppy, ain't got but ten cents. You figger to crawl under the tent or carry water to the elephants? As for Bronk, the old scrouge, a cowboy that tight would be so busy scringing over the money he'd wasted, he couldn't even laff at the clowns. Now I know who it was that pinched Letty Moland and made her yell right out in Sunday school."

"I didn't either pinch ol' Letty Moland!" denied Bronk violently. "Letty's in an ol' girls' class clear acrost the church from where I set."

"I dunno how you done it." Pa pondered the mystery. "Right now you're the only one I can think of mean enough."

Pa could sure make a feller feel small. Bronk looked at his feet and kicked at a pebble.

"Aw, I'll let Toppy have forty cents," he said. "Reckon I can get along if I don't see the snake charmer and the wild man." He carefully refrained from mentioning Cowboy Larabie and his daredevil trick of crawling under his pony's neck while racing at full speed. He correctly suspected he and Toppy would be forbidden to try it even before they saw it.

"Maybe there's some good in Bronk after all," Pa muttered to himself. "I was beginning to wonder. Well," he louded up as though what he had just said had been a secret thought, "if it so happens you cowboys get to go to the circus, I'll let Toppy have ninety cents, so you can each have a dollar."

"Golly, Pa! Thanks!" beamed Toppy. Remembering certain obligations on which he had fallen down, he had feared Pa might not come to his rescue.

"Next thing is how you cowboys are going to get to Red Bluff," Pa said. "Too far for a one-day trip on your ponies. That's out." He scowled in thought. Then, as though it wasn't already cut and dried, he said, "I've got it! We have to haul a load of barley to the Red Bluff rolling mill with the big team. It might's well be at circus time so you boys can ride in. Le's see. All our riders are in the mountains with the stock. I'll get Link Bowser to handle things."

"We'll have to camp one night on the road," said Bronk.

"That's right," nodded Pa. "Then you and Toppy can ride home with me and Ma in the buckboard."

"Golly!" Toppy was overcome. The circus, Cowboy Larabie's daredevil trick, camping out with Link, and a whole dollar!

Link Bowser, a big good-natured ex-Block-M rider, had married and settled on a little place up the creek from the Block-M. He still helped out when Arden needed an extra hand.

Two days before the big event in Red Bluff, Link rode down to the Block-M. He sent Bronk and Toppy into the pasture on their ponies to run in the team of eight mules.

Link shook out his rope and snared Nell and Tom, the two huge black wheelers. He harnessed and hitched the wheelers to the big empty wagon and trailer and spotted them beside the granary loading platform. The mules were then all turned back to the pasture.

With a little help from the boys, Link loaded the sacked barley. He topped off the load with baled hay for the team, their nosebags, and then loaded the camp equipment. Whangleather Lou would have the grub box ready in the morning.

"I'll be here around daybreak," Link promised and left for home.

Bronk was so excited over the prospect of learning how Cowboy Larabie did his daredevil trick of crawling under his pony's neck while going at full speed, he knew he wouldn't sleep. But it seemed to him he had scarcely hit his bed when Whangleather was shaking him and Toppy awake.

Twenty minutes later they were saddling their ponies in the dark to run in the team. It was getting light when they closed the corral gate on the mules. Expectantly they watched up the creek for Link.

The sun came up and the strengthening light showed no rider coming down the creek. It was evident something had slipped. Toppy looked at Bronk and swallowed.

"What you s'pose is holding up Link?"

Bronk had a sickening hunch that something really was wrong, but refused to admit it.

"Aw, ol' Link will be along pretty quick," he said.

Half an hour crept away. Toppy began to come undone at the seams.

"I betcher Link ain't coming," he squeezed through a tight throat.

Bronk watched the battle Toppy was putting up to keep from flooding the corral with tears. He wanted to cry himself. But he was older and had to show Toppy an example of a stiff backbone.

"Aw, everything's ready to roll," he said. "If ol' Link don't show up, we'll hook up the team and go by ourselves. Pa and Link have let me drive with a jerk line. I can drive the team to Red Bluff just as good as ol' Link, I betcher."

Toppy forgot his tears.

"You mean *you'd* harness Soloman and hitch him up?" he inquired with hushed awe. Bronk noted that he didn't say, *"We'd* harness Soloman."

Soloman was a medium-sized agile bay mule with a black stripe down his spine. He was also a killer. Yet he was the most intelligent and valuable mule on the Block-M. He was also one of the top jerk-line leaders in the section. However, even Link, one of the few who could handle him, aside from Pa, treated him with great respect. Link claimed Soloman could kick a chaw of tobacco out of a man's mouth at a range of once and a half his own length.

"Heck, yes. We can harness ol' Soloman and hitch him up," boasted Bronk, carefully including Toppy in the operation. Then he took another hopeful look up the creek. No one was in sight and the sun was steadily moving upward.

A little knot formed in his stomach as he began to wonder if he hadn't overpromoted himself. There still might be a way out.

"Toppy," he said, "take Paint and ride up the crick. Prob'ly you'll meet ol' Link on the way. If you don't, keep going and find out what's holding him up. I'll go ahead with the harnessing. Maybe have the team hooked up time you and Link get back."

Bronk's nonchalance didn't fool Toppy. Bronk could harness and even hitch up seven of the mules. But if Link didn't come, judging by the past, Toppy knew he could count on an active part in the harnessing and hitching up of Soloman. He was glad to get away.

Quick as Toppy loped Paint up the creek, Bronk got busy. Raised with all ranch operations right under his nose and required to help from the time he was able, harnessing and hooking up an eight-mule team presented no problem. At least, this one wouldn't have, only for Soloman.

He worked methodically, first roping the swing and pointer mules and tying them to the fence. He put on their collars and flung on their simple harnesses of hames, backstrap, and chain traces. This done, he performed the harder job of harnessing the tall wheelers with their full complement of double-strength harnesses, including the reinforced breechings. The teamster's heavy saddle he cinched on Nell, the nigh wheeler.

Bronk now caught up Cap, Soloman's leader mate. He tied the gentle dun-colored mule to the fence, but did not harness him. He was saving Cap till Link and Toppy showed. He intended to be harnessing Cap when they arrived just in time to keep him from throwing the rigging on Soloman.

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His next glance up the creek banished all thoughts of that bit of show-off. Toppy was rounding a point, Paint right out straight. Bronk stood still till Toppy brought the winded pinto to a sliding halt.

"Link's wife had a fall last night and it brought on her having her baby two weeks early," Toppy tumbled out his dreadful news. "Link can't get away." His eyes swept around. Six mules were hitched to the wagon. Cap was tied to the fence waiting to be harnessed, while Soloman was still at large in the corral. His gaze was wary when it came back to Bronk.

Bronk said, "We've got to see how Cowboy Larabie does his daredevil trick of crawling under his pony's neck while going at full speed."

"Y-yes," Toppy agreed.

Bronk said grimly, "Get down and give me a hand harnessing and hooking up the leaders."

They got Cap harnessed and hitched up.

"Now," said Bronk, "we're going round and round with Soloman."

◆

They stood just inside the corral gate and gazed at the mule. Soloman stared right back at them. The mule knew the score all right and appeared amused. Standing on three legs, resting the fourth, he planted himself insultingly close. His head was turned on his homely neck to a jeering angle.

"Ain't no use stalling," Bronk said, realizing that his nerve was fading. He gave his rope a flick. "Get the pick handle by the gate."

Toppy got the pick handle that Pa and Link used as a threat when they harnessed Soloman. "Here," he said, trying to hand it to Bronk.

"You keep it. It's up to you to fight him off'n me till I get him snubbed to the snubbing post." Bronk looked at Toppy sharply. Toppy's fright was so plain, he feared that the first warlike gesture Soloman made, he'd drop the club and take to his heels. He had to think of something else.

His desperately roving eyes fell on Grizzly standing just outside the corral watching the proceedings with horsely curiosity.

Grizzly was a silver-tip half-blood Percheron. Although he weighed thirteen hundred, he was light on his feet as a great cat, and the best rope horse on the ranch. Pa said of him, "I like to have Grizzly under me when I tie onto a wild one. No matter how big they are, when Grizzly leans on the rope, down comes their meat house."

"Toppy," said Bronk, "run Grizzly into the corral and shift your saddle to him."

Toppy accepted the reprieve from the pick handle with alacrity. In a few minutes, looking like a little wart on the mighty Grizzly, Toppy was twirling his rope and studying Soloman with a professional eye.

Not long ago, during a torrid session when Soloman was getting the best of the struggle, Pa had thrown his hull on Grizzly and dropped a loop over Soloman's head. Then he had given the mule an educational upside-down tour of the corral at the expense of hair, hide, and near strangulation. It made a different mule of Soloman for the time being.

Plainly Soloman remembered that painful trip. His amusement fled. Both his ears went back in a mule scowl.

Bronk, with cow, horse, and mule sense bred in the very marrow of his bones, was as quick to note Soloman's fear as Soloman had registered Bronk's a few minutes before.

Pick handle in one hand, rope in the other, Bronk sidled within casting distance of the mule. He laid the pick handle at his feet and opened his loop on the ground.

Soloman's ears took a tighter grip on his neck. But the Indian sign was on him. Choosing what looked to be the lesser of two evils, he never even dodged when Bronk's loop snicked over his head.

Picking up the pick handle, Bronk backed toward the snubbing post, trying to lead Soloman. The mule refused to budge.

"Move in on him, Toppy." Bronk's voice was tight with excitement.

Toppy urged Grizzly ahead. He raised in his stirrups and speeded the whirl of his rope.

Soloman took the hint. He allowed Bronk to lead him to the snubbing post and close-hitch him.

Harnessing was something different. Bronk got a collar with a top buckle and opened it up. He armed Toppy with the pick handle again. They both moved in.

Now that Soloman was safely snubbed, Toppy was bold and ready. He spat on his hands, took a good grip on the pick handle and waltzed forward as though he intended to knock Soloman's brains out did he look crosswise without permission.

Soloman had no fear of Toppy, but he didn't let on. He waited with such sweet patience butter wouldn't have melted in his mouth. When the cautiously stepping Bronk was within nice range, he spun like light and let fly. Forgetting how closely tied he was, he almost went down, his aim completely ruined.

Bronk and Toppy scrambled back out of the way. Light shed itself on Bronk.

"It's Grizzly he's 'fraid of," he said. "Get back on Grizzly, Toppy, and start swinging your rope."

With Toppy once more on the towering Grizzly and swinging his rope, Soloman showed his worry.

"It's my rope that turns ol' Soloman's black heart pale," Toppy boasted, unwilling to admit Grizzly was the more important.

Bronk had no time to argue. "Crowd him, Toppy," he ordered. "We'll have to harness him over Grizzly's back."

For a minute Bronk thought he had miscalculated. There was nothing to crowd Soloman against to hold him near enough Grizzly to harness him. He merely went around and around the snubbing post.

It took but a few turns to use up the short hitch. Soloman's head was tight against the post. He made an effort to get farther away from Grizzly, but only tightened the rope on his neck till he began to noisily strangle.

Bronk saw that Soloman was pinned where he wasn't interested in kicking or striking, and he couldn't bite. Working fast before the mule choked down, Bronk darted in and buckled on his collar. He flung on the harness, buckled the hame strap and belly band. Soloman's mouth was open, gasping for air, also for the bits. It was no job at all to force on the bridle.

"Hurry, Toppy!" shrieked Bronk. "Run ol' Soloman around the snubbing post the other way. He's going down in a second!"

Toppy swung Grizzly around the mule. He yelled and whipped with his rope.

Soloman staggered back and the pressure on his throat eased. He was so busy gasping for air and coughing and wheezing, he didn't even notice when he was released from the snubbing post. Bronk handed the rope up to Toppy.

"Take a couple dallies on the saddle horn and le's get him out to the team and hitched up before he can figger what happened." Bronk grabbed the pick handle and ran to open the gate.

◆

Toppy moved Grizzly out to the team. Soloman, his wits still fuzzy, suffered himself to be led. He stood in his position as nigh leader with his head lowered and his flanks heaving. Bronk grabbed the long pole with the hook on the end.

Soloman's trace chains were left hitched to his whipple tree. The long pole was used to pick up the end of the trace chains and hook them in the tug hooks held in place by the back strap. That way a man didn't have to get within range of Soloman's heels.

Using the pick handle as a foil, Bronk accomplished the ticklish business of snapping the bar between the bits of the leaders so Cap could be guided by the jerk-line mule. The jerk line that ran back to Nell he snapped in Soloman's other bit ring. Then he removed his rope.

Bronk was finished before Soloman began to take a lively interest. His ears went forward and back. Apparently he was the most astonished mule who ever looked through a head stall to find himself harnessed and hitched up.

Bronk, feeling so good he had to do something about it, capered insultingly a safe distance in front. "Yah! Yah! Ol' Soloman!" he jeered. "Thought we couldn't harness and hook you up, huh? Yah!"

Toppy, the cautious, was peering

into the disturbing future. He suggested, "We better get the grub box before ol' Whang finds Link ain't here."

"That's right." Bronk sobered and his head began to work again. "We've been so long getting started, he must be wondering already." He started for the back of the house at a trot. Toppy jumped off Grizzly, dropped his reins, and ran after him.

Whangleather was in the kitchen. The grub box, packed and ready, was sitting on the cook table.

The old cook was well experienced with Bronk and Toppy. Something about this grub-box business and the way the boys grabbed it and rushed away caused him to eye them sharply.

Whangleather shrugged his fat shoulders and wiped his hands on the kitchen towel. He padded out the door on his flapping sandals and headed for the granary. He could see the waiting team and Grizzly, and the two boys loading the grub box on the wagon. Peering this way and that, Whangleather could see nothing of Link Bowser. Then he knew what had aroused his suspicions. Had Link been around he would have come for the heavy grub box himself.

For a fat Chinaman of his years, Whangleather displayed creditable speed. Oblivious of what was bearing down on them, Bronk and Toppy were struggling to load the heavy grub box. A final heave and shove and it nested among the sacks of barley.

"Heh, you! Wheh you think you go, eh?" Whangleather's squeal was right on top of them. The startled pair spun around to see the old cook's crooked fingers reaching for Toppy.

"Awk!" squawked Toppy. With great presence of mind, he ducked between the wheels of the wagon and scooted under the wagon bed like a croquet ball whistling through a wicket.

Frustrated on his first pass to capture a negotiable hostage, Whangleather dashed at Bronk, who was cut off from such an easy escape. Bronk did the only thing he could. He took to his heels with the old cook in close pursuit.

"Link no go, you no go!" screeched Whangleather, vainly trying to force more length into his reaching arms. "You go, Pa cut Whang's head off and hangie on the wall by queue, likie picture!"

Whangleather wasn't kidding, but his danger aroused no sympathy in Bronk. He and Toppy just had to see how Cowboy Larabie did his daredevil trick of creeping under his pony's neck while going at full speed.

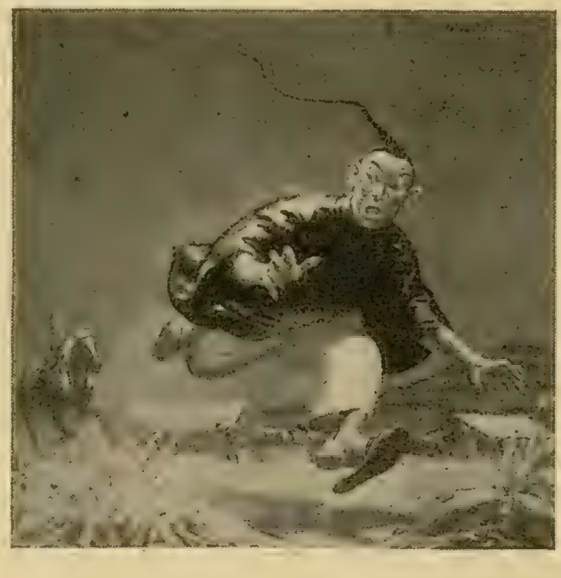
"Rope him, Toppy! Rope ol' Whang!" he pleaded and dodged desperately as he felt Whangleather's fingers brush his shirt.

Toppy had already thought of that. He was going up his rope on Grizzly's saddlehorn, hand over hand. The second he hit the saddle, he slammed his feet into the stirrups. All in one smooth motion, he dug in his heels and took down his rope.

"Yipee!" he yelled as Grizzly bounded forward.

Like Soloman, there were things Whangleather Lou was afraid of. More than once in the recent past he had disastrously served as a target for Toppy's and Bronk's roping practice.

At Toppy's yell he glanced around to see Grizzly bearing down on him with a tricky rope twirling just back of the flowing mane.



Whangleather had a sudden urge to be in his kitchen. He started for the refuge with the pockets of his loose jumper dipping sand. Seeing that he couldn't make it, he dove headlong into the shrubbery of the front yard, out of reach of Toppy's rope.

Bronk wasn't wasting time either. Whangleather's jumper had barely given its vanishing flap when he powered himself into the saddle on gentle old Nell. He gave the brake rope tied to the saddle horn a releasing yank. The steel brake lever slipped from its ratchet and clanged back against the guide. Bronk gave the jerk line leading to Soloman the signal. "Yee-up!" he shouted, trying to make his voice bass like Pa's.

Once harnessed and hitched up, Soloman was all business. Skillfully, with practically no hints from the jerk line, he maneuvered the team out of the yard. The heavily loaded wagon and trailer rocked to the road and straightened out for Red Bluff.

Whangleather's worried face peered from between a pepper tree and a Japanese snowball bush.

"You do likie I say!" he screeched at Toppy, who was standing guard on him with Grizzly and his rope. "Pa settie your britches on fire!"

Toppy had already accepted the probability that he and Bronk would get a lacing before this was over. The threat had no effect on him.

"Aw, Pa don't lick hard with his ol' quirt," he said and stuck where he was until Bronk was

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safely beyond the danger of Whangleather making a flash rush and dragging him out of Nell's saddle. He then waved a farewell hand at the distressed old cook and leisurely overtook the plodding team.

Bronk stopped his outfit. He said, "Toppy, loosen the cinch on Grizzly and tie him to the back of the trailer. We're going to need him to handle Soloman when we camp tonight."

"I'd ruther ride Grizzly than the wagon seat," objected Toppy.

"Sure," nodded Bronk; "only, I need you up on the wagon seat to help me r'ar on the brake lever going down the grades."

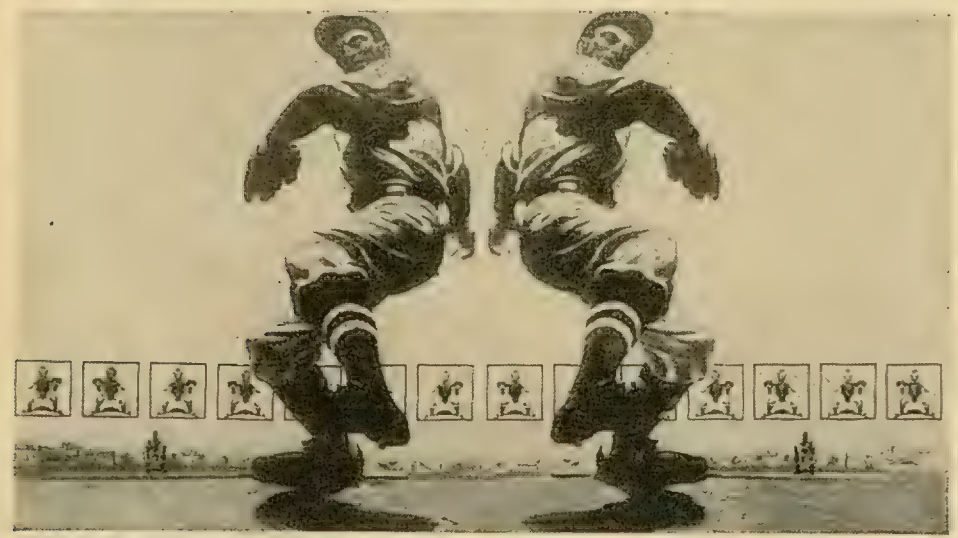
Toppy made no further objection. The job bolstered his sense of importance.

Forked on the big nigh mule, Bronk gave the effect of a little toad homesteading a huge rock; while Toppy, hunched on the high swaying seat of the wagon, resembled nothing so much as a little sparrow perched on a big limb of a tall tree. But they looked plenty big and competent to each other. Bronk glanced back and gave his assistant a triumphant grin.

The road to Red Bluff was open. The big team was waiting for his commands. He and Toppy were on their way to see how Cowboy Larabie did his daredevil trick of crawling under his pony's neck while racing at full speed. He gave Soloman the jerk-line signal to move out. "Yee-up!" he shouted in his bassiest voice. ◆ ◆

THE AMBIDEXTORIOUS PITCHER

Continued from page 22



I don't care if nobody ever believes me, this John Brown was the greatest thing in baseball. He could stand in deep center field and throw strikes into home plate and then come in and pitch with either hand as though he had had a two weeks' rest.

I only saw him the first few days, because the Boss had me chasing up and down the country trying to find out where Ambi came from and why. He had to come from some place; that was the premise I worked on, although there were times when I wasn't sure that was at all necessary. He might be a hallucination.

No one knew about him—I was careful not to talk to the other clubs too much, because we didn't have him signed. But there was no record of him in any of the minor leagues. So he must have been a free agent. Either he had been a sand-lotter or came from some cow town where there weren't any real leagues but just games for side bets.

By the time I got back, the exhibition games were ready to start, and Ambi was being treated with great respect by the rest of the ballplayers. It seems that when some of the bench jockeys saw the parrot, whose name was Augusta by the way, and heard that she did not swear, they felt it was no more than their duty to rectify this lack in Augusta's vocabulary. Their endeavors to broaden the parrot's outlook and speech found scant sympathy in Ambi. In fact after an evening dissertation on the part of Augusta wherein she discoursed rather vividly on Ambi's ancestry and the legitimacy thereof, Ambi on the following morning headed for the bat rack and then unerringly for the teachers. Somehow these pioneers in parrot learning managed to escape, and after the Boss promised there would be no more of that nonsense, Ambi was quieted. The culprits had to promise to spend time singing Onward, Christian Soldiers with Augusta until she forgot about her newly won words.

I told the Boss what I had found out and we decided to get in touch with the president of the club and put Ambi on the dotted line before someone else beat us to it. We had been holding back on the publicity, but now we let it fly. And although we might never get in the "Whirl Series," we were grabbing more newsprint than all the other teams combined. You couldn't tell whether our camp was a photographers' convention or a training school for sports writers. The boys kept telling me that they knew something like this was bound to happen after I joined the club, and I think some of them thought I had Ambi on the string in advance.

The exhibition games turned out to be the best thing that had ever happened to our treasury. We could have filled Soldier Field in Chicago. The Boss played Ambi for at least one inning or one turn at bat every day. The fans nearly went wild when he'd strike out the first guy, pitching with his right hand; then strike out the next guy, pitching with his left hand.

But the fun really started when we played a series with the Cardinals. Frankie Frisch was handling them then and, as you know, that was quite a gang he had there. Pepper Martin was playing for them; Ole Diz was just coming up and showing the makings of a great pitcher; and there was Lippy Durocher, Jim Bottomley, and of course Onkle Franz himself. Frankie was probably the best switch hitter that ever played big-league ball, and although he was no longer the Frankie of a few years back, he was still able to get up there and take a nasty swipe at a ball from either side of the plate.

Frankie had never been one to dodge a fight or fun. So one day when Ambi was pitching, Frankie put himself in as a pinch hitter. He went to bat right-handed. Ambi took the glove off his right hand and put on his left-handed glove and prepared to pitch with his right hand. So Frankie switched to the other side of the plate. Ambi then switched pitching hands. That was what Frisch wanted.

"He can't do that," he hollered. "He has to pitch right-handed to me."

The Boss was out of the dugout, Ambi was looking dazed, Joe Hannigan had his mask off and was starting to jaw the umpire, while Frisch continued to holler, "He has to pitch right-handed to me."

The umpire looked as though he wished he had stuck to being a mortician like his mother wanted.

Finally someone asked Frisch why Ambi had to pitch right-handed to him. "Because," Frisch explained with elaborate care and a great display of patience, "the rules say that a pitcher, once he takes over the pitcher's box, must pitch to at least one man before he can be replaced."

They all started to scream, but Frisch merely held up his hand. "Now I grant that yon character on the mound is not two men, although I'll bet he eats as much as three, but when he changes from throwing with one hand to the other, he is the same as a new pitcher. And, furthermore, I'm not sure it's legal to have a guy who pitches with either hand, throwing first with one hand, then with the other."

Of course most of us knew that Frankie didn't give a hoot about the legality one way or the other. He wanted to get some of those headlines for his Cardinals.

"Look, Frisch, you can change from one side of the plate to the other. Does that make you two guys?” Joe Hannigan asked him.

“The rules don’t say anything about batters; they just say that pitchers have to pitch to at least one batter. And he has to pitch right-handed to me, once he starts.”

The argument went on and on and might still be going if Ambi hadn’t settled it by saying, “I’ll strike the bum out with either hand.”

Well, he didn’t strike Frankie out, but he did get him out on a pop fly to the second baseman. For the next two weeks the papers were going crazy with stories, and experts were experting all over the place. You can see the possibilities in a situation like this. Either or both the batter and the pitcher could be accused of delaying the game, but which one should be blamed? Should the umpire decide which way Ambi was to pitch and Frankie was to bat? If he did so, he would be putting one at a disadvantage. This really had the makings of some top-drawer rhubarbs come the season.

The way we traveled through the Grapefruit League you’d have thought we’d won the Whirl Series the last ten years straight. We had more reporters following us than the President of the United States knew existed. This was without doubt the biggest thing since Lindy hopped the ocean a few years before.

Although most of my pals gave me all the credit for the stunts Ambi was forever pulling, so help me I’m innocent. He thought them up himself. But I’m not sure that he ever thought much about anything. He just got ideas and then put them to work. Like the time we hit the carnival in one of our stopovers.

You’ve seen the kind of carnival I mean. Real clip-joint stuff. Even if they gave you a prize every time you played, they’d still make a thousand per cent profit. Most of the boys were smart enough to stay away, but that did not include Ambi. He wanted an Indian blanket—or maybe it was a hula skirt. I don’t remember. Of course there was a shooting gallery. The gun sights were so lousy that when you shot one of the rifles you were lucky if you didn’t shoot yourself in the back of the head when you aimed at one of the ducks.

Ambi tried shooting the ducks. He seemed surprised when he missed. I’m sure he was the only one in the county who was surprised.

“Back home,” he says, “I never missed.” I started to listen real carefully, because I still hadn’t found out where he came from. But that was all the reminiscing he did. Instead of more conversation, he merely ripped the sight off the rifle and then looked down the barrel. “You ain’t bent it too much,” he told the guy behind the counter whose mouth was getting ready to yell “Hey, rube!” Another look at Ambi and the rifle made the guy change his mind temporarily. I started to edge away. “Come on, Ambi.”

ACME PLUMBING CO

LIBERTY

“You can take them off now. That news commentator has finished!”

He didn’t even bother to look at me. He put the rifle to his shoulder and proceeded to knock down all the ducks in sight. “That’s better.” He grinned at the guy. Then, with a sudden scowl, “Where’s my blanket?”

“You hafta—” the guy started to say and then changed his mind again. “Here.” And he gave Ambi the crumbiest, dirtiest blanket you ever saw. I’ll bet not only was that the first blanket they ever gave away, but it was the only blanket that shooting gallery owned or ever owned. Ambi seemed happy, though. And so long as he was happy I was happy. His joy could mean the Whirl Series for all of us.

But he still wasn’t through with the carnival. There was another tent where you threw three baseballs at wooden milk bottles. At least, I thought they were wood. Ambi wound up and let fly. The ball hit one of the bottles squarely and ricocheted off it and almost went through the top of the tent. There was only one explanation: they had to be steel rods embedded in reinforced concrete. Ambi would have knocked down anything else. The barker turned to Ambi.

“Too bad, bud. You gotta get a little more—” He didn’t finish. It was silly to go on with his usual spiel about having to get a little more steam behind your pitches when he looked at Ambi. It was perfectly obvious that Ambi could throw a ball through a brick wall. So he muttered something about “Sometimes they get stuck,” and then walked over and “loosened” them. Ambi knocked down all the bottles and got five pounds of candy left over from Washington’s first inaugural. He ate all of it, too.

I finally got him back to the hotel—wrapped in the dirty old blanket. On him it looked like an outsize bandanna.

After the five pounds of candy he pitched a shutout against the Yankees the next day. He gave them three hits. And I mean he “gave” them three hits. It seems he liked Lou Gehrig.

About a week later we had worked our way a little farther west, into Oklahoma. We weren’t missing any bets that year. We tried to hit every town we could find that had never seen a big-league team. Without Ambi, I might add that after we left they could still say they had never seen a big-league team.

We stayed in Oklahoma for four days; long enough so the citizens will never forget Ambi. There was a big rodeo heading north and east and it stopped off to play a one-day stand in the town where we were staying. So we all went out—as guests of the management, needless to say, for no self-respecting ballplayer pays good money out for anything he can possibly chisel.

It was a pretty good show. I’d covered quite a few in the Garden in former years. I recognized some pretty big names. But one name stood out from all the rest when the announcer called it through his megaphone. It was “John Brown, the famous ambidextrous pitcher.” It seems our friend John was going to bulldog a steer. “Ambidextoriously,” I might add. In case your memory is hazy on bulldogging, it consists of one steer, one horse, and one cowboy mounted on the horse. The steer is chased out of a chute and at the same time the cowboy on the horse tears after the steer. He gets alongside as quickly as possible and then dives off the horse, grabbing the steer by the horns as he does. Using his feet as brakes, the cowboy tries to stop the steer and, by twisting the animal's head, flip him over on his side. It's a neat trick and wonderful for breaking assorted bones, including the neck —not of the steer.

When Ambi's name was announced, the Boss looked toward me, but I was on my way. Because I have a sadistic turn of mind I had to watch Ambi bulldog the steer. And it's a lucky thing I watched very carefully, otherwise I might have missed the show. Ambi on a horse looked like Man Mountain Dean on a Shetland pony. But he could ride. He could bulldog steers, too. He was off the horse and onto the steer and the steer was flipped over before anyone really knew what happened. Well, first he tossed the steer from the left side and then he tossed him from the right side. And, believe me, that right-side business is highly unorthodox. Not only did he do the job "ambidextoriously," but he broke the record for that particular rodeo.

He almost broke my heart and I wished I was big enough to break his neck.

It got so you had to have someone on him every second. There was no telling what he might try next, and sooner or later he was going to get hurt. And it wasn't right for him to treat us that way, because until he came along with his big ideas about a pennant, we had been a perfectly happy ball club, resigned to a comfortable seventh-place finish which with luck and sufficient injuries to other clubs might result in our gaining sixth place. Now everyone was hopped up about a possible first-place finish. It was all Ambi's doing.

◆

But then it happened. One morning when the Boss and I came down to breakfast, everything we ordered could be gotten. It struck us. Ambi must be gone. He was always the first one to hit the dining room and, since we were about the last, we usually settled for toast and coffee.

"Ambi must be sick," the Boss said, horror-stricken. He knew Ambi was next year's contract.

"Maybe he got parrot fever from that mangy bird," I suggested.

"Never mind the Arrowsmith routine," the Boss snapped. "Get up to his room and find out what happened."

The room was empty. No clock, no parrot, no gloves (he never left his gloves in the locker room; he always carried them with him, one in each back pocket), no shirt, no Ambi. I said no shirt, because Ambi now owned two shirts. We tried to buy him more, but he said two were enough and he threw the others away. In fact we had a hard time to keep him from wearing his uniform all the time. We only got that away from him by conceding him permission to wear his baseball cap all the time.

The Boss and I just sat at the table, not eating, not talking. Once the Boss looked at the plate of ham and eggs in front of him, and he muttered, "The one morning that big dumb ox leaves us any food, he has to beat it and ruin my appetite."

About an hour later I hit the road. We kept the news to ourselves. No one else on the team heard a thing. Let them think we had Ambi iced away for opening day.

Criminologists say that the best way to catch a fugitive is to picture yourself in his place and then do the things he'd do. That's excellent advice, except that it misses out when you deal with characters like Ambi. Who, except Ambi, could be expected to act like Ambi? That, criminologists, I want to hear answered. I even tried getting drunk to see if that would help. But all it did was give me a headache.

PLAIN TALK, PLEASE

Ask how's my wife,
Or how's my life,
Or mention how I'm looking;
But please don't greet
Me when we meet
By asking me, "What's cooking?"

—John Fallon.

I tried all the carnivals and the rodeos, but no Ambi. So I spread out into larger territory. The only trouble was the whole South and Southwest were full of ball teams, so I had to be very cagey. The newspaper boys were running stories that Lucky Lawson and *his*—get that *his*—protégé Ambi Brown were missing. Big stories: How Ambi was at a secret camp, undergoing special care and training so he'd be ready for opening day. The papers were full of the usual stuff—the kind I used to write when I didn't have a story.

How any guy Ambi's size, with a parrot and an alarm clock and wearing a baseball cap, could just disappear was more than I could figure. And, believe me, I was beginning to nurse a king-size ulcer by this time. I had to find that clown and bring him back—not dead, either.

In a little town in South Carolina I got my first lead. Two days before, a combination circus-carnival had been in town with a "Masked Marvel" who agreed to throw any local yokel in five minutes or give him one hundred dollars. The referee of the bout was, of course, supplied by the management. The Marvel would belt the sucker in the groin and then toss him on his ear. They do it every day. After three days of bouncing the prides and joys of the county off the ring posts and ropes, a great big character in a baseball cap—but without a noticeable parrot (could Ambi have turned cannibal during a sudden hunger pang?)—climbed into the ring with the Marvel and, after pointing out that he would not stand for any dirty work, threw the Marvel out of the ring with his left hand and the referee out with his right. That was Ambi! He always had to ring in his "ambidextoriousness"—he was the eternal ham.

So I took off after the carnival and caught it at its next stop. One change had been made: There was no longer the Masked Marvel act. I saw the manager of the outfit, after leaving my wallet in the local police station. It was Ambi all right. It seems that he was on a one-man crusade to clean up dishonesty, or something. He had watched the Marvel work for a while and had seen he wasn't playing fair with the boys; so he taught him some manners. The hard way.

Now all I had to do was get to the next carnival before Ambi got there. But where the devil was "next" carnival or circus or whatever? North, east, south, or west? I figured it was getting warm in the North and downright hot in the South; carnivals and outdoor shows usually headed north in the summer. In North Carolina he had played in a sand-lot baseball game and pitched a no-hitter for both sides, except for the hits he got. Now wait a second before you start reaching for the phone book and the number of your local queer cage. Let me explain. It's quite simple. At least I think it is.

◆

Ambi had come into town on a Saturday afternoon and gone into a beanery to eat. Augusta was with him—somehow this made me feel better. There was a big argument about a ball game that was going to be played tomorrow between two neighboring counties. It was one of those things where tempers run short and bets run long. So Ambi volunteered to pitch for the team in whose county he was then eating. At first they didn't pay any attention to him, but when he got one of them to get him a baseball and he put on his usual demonstration, they grabbed him. They figured they couldn't lose. Of course they didn't fully appreciate the angles Ambi was capable of working out, and they bet their shirts.

The next day he went out to the ball park as he'd promised and pitched. And he pitched plenty. Because once he got out there on the mound, he wouldn't get off. He pitched for both sides. There was no one in either county, apparently, who felt as though an open challenge to Ambi was a judicious procedure. So they let him pitch. These guys were nothing for him, and most of them didn't even get fouls off him. But when it came his turn to bat, he insisted someone else pitch; and, what's more, he demanded that he be allowed to bat in both line-ups. All of this made a kind of sense—to Ambi, at least.

The result was that Ambi hit three home runs for one side and four for the other. The only hitch was that he hit the four for the side that came from the other county; not the county he had first agreed to pitch for. It's a lucky thing one of those counties didn't come from north of the Mason-Dixon Line, because we might have had another Civil War.

It was Tuesday when I arrived, and already the sheriff had run out of men who were willing to be deputies. I was careful to point out I was not a friend of Ambi's, but let them think I was on his trail for "special" reasons. This seemed to satisfy them, but it didn't satisfy me.

The next time I caught up with Ambi was on a street in Richmond, Virginia; complete with parrot, baseball cap, and two gloves, with the alarm clock under his arm. I guess he must have thown away the extra shirt.

"Ambi," I called to him, "where the devil have you been?"

"Hello, Mr. Lawson," he said very pleasantly. He was always respectful to those he considered his friends. But he made no attempt to tell me where he had been.

"Do you know the season opens in four days and you're pitching the opener?"

"Can't do it, Mr. Lawson."

Augusta muttered a few lines of the Lord's Prayer.

"What do you mean, you can't do it? You gotta do it. What about the World Series?"

"I'm awful sorry, Mr. Lawson, but I just signed another paper."

"What?" I screamed. "What team? Who signed you? We'll take it to Landis. To the Supreme Court. To Congress. They can't do it."

"It's done."

"It'll be undone."

He shook his head again.

"Why not?"

"Didn't sign with no other team."

"Who signed you?" I looked at him closely.

"They did." He motioned with his head toward a sign. I looked at it and then at the building. "No!" I screamed. "It's unconstitutional. You're a mental incompetent."

"It's nice of you to say so, Mr. Lawson, but it's all over. I'm going down here to the Salvation Army. I want Augusta to have a good home with religious surroundings." He held out his big paw, and I took it automatically. He pumped it up and down and then dropped my hand again. It fell at my side, limp.

I looked at the sign again and then sat on the curb and cried. Ambi had joined the Marines. ◆ ◆

HOW TO PICK YOUR GOAL

Continued from page 19 • • • • • • • • •

is difficult for a parent who occupies a position of prominence in a profession or business to accept the fact that his son has neither the interest nor ability to follow in his footsteps. Instead of allowing a reasoned occupational choice to be made by the son, a father will often drive and impel until frustration and wrecked lives are the result.

◆ Generally speaking, for young people, an evaluation over a four-year high-school period, wherein the vocational counselor has had periodic sessions with the student, would reach sound conclusions as to occupational goals. The achievements in various academic or vocational subjects, the interests shown, the leadership displayed, the degree of socialization, the participation in extracurricular activities, the out-of-school experiences, the observations of teachers, *when co-ordinated,* give as objective a picture of the individual as can reasonably be hoped for.

Although the young man or woman on the threshold of employment is referred to above, it must be added that no one, at any age, need continue employment in an occupation unsuited to his skills and personality.

Responsibilities will immediately be thought of here. They will limit leisure time for further study, but they do not block the possibility of shifting to a related and more congenial employment if you make up your mind to do so.

Individuals who find themselves in work to which they are not suited should examine job families, that is work related to the kind of job they do. They might plan to transfer gradually, thus retaining the value of their experience.

Have a great and daring ultimate goal—but remember that goals are most practical when formed in terms of short periods, small-step aspirations. This is both desirable and wise. It is desirable because we advance according to the achievements that we recognize. It is wise because we can build further goals upon those already realized.

The stock boy looks ahead to the day when he will be a sales clerk on the floor. The sales clerk hopes to become a buyer. The buyer aspires to be a department manager. While it is true that the stock boy may hope ultimately to become the department-store president, his real goals should lie in the area wherein he can take the next step.

In determining vocational goals, the following steps are essential:

1. Study yourself. 2. Study the occupational world for available jobs. 3. Tie in your personal capabilities with work requirements. 4. Determine what you do best and where you have the greatest chances for success. Then set out upon your path.

A study of yourself should include

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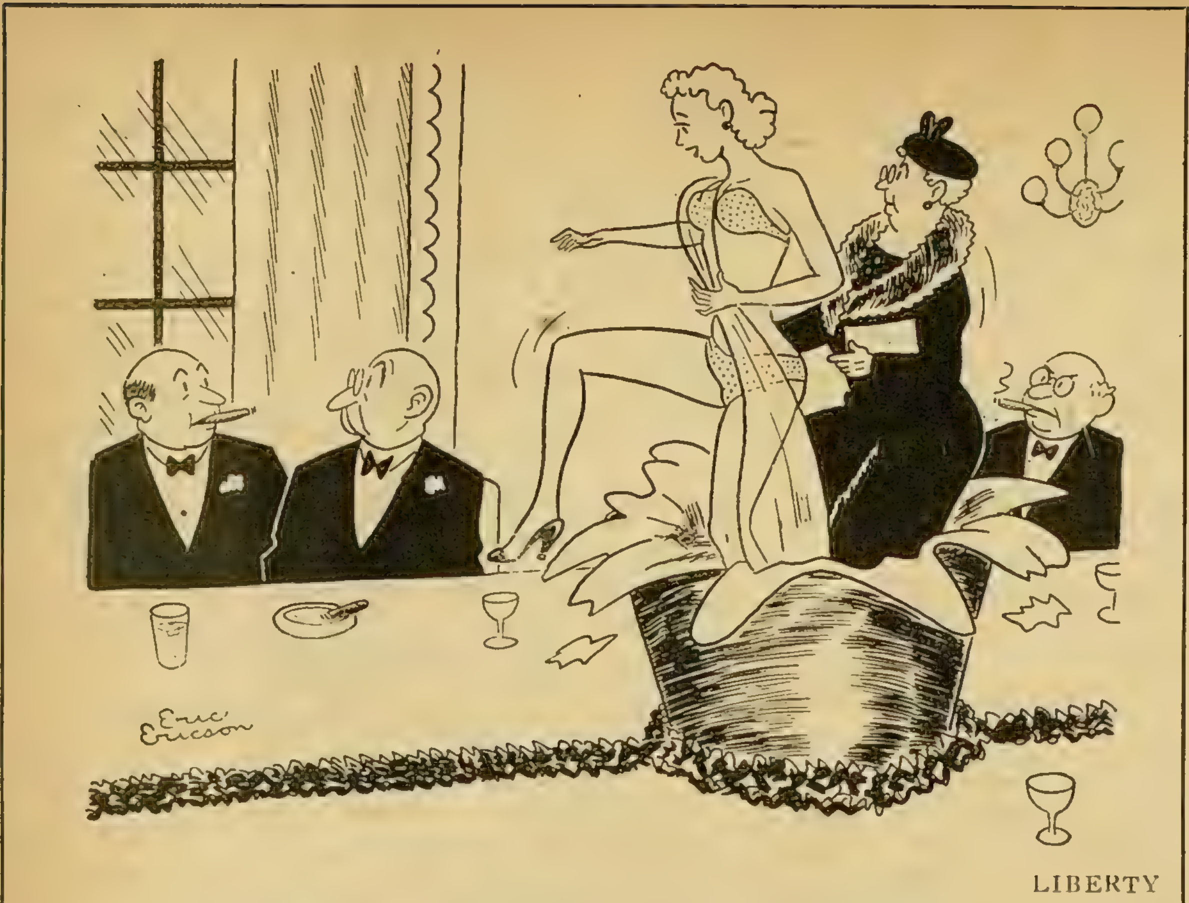


LIBERTY

"She can never go anywhere without her mother."

appraisal of the following items: 1. Intellectual ability. 2. Personality. 3. Interests; preferences. 4. Aptitudes and abilities. 5. Motives and values. 6. Previous educational and work experiences.

There are agencies to aid in appraising one's self. Recognized organizations are accredited by the National Vocational Guidance Association. Social agencies often provide guidance services free; most college and private agencies charge fees. It is important to learn the qualifications of any individual offering vocational counsel. Those who are trained for this work are generally associated with agencies on the approved lists. If in doubt, write to National Vocational Guidance Association, 1424 Sixteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

Whether or not a vocational counselor is consulted, the choice of a job goal lies with the individual. To make the best choice, a person needs knowledge of the working world.

◆ This knowledge can be gained only by study or experience. Before determining upon a career goal, such facts as job requirements, essential training, working conditions, advantages and disadvantages, and promotional possibilities and rewards should be obtained.

There are about 20,000 different jobs in the occupational world. It is obviously impossible to investigate each of them. A sensible procedure is to eliminate large groups and narrow the possible choice.

The easiest way to narrow the field of occupational choice is by applying personal factors to large job groups. For example, it may be necessary to eliminate the professions because of financial straits, since college and university training is required for that career goal.

The Dictionary of Occupational Titles, compiled by the U. S. Employment Service (1940), classifies jobs under seven major groups:

Professional and managerial occupations; clerical and sales occupations; service occupations; agriculture and related occupations; skilled occupations; semi-skilled occupations; unskilled occupations.

Answering such questions as the following will help in defining your job goal:

Do I like to study? What level of training can I afford? Do I like to work with and for people? Would I prefer manual to mental work? What are the physical demands that I can meet? Do I seek responsibility or prefer to work along established rules? Do I like tools? Would I prefer indoor or outdoor activities? Do I possess the dexterity required for machine operation?

Having decided upon alternate large fields of work, you should seek information about jobs within each field. For example, in the service occupations, occupations in domestic, personal, protective, and building service groups should be investigated. Community libraries are generally a rich source of material. Also, there are many valuable government pamphlets available about specific jobs:

Occupational monographs and leaflets, published by the U. S. Office of Education; descriptions of professions, published by the U. S. Employment Service; U. S. Department of Agriculture bulletins, published by the Office of Information, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Government publications are either free of cost or but a few cents and are listed by the U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

There are many private publications about jobs such as:

Occupational Monographs, published by the Science Research Association, Chicago; Occupational Abstracts, published by the Occupational Index, Inc., New York; Vocational Guidance Monographs, published by the Commonwealth Book Co., Chicago.

The same rules that apply to picking a goal in business and industry apply to arts, hobbies, and social life. Success in any of these areas is assured if you follow a sound plan with zest and determination.

Most people devote after hours and spare time to hobbies. Unless you are truly accomplished in the arts—music, painting, writing, acting, etc.—you should devote your after hours to their study and development. If you try to earn a living at the arts before you are prepared, you will suffer many disappointments and heartbreaks. However, many an amateur and hobbyist have turned a spare-time activity into outstanding success and prosperity.

You can follow the same plan if your ambition is entirely foreign to the kind of work you are now doing. Study and practice after hours. Take a part-time job so you can gain experience and know-how. The time will come when you will be able to work full time at your choice at equal or better pay. From then on, your progress toward your goal is assured.

◆ A fixed and determined goal in life will bring you success. It will bring you money, honor, fame, and, above all, the deep satisfaction of fulfilling yourself in life. Become thoroughly convinced of that and you will be able to carry on through all circumstances. As Bruyère said: "No road is too long to the man who advances deliberately and without undue haste; and no honors are too distant for the man who prepares himself for them with patience."

But you must begin! Start now! Each day means dollars and glory—"If you think you can or dream you can, begin it! Doing has magic and power in it" (Hugo). ◆ ◆

SO YOU THINK *YOU'VE* GOT TROUBLES!

◆ After withdrawing $400 from the bank, W. C. Kapp of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, had his pockets picked while he was leaving through the institution's revolving door.

YOUR LAUNDRYMAN

Continued from page 53 • • • • • • • •

first washing. Avoid that by buying only garments labeled "preshrunk."

"Sanforizing" has eliminated that age-old male complaint about shrunken collars and unmated shirt-sleeve lengths. Yet men's shirts still come back from the laundry with distorted, creased collars. Why? Probably because Mrs. America requested starch in a soft slotted-collar shirt, ignoring its "Do not starch" label.

In soft collars, starch causes the different layers of cloth to stick together. Bubbles and creases form when they are ironed. Stitching and reinforcements inside the collar are also accentuated. Some shirts should never be starched. Besides the slotted-collar type, they include Oxford cloth, tabbed collars, and most sports and work shirts.

Brand-name shirts are your husband's best bet for complete satisfaction. They are preshrunk and well made, with no manufacturing flaws to hamper their postlaundry appearance.

LIBERTY

"I'm sorry Alfred, but nothing you'd do could possibly stir me."

◆ Lost articles are the chronic complaint of all laundry customers. According to a recent survey, 19 per cent of them claim to be victims of an occasional short count on washed items. It happens in the best establishments. No laundry, yet, has licked the law of averages. But that is always difficult to explain when a bachelor customer rushes in with a sun suit, size 5, which came back instead of his dress shirt.

However, the art of losing things is not restricted to the laundry. Customers are equally gifted, as the Found Department of any laundry will prove. Anything can turn up in a laundry bundle—like a set of false teeth wrapped up in a New Yorker's pillowcase, or a black cat stowed away in a Texas rancher's bundle. And a Chicago laundry returned a new diamond engagement ring, found in a knotted handkerchief, to its tearful owner.

Remember this cardinal prelaundering precaution: Check the pockets of all garments before putting them in the bag.

Also keep an eye out for holes and tears when assembling your laundry bundle. Mend them before you send it, even if merely drawn together roughly with an oversewing stitch. Thin spots, too, should be darned before bundling.

Don't bother to fold sheets and flatwork for the laundryman's convenience. He only has to unfold them, to insure proper washing. Laundrymen frown, too, on the knotted sheet as a makeshift laundry bag: such heavy duty weakens your bed linens.

Most household stains come out in the wash—like coffee, tea, soft drinks, tobacco, egg, and light scorch stains. But some need special treatment. Perspiration and fruit-juice stains, for instance. Also mercurochrome and argyrol, often found on bathroom towels. There are many more. When in doubt, mark the stain for the laundryman's attention.

One more stain precaution: Don't use sour milk for removing ink and rust stains. It never works. But it may cause double trouble—a protein stain as well as the ink or rust stain.

Most current brand-name garments and household fabrics contain informative labeling to insure longer wear. Read it before you buy, and remember it when you're readying soiled articles for the laundry. Remember, too, that only the A.I.L.'s "certified washable" seal insures complete satisfaction—your guaranty that the fabric will wash well and wear long. ◆ ◆

WHERE LABOR AND MANAGEMENT WORK AS A TEAM

Continued from page 18 • • • • • • • •

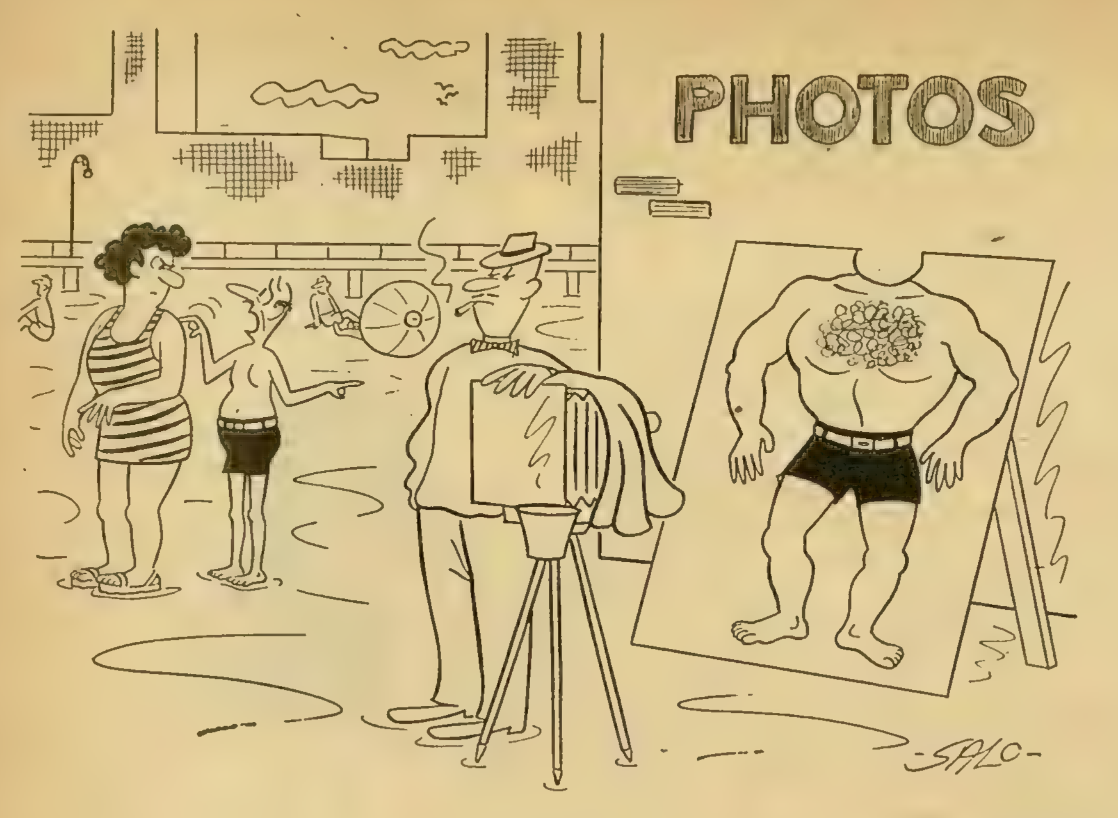
in industry. Suddenly it occurred to him that he wasn't quite practicing what he preached. As soon as the family reached their destination, Mr. Donald headed back for Alabama, alone. He had an idea.

The idea became Camp Helen, a strip of beach on the Gulf of Mexico near Panama City, Florida, where last summer more than 3,000 Avondale people played, rested, fished, and sailed on the two company boats, the 85-foot Gomol and the 55-foot Sculpin II. The camp is in use all year round. In the winter small groups from the various mills are entertained by Mr. Donald or other members of his executive family; the mills' honeymooning couples take advantage of the camp's ideal surroundings and low expenses. In the summer anyone who wants to can arrange for a five-day stay at a total cost of $1.20 a day a person.

Camp Helen is only a part of Avondale's recreation program. There are now two other camps, one in the mountains and another on one of Alabama's rivers. Each of the mills has its own athletic program, paid for out of the proceeds from lunch wagons which circulate through the mills. There are company-owned swimming pools and fishing lakes in nearly all the mill communities. Avondale pioneered in organizing industrial bands; there are plenty of outlets for anyone who wants to toot a horn or thump a drum. The Community House at Sylacauga is always booked up for wedding receptions, workers' parties, and club meetings.

The company sees to it that the workers' children get off to a good start. There are free kindergartens in all the communities. Help from the company enables the schools near the mills to carry on enriched programs with highly competent teachers. The B. B. Comer Memorial School at Sylacauga is perhaps the finest county school in Alabama, with a complete summer fun-and-learning program to supplement regular instruction. Scouting is almost a religion at Avondale. The first troop was started by Mr. Donald many years ago. Now there are 616 active Scouts in 31 troops in the Sylacauga area alone.

◆ Is Avondale's "partnership with people" an ideal solution to America's industrial problems? Does it



— LIBERTY

"May I, dear?"

point the way to the future? Its supporters, including nearly all of the 7,000 partners and many outsiders, would chorus "Yes!" Its critics, and they, too, are numerous, would respond with an almost equally vigorous "No!"

No one can deny that the results are impressive. The workers enjoy a standard of living higher than anyone could have envisioned 50 or even 25 years ago; that is self-evident. It is not the material results but the *process* that the critics question.

The word most often leveled at Avondale in criticism is "paternalism." The Avondale managers, from Mr. Donald down through the ranks, stoutly maintain that the Avondale plan is not paternalistic. Their arguments are telling: The terms are easy, but the workers do pay for their own homes; the cost is low, but they pay for their vacations at Camp Helen; they don't get handouts or bonuses but share the profits which they earn. They insist the program is based not on the handout and pat on the back from "Massa" but on genuine self-help.

The critics point out that nearly every important part of the Avondale program has come "from the top." It is true that it is hard to find an instance of a program which the workers started on their own initiative. Some of the critics might say they are given little chance or incentive to do their own thinking.

The critics also point to the lack of any organized channels of communication through which workers may participate in planning or express grievances. Avondale managers declare that they aren't needed: their "open door" policy makes it possible for a worker to see any official, all the way up to Mr. Donald himself, for any reason at any time. And certainly this policy serves as a check on intermediate officials. Says foreman Boyd Douglas: "When we know that a guy can go straight to Mr. Cooley or Mr. Donald if he wants to, you *know* we think mighty carefully before we do anything."

The company keeps workers informed about policies and progress via the foremen and through the Avondale Sun, a bimonthly company newspaper in which the most read feature is Mr. Donald's rambling, delightfully chatty column. Here is a typical paragraph, describing a visit to an Atlanta department store: "All around the Piece Goods Department different styles of our cloth were festooned and draped—surely nothing was left undone by Rich's to present Avondale fabrics in the most pleasing way to their many friends. It was a grand surprise to find the two Cato sisters from the LaFayette Mill with their mother and her little granddaughter shopping around in Rich's."

Avondale's record of dealings with organized labor is good compared with some of its competitors'. It is not lily white, however. Cases have been brought before the NLRB; there have been some instances of alleged strong-arm tactics in some of the mills. Thus far, labor has not succeeded in gaining a beachhead in the Avondale empire. And, quite naturally, many—though by no means all—of Avondale's critics are in the union ranks.

In the 53 years since the first mill was founded, Avondale's workers have come a long way. Could they have come so far in so short a time without the kind of help they have received from the Comers? Unquestionably not. They are becoming more and more able to guide their own lives wisely. Will they be given increasing opportunities to do so? That will be the true test of Avondale's future policies.

Heflin Haynes, one of the first graduates of Comer Memorial High and present personnel director of the chain, believes that Avondale will meet the test. "Some of those things will come in Mr. Donald's lifetime, and probably more of them in mine. More yet in young Cooley's. We think we're moving as fast as anybody could."

And Mr. Donald said recently, "Since the beginning of history we have been searching for gold, silver, or oil, and now we are doubling our search for uranium. What we really need is a greater search for *men*."

Avondale's 7,000 partners are engaged in that search. Their success will furnish the real measure of the success of Avondale.

◆ ◆

THE BIGGEST BUILDING IN AMERICA

Continued from page 25

case was removed from around it several years ago, so that all may touch.

Among the hundreds of portraits and sketches and assorted memorabilia on view, you will not find any likeness of Andrew Hamilton, who gave a large part of his career and his fortune to fashioning the Cradle of Liberty, nor will you discover any mementos of the carpenters or masons whose hands raised this structure. This neglect may be corrected when the National Park Service, under a 1942 agreement with the City of Philadelphia, owner of the land and buildings, takes over administration of this historic site. Title to surrounding land is now being bought under an $8,435,000 state-federal project for a mall, a park to enclose and protect many historical structures engulfed in the alleyways of Philadelphia. With federal funds and the active interest of the U. S. government, together with the invited participation of national patriotic groups, the Fourth of July could at last be adequately marked at Independence Hall. In recent times the celebration has consisted of an address by a City Father of Philadelphia, mass singing of The Star-Spangled Banner, an opening and closing prayer, and music by the Philadelphia Policemen's and Firemen's Band. In the future the birthplace of the United States of America could well be the center for the nation's observation of its own birthday.

Wrote John Adams to his wife in July, 1776: "it ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires . . . from this time forward, for ever more."

◆ ◆

THE DOG LOVERS BITE BACK

Continued from page 29

chancey affair. True, until recently, the vaccine—made from the brain tissue of diseased rabbits—was capable of causing a death almost as violent as that due to rabies itself. But such a reaction, say National Health Institute doctors, occurs but once in every 5,000 vaccinations. (About 100,000 persons are vaccinated annually, most of them as a precautionary measure.)

This picture, too, is rapidly improving. After years of experimentation, Dr. J. Frederick Bell of the U. S. Public Health Service has developed a serum that does not contain this "fatal factor." He succeeded in centrifuging and filtering infected brain tissue until he got an untainted "washed vaccine." Tested effectively on guinea pigs, it is expected to prove satisfactory on man and dogs.

New vaccines may also be the answer to the nation-wide *prevention* of rabies in dogs. First, laboratories are now producing more uniformly potent vaccines that must pass a high-standard test. Second, and even more important, a "one-shot" vaccine capable of giving 95 per cent of all dogs lifetime protection against rabies with a single injection, was scheduled to be available in a few months.

If man gave as much time and energy to setting up rabies-control plans as he does to bewailing the relatively isolated cases of the disease which occur, rabies in dogs could be licked once and for all.

One city proved this. Cleveland, after ten rabies-free years, suffered a mild epidemic. Immediately a three-point program of public education, dog control, and prosecution of careless dog owners was worked out. Vaccination of dogs was encouraged, quarantine of dogs enforced, and heavy fines and widespread publicity given to violators. In four months the epidemic was over, never to return.

Dog authorities point out that rabies control cannot be a half-hearted affair. Compulsory vaccination by itself won't work. Dogs must be properly licensed so owners will be legally responsible. Quarantine stations must be set up. And there must be enough money and manpower to enforce the law.

Nor is it true, as Dr. Fluck charged, that dog supervision lags because dog lovers are "too numerous for . . . lawmakers to cope with." The fact is that dog owners, local S.P.C.A.s, breeding groups, kennel clubs, and veterinarians are constantly urging closer supervision of dogs for the sake both of man's safety and dogs' well-being.

It is not the average family pet, loved and cared for, who is usually a focus of disease. Rather it is the neglected dog owned by thoughtless persons, or the "tramp" dog abandoned in puppyhood, which are more likely to carry rabies and other dog ailments.

Incidentally, those other diseases are mostly caused by tapeworms and parasites transmitted in such unlikely ways as by swallowing infected fleas or by eating fish which have been in similarly contaminated water. To help you make a dog a happy and healthy part of your home, here are some suggestions we have compiled with the aid of animal experts:

1. Before getting a dog, make it a point to learn the fundamentals of his care and training. Make sure *every* member of the household wants the dog.
2. Consider him as a member of the family, and treat him accordingly: give him his own sleeping quarters, dishes, exercise area; don't punish him harshly; train him so he is not a nuisance to neighbors; treat him with kindness and affection.
3. Teach your dog these minimum requirements of canine courtesy: to go on a leash; to answer to his name; to "heel" and "sit" on command; to be well housebroken; to know the meaning of the word "no." A dog with this basic obedience training will be a happier and safer pet.
4. Understand your dog. Realize that, like humans, dogs have individual characteristics which should be recognized. If he growls when annoyed while eating, it does not mean he is a "mean" dog; it's usually a throwback to his "pack" ancestry, when food was always in danger of being snatched away. If he drags your hat or slipper around the house, it's not maliciousness; it is because he misses you and wants something with your scent on it.
5. Take care of your dog's health. Have him checked regularly by a veterinarian; have him vaccinated against rabies; don't let him run loose.
6. Encourage a good relationship between your child and your dog. Children of reasoning age find a dog a source of pride, protection,

SO YOU THINK *YOU'VE* GOT TROUBLES!

◆ A Greensboro, North Carolina, man brought suit against a neighbor hog-raiser, charging that the odor from his pigpens was keeping away his daughter's prospective boy friends.

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As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Getting up nights or frequent passages may result from minor bladder irritations due to cold, dampness or dietary indiscretions.

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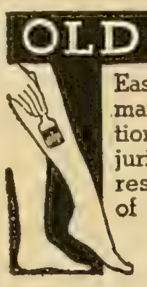

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and joy. They develop a sense of responsibility, and as they learn to control the dog, they also learn the ability to control themselves.

7. Never punish a child in a dog's presence. The animal may misunderstand the action and leap to the child's defense.

8. Use common sense: don't tease or torment a dog; don't awaken him suddenly or sneak up on him—such actions cause him instinctively to snap.

9. Discourage promiscuous petting of your dog. He doesn't know whether a strange hand will give him a pat or a slap. Moreover, dogs resent being fondled by every passer-by.

◆ Dr. Fluck is not unique in his fear and dislike of dogs. Scientists have long recognized whole groups of people who react the same way.

One, Dr. F. J. Buytendyk, in his book, The Mind of the Dog, listed four types of dog haters: those who are mainly concerned with what is practical and profitable; the self-satisfied and smug whose hands and hearts are closed; those who think of animals as lower beings without a soul or a heart or a mind; and people who have dammed up all flow of feeling so that they dread unrestrained, impulsive emotions.

It must be sad to feel that way. It must be sad not to be able to enjoy rubbing a dog's cold questing nose, not to want to ruffle his hair or race him down a country lane, not to wait for his welcoming bark and the eager wag of his tail.

It must be intolerably sad not to love a dog. ◆ ◆

SPRING NEVER ENDS IN BERMUDA

Continued from page 55.

whitewashed, then lime-washed, because Bermudians must depend upon their roofs to catch rain water. By keeping them sweet and clean, the rain, running off into cisterns, is good to drink. The houses themselves are made of coral and painted to match the oleanders that grow in the lanes and the coral that grows in the sea.

If you arrive in Bermuda by boat, the first thing you'll see, even before you debark, are the shops on Front Street in Hamilton. No tourist ever leaves Bermuda without visiting them and taking home some of the fine British-made items that are not readily obtainable in America.

Everything about Hamilton, which is on Bermuda Island, will fascinate you, including the friendly traffic policemen with their white helmets and multicolored umbrellas. Be sure to climb the steps and visit the Sessions House where the legislature meets—you will find it quite a contrast to our own Capitol in Washington!

At the northeastern end of Bermuda is St. George's Parish—the oldest settlement in the colony. St. Peter's Church there is a 350-year-old memorial to the faith of the Bermudians. Other points of special interest in St. George's are the old State House, St. George's Historical Society's Museum, Gate's Fort, and St. David's Lighthouse. The colorful street names in St. George's such as Old Maid's Lane, Feather Bed Alley, Shinbone, and One-Gun Alley will give a fillip to your pleasure.

Don't miss the tiny village of Flatts and the government aquarium there. Here you will see not only virtually every kind of tropical fish known to man, but behind the aquarium you can don a diver's helmet and roam the undersea coral reefs.

Plan, too, to spend one day on Somerset Island. You can take the morning ferry from Hamilton and return to your hotel by taxi, carriage, or bicycle after lunch. The U. S. Naval Base is on Somerset, as well as Gibbs Hill Lighthouse. Climb to the gallery of the lighthouse and get a panoramic view of all the islands. Then descend for afternoon refreshments at the quaint Waterlot Inn.

Those visitors to Bermuda who like gaiety and dancing go to the larger hotels, while those who like a quieter life select the smaller hotels and guest houses, or find comfortable quarters in private homes. There are plenty of accommodations of all types available, but you should make definite reservations for the hotel of your choice before setting out from New York or Boston.

No special wardrobe is required on the islands. From now until mid-November, cotton dresses, an afternoon dress, a long one for evening, and summer sports clothes will be all you'll need. Men should take light-weight suits, sports clothes, Bermuda shorts, and a white dinner jacket.

No passports or visas are required for a visit to Bermuda, but it is always a good idea to carry some document or paper to prove your identity and citizenship.

The 27,000-ton liner Queen of Bermuda leaves New York on frequent weekly schedules—usually every Saturday afternoon. The trip takes about 40 hours, the ship arriving in Hamilton about 9 A.M. on the second morning after sailing. However, if you're anxious to save time, Colonial Airlines or Pan American World Airways will get you to Bermuda in a little over three hours' flying time. Each carrier operates a daily service from New York in the very latest type planes. Both lines also offer an unusual "package tour" which includes transportation, your stay at a hotel, and some of your meals. The tour price is amazingly low and worth investigating before you make final plans for your trip. Remember, too, that you can go one way by steamer and the other way by plane.

Your own local Travel Agent is in an excellent position to assist you with the very latest information about transportation to and from, and your hotel accommodations while you are in, Bermuda. Call on him. He will be glad to help you. ◆ ◆

If you'd like more information about Bermuda, with descriptive folders, just drop a note to LIBERTY's Travel Department and LIBERTY will see that you get it.

LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION

One on the House!

By

MARY

LASSWELL

Illustrated by George Price

READING TIME ONE EVENING

LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION

MRS. FEELEY stood sweating at the corner of Broadway and Forty-third Street, New York City, on a steaming July afternoon. She looked up and down the crowded street filled with cut-rate drugstores, phony pineapple-juice places, and blatting record shops.

"An' I thought I owned a junk pile! Phew!" she snorted. "I wish Mrs. Rasmussen an' Miss Tinkham would hurry. The sight o' these malted-milk shops makes me nauseous!"

Across the street she spied her two friends, Mrs. Rasmussen conspicuous by the neatness of her tan pongee dress in a town of drooping hems and frowsy necklines, and Miss Tinkham majestic above the crowd in a Roman-striped silk jersey tunic over a pleated skirt. She wore a large white Panama hat with a band of tropical shells around it.

Mrs. Feeley charged into the street without looking at the traffic lights. An open hand the size of a premium ham was shoved against her diaphragm.

"On the green, lady! You cross on the green."

Miss Tinkham and Mrs. Rasmussen were waiting on the traffic island. They looked tired and a little sad.

"Let's go home to San Diego soon," Mrs. Rasmussen said.

"Took the words right outa my mouth!" Mrs. Feeley reached out for her share of the bundles. "It's been swell, but I had about enough o' this."

Miss Tinkham turned for a last look down Forty-third Street.

"Such Thrift Shoppes!" she breathed. "But of course California's more picturesque." In her arms she clutched an almost life-size figure of Aphrodite rising from the foam. Some misbegotten person had wired it for electricity. The lampshade of pleated cerise chiffon was slightly awry, producing an effect of gay abandon not unlike the angle Miss Tinkham's own picture hats assumed on convivial occasions.

"I seen the Rockettes again an' found a beer saloon up this alley—Shamrock Bar." Mrs. Feeley and her friends executed a pivot that would have turned a Marine sergeant green with envy.

The bartender slid the schooners with speed and accuracy. Mrs. Feeley paid and planted one small foot on the rail:

"Here's to them that wish us well,
An' those who don't can go to hell."

The bartender grinned and set up three on the house.

"You was in here earlier. Sightseeing?"

"Yeup. I seen a sight. Them Rockettes flingin' their legs around. I sure like 'em. Just one thing puzzles me: how does anybody know 'em when they see 'em on the street?"

"Where's she from?" the bartender asked Miss Tinkham.

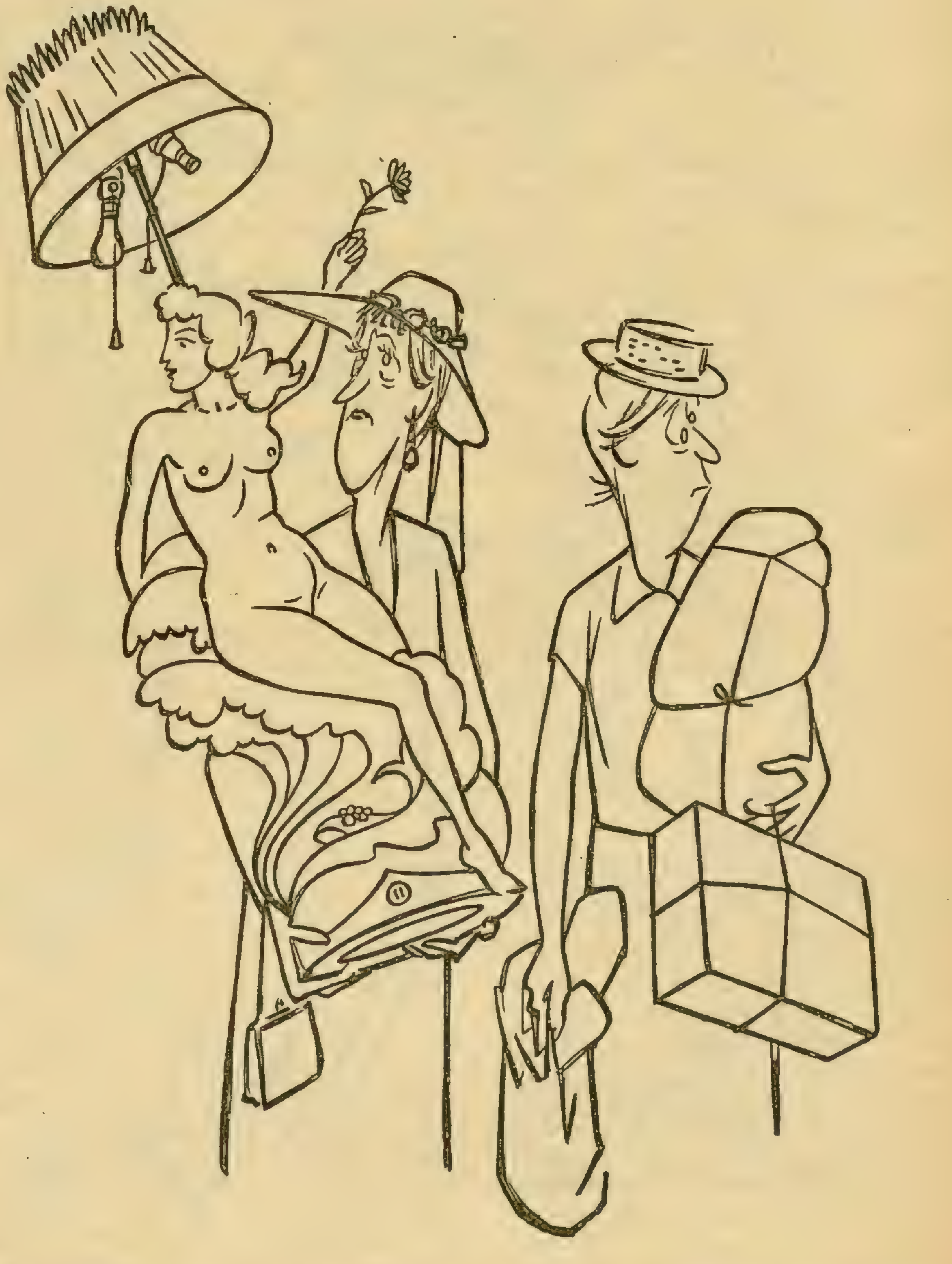
"San Diego, California. Mrs. Feeley is the owner of the famous Noah's Ark, where two of everything can be found. She has a heart like a poorhouse blanket with a warm side for everybody. We came East to visit Mrs. Feeley's nephew, an officer in the Supply Corps of the United States Navy. Not unchaperoned," Miss Tinkham said confidentially. "We were accompanied by Mrs. Feeley's handy-man, Old-Timer. He is the strong silent type."

The bartender's eyes twinkled. Even in the kindly light of the bar, none of the ladies would see sixty again.

Mrs. Rasmussen was inching away from a persistent and relentless admirer. He moved in on her as she came close to Mrs. Feeley's side. He was a vaguely gray little man like the dust kittens under a bed. Mrs. Feeley braced herself and shoved him in the chest. He lost his balance and sat on the floor.

"I was only trying to buy you ladies a beer."

"Three beers," Mrs. Feeley waved at the bartender.



Miss Tinkham clutched an almost life-size Aphrodite. Mrs. Rasmussen had bundles.

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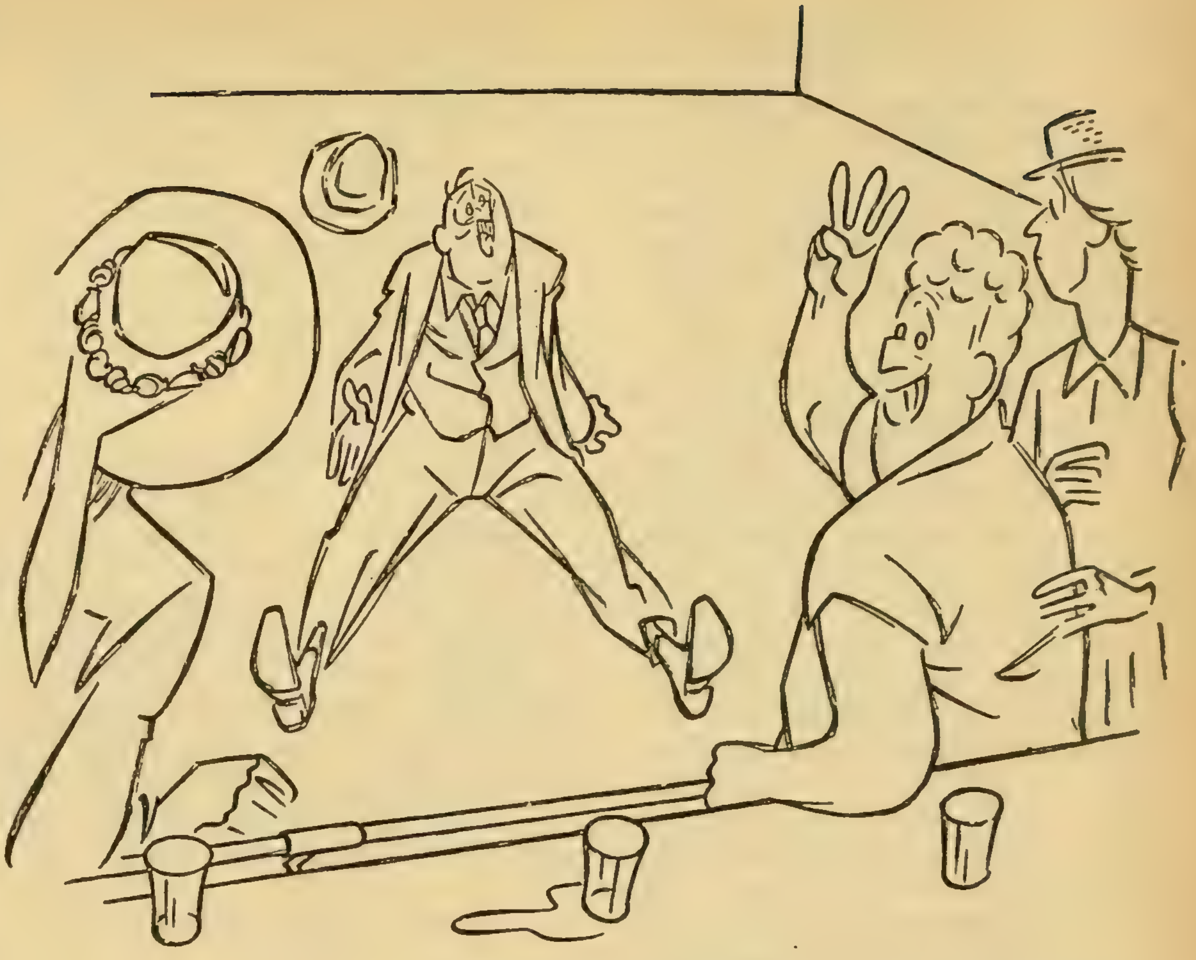


"Three beers," Mrs. Feeley waved at the bartender.
"Four," the little man said from the floor.

"Four," the little man said from the floor.

Mrs. Feeley turned her back on him and drank her beer. Miss Tinkham sniffed. He moved in beside Mrs. Rasmussen once more. "I open safes," he said.

"Don't tell me your troubles! Pay for the beer!" Mrs. Feeley commanded. "Let's go. We'll be late for supper. Don't want to keep Katy and Danny waitin'." She nodded politely to the bartender and coolly to the little man.

"Mesdames," he said plaintively.

"Let's not have any name-callin'!"

"That's 'ladies' in all the best newspapers," he said. "I merely wished to inquire if you would be coming this way again. I will gladly provide the cup that cheers."

"You remind me of Uriah Heep," said Miss Tinkham, raising her lorgnette.

"He's a wolf in Heep's clothin'!" Mrs. Feeley withered him with a glance. "If we come back, it's because the bartender's civil an' the beers is big!"

Into the hot steaming subway the three ladies crammed themselves. The five-o'clock rush was well under way and smellier than usual.

"Everybody's goin' to Brooklyn!" Mrs. Feeley said.

◆ Lieutenant Daniel Malone opened the door of the apartment for his aunt and her two friends.

"Two weeks since we come an' I still can't get over the fact o' bein' here," Mrs. Feeley said.

"The town will never be the same," her nephew laughed. He took the lamp from Miss Tinkham, patted the marble fanny, and set it down in a corner.

"Where's Katy?"

"Taking her shower. She's working too hard . . . you know how she is! Making lists and collecting all the stuff we'll need to while away the long winter evenings in Alaska."

"I sure hate to see you go," Mrs. Feeley said, "even if Katy does say it's good duty. She'd say Siberia was good duty, long as you was home every night." She looked at Mrs. Rasmussen, moist but still tidy—at Miss Tinkham, dripping and disheveled. "This time o' day, at home, we'd be reachin' for a sweater or some other little wrap-rascal."

"Don't pull that wistful stuff on me, Toots. You're not going home. You've hardly seen anything yet."

Katy called from her bedroom, "You're not talking of going home, surely!"

"Where's the baby?" Mrs. Rasmussen asked.

"He went somewhere with Old-Timer," Katy said.

"And don't let him hear you call him the baby!" Danny laughed. "He told the doctor who gave him his shots that he wanted to be a real sailor, but the Old Man said he had to go to the Academy."

Old-Timer and Daniel Callahan Malone, Junior, came in very quietly.

"I'll make the French fries now to go with the cold lobster," Mrs. Rasmussen said. Miss Tinkham began laying the table.

"How about reading me the evening paper, Toots?" Danny passed the paper over to Mrs. Feeley. She winked at Katy.

"You said you were going to learn to read if you ever got out of that tax trouble, and you certainly did!" Katy said.

"Every year gets shorter an' more fun! When I first took up with Miss Tinkham an' Mrs. Rasmussen I didn't hardly know nothin' outside o' junk business—an' swillin' beer! Then, through goin' to school, we met you and you an' Danny got married . . . then he got promoted to an officer, an' look at all the changes in our lives! We been to Mexico an' New York, run a day nursery an' a boardin'house for war workers, an' got Daphne an' her kids straightened out an' Darleen married an' settled. Who'da said all four of us would o' come up an' seen Brooklyn an' the Navy Yard?"

"Come an' get it!" Mrs. Rasmussen called presently.

She carried a huge platter on which six lobsters lay in state. The French-fried potatoes were crisp and mealy. A large mahogany bowl held a salad of endive, lettuce, and tomatoes, with generous slices of avocado here and there.

"I'll have some o' that Russian rye bread, please," Mrs. Rasmussen said. "It sure goes good with the beer!"

◆ "They was lucky to get this apartment," Mrs. Rasmussen said. She and Miss Tinkham were freshening up after supper in the guest room. Through the open door they could hear Little Danny singing as he did every night at bedtime: "Old Sailors Never Die," while Old-Timer boomed out the bass. Mrs. Feeley went into the child's room.

"I don't want you to go," he said.

"We wouldn't," Mrs. Rasmussen came in, "but you're goin' to Alaska an' we wouldn't like it here without you. See you in the mornin', love!"

The three ladies went through the living room where Katy and Danny were playing cards with Dusty Rhodes, Chief Machinist Mate, and Spud Murphy, Chief Boatswain's Mate.

"Old-Timer going with you?" Katy asked.

Mrs. Feeley shook her head.

"He's content just to sit an' watch Little Danny sleep."

"Don't spend all your money!" Danny said. "Spud and Dusty are taking you to the races tomorrow."

"Sell beer over there?" Mrs. Rasmussen asked.

"Anything you want," Spud said.

"Nothing venture, nothing gain!" Miss Tinkham produced her horoscope life chart. "July sixteenth: Saturday. Favorable! Investment. Games of chance! New line of earning endeavor . . ." her voice faded away and she peered anxiously at the chart through her lorgnette.

"Impending disaster for the unwary; make sure properties are covered, leave no loose ends . . . costly damage later."

"Probably nothin' that a cold beer won't fix," Mrs. Feeley said. "Let's get goin'."

In the light of the apartment-house entrance they saw the gray little man from the Shamrock Bar.

Mrs. Feeley doubled up her fist. "Guess you want some more knuckle puddin', huh?"

"I'm just trying to get a knockdown to this lady . . ."

"I knocked you down once today!" Mrs. Feeley said. "On your way, Creep!"

The man drew himself up to his full five feet two inches.

"What do you want to act this way for? I ask for an introduction to this lady—and what do I get? Abused, that's all. I am a lonely man and I have plenty of money. When I see high-class company like yourselves, what harm is there in offering you some refreshment?" He handed Mrs. Rasmussen a card, then blew his nose loudly. "I have no desire to intrude. So I'll bid you good evening. I know when I'm not wanted."

"You sure made a hit." Mrs. Feeley nudged Mrs. Rasmussen.

At the end of the block they entered a crowded noisy bar and went beyond the bead portières into the back room where it was relatively quiet.

"Nobody got our table," Mrs. Rasmussen said.

"We gotta get down to cases," Mrs. Feeley said, when they were seated. "Katy an' Danny been wonderful, but they persuade us too much. We can talk things over better here. Count our money an' . . . any other little thing we have to do!"

"More impersonal," Miss Tinkham agreed.

"Just how much we got in the kitty, Mrs. Rasmussen? Reckon we'll make it home?"

"We ain't spent much . . . we got two hundred an' four dollars an' thirty-seven cents, not countin' a couple o' bucks for beer tonight."

"A Pullman back is a sheer waste of good money," Miss Tinkham said.

Mrs. Rasmussen pondered. "We'd oughta get some kind real nice handsome present for Katy an' Danny."

"Get a paper an' pencil, Mrs. Rasmussen!" Mrs. Feeley spoke as though anything could be solved by making a list. "Add up how much we gotta keep out, then let's put our minds on somethin' really grand for the present!"

Mrs. Rasmussen opened her capacious bag and the first thing she came upon was the card given her by the gray little man. She handed it to Miss Tinkham, who read:

GAYLORD FLINK
EXPERT
IN
SAFES AND TIME VAULTS
HOTEL ENTWISTLE 46 W. 44TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY

"We'll send him a lovely postal card on the way home," Miss Tinkham said. "It will serve as a kind of apology."

"Order the beer," Mrs. Feeley said. She charged off to the front of the saloon where she had seen a door marked LADIES. A crowd was massed, craning their necks toward a screen at the end of the room. Mrs. Feeley stopped on her way back and looked too.

"Talkin' movies?" she asked a man near her.

"You from the sticks? That's television."

"Hmmmmm. I better go get Mrs. Rasmussen an' Miss Tinkham. . . ."

"The possibilities are unlimited," Miss Tinkham declared as they watched the screen. Mrs. Rasmussen turned to Mrs. Feeley. "It's sure swell, but we'd never be able to raise the money." Her amber eyes snapped in a way that belied her words.

◆

At the race track next day Mrs. Feeley held court under one of the brightly striped umbrellas. Mrs. Rasmussen and Miss Tinkham sat with a Chief Petty Officer on either side and beamed fondly at their hosts.

"Gawd! We're rich!" Mrs. Feeley said, kissing the two young men.

"Five hundred and twenty-three dollars and no cents." Mrs. Rasmussen did lightning calculation.

"What a delightful vista opens before us," Miss Tinkham said. "Just what the horoscope predicted: a change both pleasurable and profitable! What a future there is for us! As we grow older we can follow the sun—and the horses."

◆

On Tuesday afternoon the three ladies set out by themselves to the races.

"Didn't they deliver that television set fast?" Mrs. Rasmussen said, leaning back in the taxi. "Monday afternoon at five sharp, just like you told 'em."

"Did you ever see anything like Katy an' Danny's faces?"

"Katy was apprehensive about us spending so much money," Miss Tinkham said. "She took me aside and expressed concern about our railway fares. I prevaricated a little: I told her we had already purchased our tickets."

"That's just a white lie!" Mrs. Feeley rapped on the glass of the taxi: "Is that all the fast you can go, driver? We're gonna miss the daily double!" She turned back to Miss Tinkham. "We're gonna buy the tickets tonight, ain't we?"

"Finest an' longest tickets they got," Mrs. Rasmussen said.

But when the races were over, a drooping trio walked slowly out of the grandstand and through the turnstile. Out on the road they looked about them helplessly.

"Which way to Brooklyn?" Mrs. Feeley asked a street sweeper.

"You mean to the bus," he said.

"Don't tell me what I mean. Which direction do you start walkin' to Brooklyn?"

The man grinned. "Lost your shirt?" He pointed over his left shoulder. "There's a sign down there you can't miss."

◆

"Nice—that young Eye-talian haulin' us all the way," Mrs. Rasmussen said, as the three ladies crept into the Malone apartment.

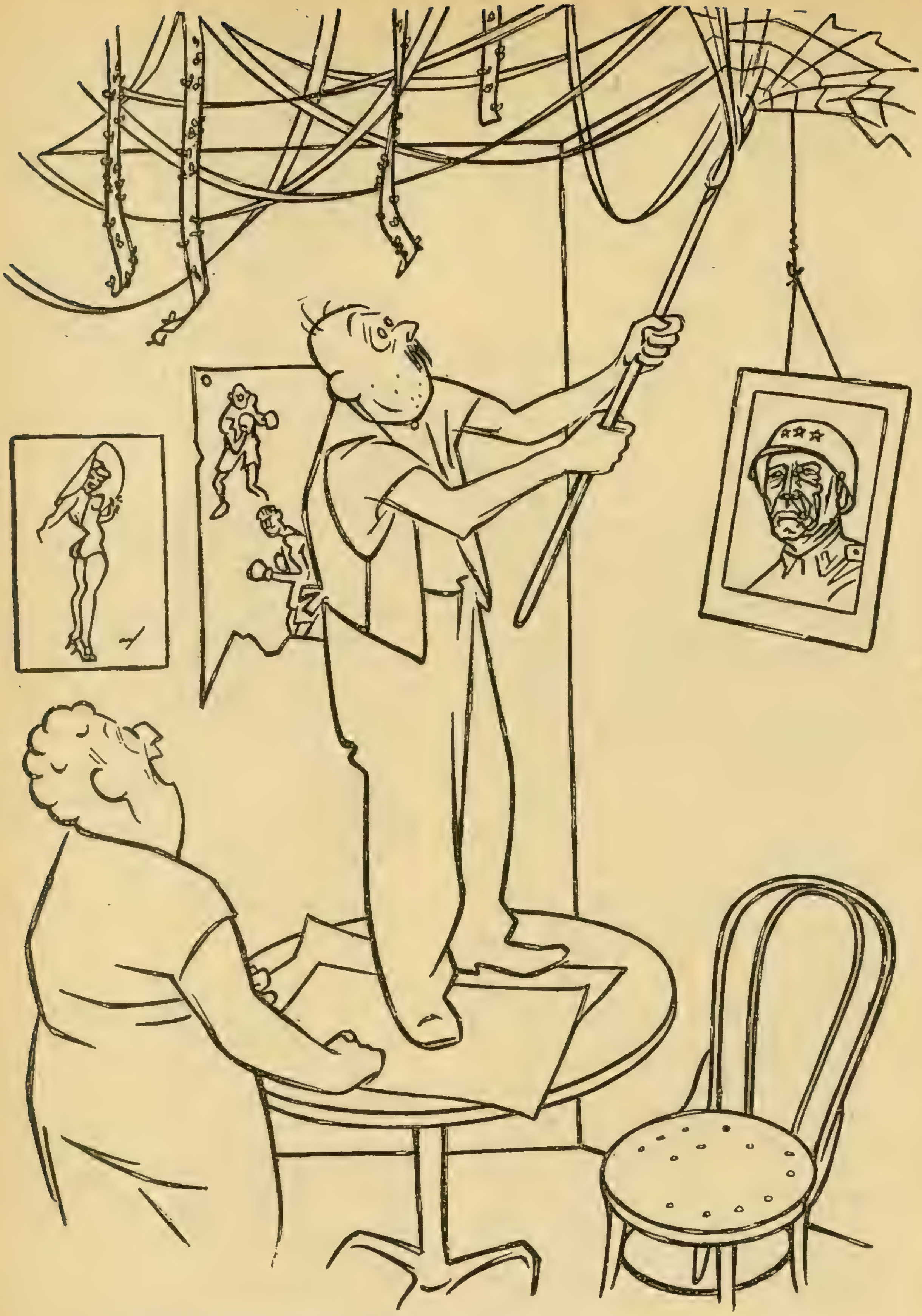
"We ain't got but one problem now," Mrs. Feeley said.

"One?" Miss Tinkham raised her eyebrows.

"To keep Danny an' Katy from findin' out we ain't got a bean. It's a break they ain't home right now."

"You are so right! Transportation and food and shelter are as nothing compared to the importance of maintaining their peace of mind . . . and their joy in their lovely gift."

"First we gotta find out how far



Old-Timer spread a newspaper on a table and attacked the cobwebs.

we can ride," Mrs. Rasmussen said.

She pointed to the telephone on the table. Miss Tinkham got Information at the Pennsylvania Station.

"Yes, please. The first stop." She spoke softly.

"And the time? Every half-hour? Thank you." She hung up the receiver and started to open her mouth at exactly the moment Katy, Danny, and the baby walked in the front door. "How we have missed you!" she cried. "We cannot waste any of our precious remaining moments apart from you! So little time!"

"What's the matter?" Danny said. "You all look terrible! Are you sick?"

"Who? Us?" Mrs. Feeley challenged with a brassy laugh. "Never felt better or had less!"

The laugh that went up from her friends was not faked. Katy and Danny were mystified.

"I know a run-around when I see one," Danny said. "But if you say you are going tomorrow, that's all there is to it."

Miss Tinkham began to warble "California, Here I Come."

"What I'm thinkin' . . ." Mrs. Rasmussen raised her voice. "It might be a long time before we got a bait o' them barbecued littlenecks on the half shell. Got the hot sauce, an' the green peppers an' bacon . . . an' my own secret mixture out in the icebox. Only we ain't got no littlenecks! Sure go good with the beer!"

"Come on, Kate," Danny said. "I scent exit cues. The fish store for us."

Katy smiled and put her hat back on. "It will be the last really wonderful dinner we'll have for a long time."

"You never said a truer word," Mrs. Feeley muttered as she closed the door behind them. "Well, what's the skinny? How far can we ride?"

Miss Tinkham drew a long breath and closed her eyes: "Newark."

"It's in New Jersey . . . we go under the river to get to it." Mrs. Rasmussen pulled a large roll of green tickets from her pocket. "It's the old stubs wrapped over toilet paper to pad it out, just in case they get nosey."

◆

Wednesday afternoon Danny came home at one o'clock to have plenty of time to drive them all to the train. Inside the Pennsylvania Station, he guided his party to the cocktail lounge and got a table for them.

"I'll show you where the ticket window is, Miss Tinkham." He escorted her out the door and she flashed an anguished look at her friends.

"If you'll excuse me, Danny . . . which way is the ladies' room?"

Danny pointed it out and went over to the magazine stand. Miss Tinkham hid behind a fat man until she saw Danny safely in line to be waited on, and then dashed to the nearest ticket window and bought four tickets to Newark. She put them into a railway envelope with Mrs. Rasmussen's fake tickets and beat Danny back to the cocktail lounge. He came in followed by a redcap.

"I got a porter to put your things aboard and hold seats for you."

The porter handed over checks for the four bags and one for Aphrodite.

"Take these too." Danny handed him a pile of magazines and a dollar bill. "Get good seats, will you?"

"I need a beer!" Mrs. Feeley said.

"I don't know what the score is," Danny said, "but you're taking this money whether you want to or not." He handed Mrs. Rasmussen a sizable roll of bills. The one on the outside was a twenty.

"We don't need money," she said.

"You take it, Miss Tinkham!" Katy urged. "Take it and mail it back when you get home, if you don't need it. We'd feel better if you had it in case of emergency."

Miss Tinkham said gravely, "Perhaps discretion is the better part of valor." She took the bills from Katy. The thunderous voice of the loudspeaker called the train.

"Well, gals! You're on your own!" Danny said.

"There's no bull to that, son!" Mrs. Feeley kissed him a last time and turned to shove her way after the other three who were bulldozing a path through the crowd. She could see Old-Timer's red suspenders ahead of her like a beacon, and Miss Tinkham and Mrs. Rasmussen beckoning madly.

"We must find our luggage . . . and it's almost traintime! We have to search the coaches . . . I couldn't bear to lose Aphrodite . . . then we have to find the local!"

Mrs. Rasmussen had Old-Timer by the sleeve and the four started forward through the coaches.

"All aboard!" the conductor shouted outside on the platform.

Miss Tinkham spied the luggage and handed it down quickly. "Hurry! This door!" The train began to move slowly as the four stepped onto the platform.

"Too close for comfort!" Miss Tinkham said. "I do hope they have gone! The local is at the next track to the right of the stairs we just came down! We can't go back up the same way . . . we must go round!" Miss Tinkham issued directions to her dazed friends. The Philadelphia train was just about to pull out when the conductor herded them aboard.

◆

The train slowed down and the conductor yelled, "Newark! Newark! Station stop Newark!"

"This is it!" Mrs. Feeley said. "The end o' the line, people!"

The four walked slowly for several blocks searching for a highway or main thoroughfare of some kind. All the streets seemed alike, full of factories and storage warehouses.

"Where's the houses? Don't anybody live here at all?" Mrs. Feeley said.

"They must be in a different section," Miss Tinkham said and led the way down another mean street.

They turned a corner and came face to face with the dingy cobwebby windows of a small sickly-looking saloon.

Mrs. Feeley peered at the sign over the door. "Infantry Bar! They don't ever allow no infants in bars."

Not a soul was in sight; not even a bartender. The place was so still that the ticking of the clock sounded like a trip hammer. Four small round tables occupied the center of the floor and six small booths provided the rest of the accommodations. They entered cautiously.

Mrs. Rasmussen peered through the open door in back of the bar. "Gas plate in there on top of a piece oilcloth on a box," she said. "I can see a canvas cot an' they's a calendar hangin' on the wall."

"They got a radio." Mrs. Feeley pointed to the one on the counter back of the bar that held the scanty array of wine bottles. "An' a pay phone!"

She started around the open end of the bar into the room behind. She released a shriek that would have given a Comanche Indian an inferiority complex. "I damn near stepped on the corp! Him a-lyin' here all the time! If the jen-darmes see us, we won't never get home!" She rushed around the bar and grabbed her bag. "Let's get goin'!"

"Somebody's bound to o' seen us come in," Mrs. Rasmussen said. "Be worse if we was to run." She walked around the bar to have a look. "Sure young, ain't he?"

Old-Timer came and very gently nudged the body with his toe. The young man moved slightly and began to moan.

"He's alive!" Miss Tinkham said. "We must notify the police and get the ambulance at once!" She went over to the telephone. "Oh dear! I haven't a nickel."

"We only got a half-dollar left," Mrs. Rasmussen said.

"Then we'll have to get the police!" Miss Tinkham led the way out the door. She tripped gaily to the telephone pole at the corner. With considerable skill she smashed the glass door on the fire-alarm box. They were scarcely inside the door when the wail of a fire siren was heard.

"Quick!" cried Miss Tinkham, running behind the bar, holding her lorgnette up in front of her. "We simply must not lose our heads." She peered at the dim liquor license fastened to the mirror back of the bar with Scotch tape. "Assuming this recumbent person to be the owner, his name is Timothy Rafferty!"

"Where's the fire?" The firemen dashed through the door. Everyone's tongue was paralyzed.

"It is an emergency! Not a fire!" Miss Tinkham said at last.

"Oh yeah? Who smashed the glass?"

"This is no time for Gestapo methods!" Miss Tinkham said haughtily. "This young man is dying and we demand that he be taken to the hospital at once." She led the way to Timothy Rafferty.

"Whyn't you call the police ambulance instead o' gettin' us out in the heat o' the day?"

"Because we had no small change . . . and this is a pay telephone. We are taxpayers and entitled to service."

Two firemen placed Timothy on a stretcher while another called the ambulance. Mrs. Feeley and Mrs. Rasmussen had not unglued their lips . . . they gazed in awe at Miss Tinkham.

"I'll start takin' down the vital statistics." The fireman opened a little black book. Just then the interne from the ambulance came in, flicked a glance at Timothy, and said:

"Busted appendix. Gangrene." The stretcher bearers started out the door with their load.

"One of you relatives will have to sign him in," he said.

Mrs. Rasmussen handed Miss Tinkham the fifty-cent piece. "Miss Tinkham better go . . . she's the one with the college."

"Take a bearin'," Mrs. Feeley whispered, "so's you can find your way back!"

◆

Mrs. Feeley walked behind the bar and pulled one of the beer taps, not without first placing a glass under it. To her delight a golden fluid flowed out, topped by creamy foam.

"I knew I hadn't forgot how! Bring glasses. I reckon this one's on the house!" Old-Timer and Mrs. Rasmussen held out their glasses, goggle-eyed at the sight of manna in the desert.

"Nothin' ever tasted better in my whole life," Mrs. Feeley said, when she set her glass down. "Now let's get to work."

She shoved a mop-stick at Old-Timer. "Get up on the tables an' sweep down that Irish crape! Pull down them flypapers while you're at it!"

Old-Timer spread a pink newspaper on a table and attacked the cobwebs. Mrs. Feeley began an inspection.

"Just beer an' wine . . . not much of either! Guess he musta started up when he come back from the war. Wonder where he keeps the money? Don't want none of it to be missin' when he gets back . . . might think we took it."

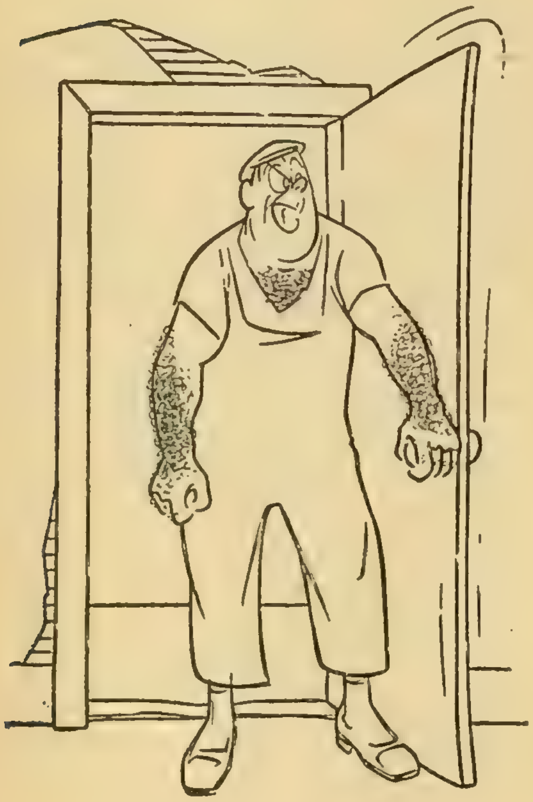
On a shelf under the bar was a cigar box. Mrs. Feeley looked inside and found two greasy one-dollar bills, three quarters, four dimes, six nickels, and two pennies.

"Write this down: on hand, belongin' to Timothy: three dollars an' forty-seven cents. If we have a beer, we gotta charge it off against ourselfs. We'll pay him back somehow."

Mrs. Rasmussen mopped the floor and began arranging the tables and chairs neatly and squarely.

"It's clear he ain't had a customer since Custer's last stand."

The words were scarcely uttered when the door banged open and two men in overalls and caps came in.



A huge creature came bellowing into the bar. "Cash on the barrelhead, Rafferty!"

"Something new has been added to," one of the men said. "Don't Timmy know they don't allow no barmaids in Jersey? Not even lookers like you, Grandma."

Mrs. Feeley folded her arms and stared at the men.

"Beer, Grandma, beer!" the man said. He paid down a quarter.

"Two more," his friend said. Mrs. Rasmussen and Old-Timer watched silently as the two customers drank.

"One for the road," the first man said. "See you tomorrow."

"If we ain't in jail," Mrs. Feeley muttered, putting the sixty cents in the cashbox. "I'm sure gettin' nervous about Miss Tinkham."

The door opened and three workmen lounged up to the bar swinging their dinner pails.

"Where's Timmy?"

"Won't I do?" Mrs. Feeley grinned. "Three beers." The men drank silently, looking at her over the rims of their glasses.

As they went out, the three men held open the door for Miss Tinkham. Mrs. Feeley and Mrs. Rasmussen came forward quickly and helped her to a chair. Mrs. Feeley closed the door and locked it.

"No use lettin' any more in! Just have to do a lot of explainin'! The beer's out."

"Out?" Miss Tinkham prolonged the anguished sound.

"We saved some for you," Mrs. Feeley said. "Ain't enough to sell." Mrs. Rasmussen came to the table with a large glass. They all pulled up chairs. "Now tell about Timmy."

"He's very grave," Miss Tinkham said slowly. "Chances about one in five hundred. The poison has spread all through his system. We are to telephone after nine . . . I have the number here. They got his identification card out of his wallet and took the facts from that. They don't hold out much hope for him. He has no next of kin. For emergencies, they had the name of a priest listed, although he is no relative. I told the secretary there was no use taking the good man away from his parish, since we were looking after things. They were very courteous to me and said we could come to see him . . . if he lives."

"How'd you get back?" Mrs. Rasmussen said.

"One of the ambulance drivers brought me as far as the main intersection and showed me how to get the rest of the way." She put the half-dollar on the table.

Whatever Timothy Rafferty's sins were, gluttony was not one of them. The icebox contained half a loaf of sliced bread wrapped in wax paper, a small package of cheese and half a bottle of milk. In the box that held the gas plate Mrs. Rasmussen found something more.

"Package o' macaroni an' a can o' tomatoes," she said. "Won't be good, but it'll be somethin' hot in our stomachs. There's coffee for the mornin'."

The unexpected shelter and food, the beer, or perhaps the whole combination made the simple dish tasty.

Mrs. Feeley picked up her glass. "Let's drink to Timmy, our rescuer."

◆

Next morning Mrs. Rasmussen crawled stiffly from her improvised berth under the bar. Miss Tinkham still slept beside her, and Mrs. Feeley lay face down on top of the bar. Old-Timer snored quietly in a corner of the back room.

Mrs. Rasmussen went to her suitcase in the other room for a washrag, a cake of soap, and a small Turkish towel. In a few minutes she came out scrubbed and shining, her hair neatly combed. She made the coffee and, while she waited for it to drip, searched around until she found a small brown-paper bag with some sugar in it.

Miss Tinkham came in stretching and rubbing her shoulders.

"You gotta show Mrs. Rasmussen the stores," Mrs. Feeley called out. "Me an' Ol'-Timer will do what we can, but we need more soap an' Bon Ami. It's so dingy an' gloomy, it don't seem like a saloon at all!" She stomped around the room. "It's them Phoenician blinds!" She hoisted them as high as they would go. "God's own sunshine! Place looks better already!"

◆

Miss Tinkham came in carrying Aphrodite and placed her in front of the mirror back of the bar.

"If we had a ten-cent extension, we could plug her in 'longside o' the radio . . . damn if she don't give the place a tone!"

"First, phone the hospital, then buy the things!" Mrs. Feeley fished in the cashbox. "Can't borrow more'n two dollars, 'cause I might have to make change. Stretch it as far as you can."

"Seven cents for an air-mail envelope," Miss Tinkham said, folding the note she had written Darleen, back home, asking to have their small monthly checks forwarded. "And a nickel for the telephone call." In a few minutes she joined the group at the bar. "Doing as well as could be expected, but still unconscious."

The two shoppers had just started out when the back door opened and a huge creature with the map of Ireland on his face came bellowing into the bar:

"Aw right! Cash on the barrelhead, Rafferty! Let's see the color o' your money!"

"Quiet, Fin McCool!" Mrs. Feeley bellowed back again at him. "Where was you brought up, to come in shatterin' the peace an' residence of a respectable saloon at eight o'clock in the mornin'?"

"Where's Timmy?" the giant asked in a quieter tone.

"Gone to his death! Done in by the cruelty an' injustice of the likes o' you! The hardhearted indifference o' blood-suckin' leeches, more shame to you. Now be a good lad an' take out these empties an' put the full kegs in. I'm crazy with worry over the poor lad . . . I wouldn't advise you to cross me today, my bucko!"

"I gotta get the money before I can leave the beer. Them's orders."

"You'll get the money, Judas! Get them kegs workin', or you'll get somethin' you wasn't lookin' for."

When three kegs were hooked up, she turned to the unhappy driver. "Now we all gotta help poor Timmy, lyin' there near dead! You come back at five an' I'll give you every cent o' the money."

The driver let out an injured roar. "Jeez, lady! You promised! I want my thirty-four dollars an' fifty cents!"

"You're gonna get your money, Jack Benny! You musta been a stateside soldier in the war . . ."

"Don't you say that to me! I was to Anzio, same as Timmy Rafferty! See that there?" He started pulling up the leg of his unionalls to show Mrs. Feeley a battle scar, but stopped when she picked up the bung starter. "I gotta have the money . . . now!"

Mrs. Feeley pointed an accusing finger. "Ain't that a scapular hidin' in the steel wool on your chest?"

"So what?"

"Take it off," Mrs. Feeley roared. "You ain't no right to call yourself a Christian, your fellow man lyin' there unconscious! Like a dead dog on the floor we found him . . . without the consolations of his religion! Without nothin'! An' the likes o' you denyin' him three lousy half-barrels o' beer. . . . Practically a murderer, that's all you are!"

"I didn't mean nothin' like that. I'm gonna get fired for sure. Jeez, lady! You better have that money by five!" He started for the door looking wistfully in the direction of the basement where the three kegs of beer were out of his reach forever.

◆

When the factory workers came out of the near-by buildings at noon, they found the big front window of the late Infantry Bar bearing the following legend in foot-high letters printed with soap:

ROAD TO RUIN SALOON
ICE COLD BEER
5¢
A SKOONER
TOMORROW

About twenty-five men entered the saloon in a group.

"Give us some o' them nickel beers!" they shouted.

Mrs. Feeley pounded on the bar with the bung starter.

"Fellers—I almost said gennlemen—Timmy Rafferty's at death's door in the hospital, an' we . . . myself, Feeley's the name, an' Miss Tinkham (get up, Miss Tinkham, an' let 'em see you), an' Mrs. Rasmussen here is takin' over the joint till poor Timmy is either buried decent or back on his feet. If any o' you gents has any ideas, we'll make you acquainted with Ol'-Timer here. They ain't a better bouncer from coast to coast, an' I might add, a lighter hand with a Mickey Finn. So keep your manners about you, an' we'll all get along fine. Dig down in them jeans an' start buyin'."

The workmen were a drouthy lot and kept the ladies trotting briskly back and forth carrying beer to them.

"Thought you said beers was a nickel," a man at the bar said.

"You musta missed the main word: tomorrow!"

This lunch-hour trade constituted the main part of the bar's business, Mrs. Feeley felt sure.

"Tips! We got over four dollars in tips!" Mrs. Rasmussen said, after the men had gone.

"We can use that to eat off, ain't it? That ain't takin' nothin' from Timmy."

"That's okay," Mrs. Feeley said. "We took in nine sixty from the beer. Timmy don't want no flowers." She held out twenty-two dollars the men had chipped in. "He's too sick. We're gonna use it to pay for the beer. We'll kick in part o' the tips to break even." She sank down in the nearest chair.

Miss Tinkham took a nickel from the pile of tips and went to the phone.

"A slight improvement? How perfectly splendid! Still no visitors? Yes. I quite understand. When Mr. Rafferty regains full consciousness, will you please convey this message? Everything is going splendidly. Business is gratifying. We are taking full charge and he is not to worry about anything! We will come the moment he is allowed visitors. . . . Who? Ah . . . well . . . er, say his relatives."

"Four beers, Ol'-Timer. We gotta drink to Timmy's recovery," ordered Mrs. Feeley.

"When they come at noon, if we had some bowls, I could give 'em somethin' hot an' soupy, a stew like," Mrs. Rasmussen mused. "Or beans. Real men hates sandwiches. One o' my lima-bean casseroles! I'd set out plates an' plates o' stuff so they could make little snitters. Hot, burny stuff so they'd buy up all the beer. Them hot sausage rolls, an' deviled eggs, an' red-hot potato chips, an' baby pizzas, little bitty ones, an' maybe some barbecued littlenecks. Sure go good with the beer!"

A large policeman with red hair came in and saluted the ladies with his club.

"Where's Timmy? Yesterday was my day off and I didn't get a chance to see him. Heard somebody stove in the fire alarm."

"What'd you want with him?" Mrs. Feeley asked.

"Pass the time o' day. We was in the Airborne together."

"Now that bein' the case, sit down an' take a load off them feet," Mrs. Feeley said. "What's your name, Sergeant?"

The big policeman looked sheepish. "Angel."

Mrs. Feeley prudently suppressed a desire to giggle, and introduced the ladies.

"Now, Angel," Mrs. Feeley said, when she had told their story, "will you go out an' spread the gospel? Tell every mother's son on the beat he'll get free eats with a ten-cent beer at Timmy's!"

The door opened and the man from the brewery came in. Mrs. Feeley looked at the clock.

"Kinda jumpin' the gun, ain't you, Buster?"

"I had to go by this way. Could you let me have that now, instead of at five?"

"Just sit down a minute and I'll pay you." She went back of the bar to the cigar box.

The driver pocketed his money with obvious relief. "Jeez! I was sweatin' gumdrops."

"I've got to be going along," Angel said.

"Stop in around noon tomorrow," Mrs. Rasmussen said.

"Don't let me catch you putting high bottoms in the beer glasses!" he said.

Mrs. Feeley patted him on the back. "You know me: honest as the day is long! I always give 'em back their glass eye."

◆

Soon after the four-thirty whistle blew there were twenty-three men in the bar. The first man that saw Mrs. Rasmussen's frankfurter rolls said, "Will you sell one o' those? I'm starved!"

"They ain't for sale," Mrs. Rasmussen said. "Help yourself."

The first consumer let out a yell that would have raised goose flesh on one of Satan's own imps.

"Fire!" he shouted. "Gimme some beer, quick!" Mrs. Feeley obliged. "Sure good, though!"

When they had all gone Mrs. Rasmussen sat down with her feet sticking out in front of her. Miss Tinkham fanned herself with her apron. Mrs. Feeley sat on the stool back of the bar and leaned on her elbows. "If we'da worked this hard for ourselfs, we'da been millionaires!" she sighed.

◆

There was a noise at the door and Old-Timer came in. He was tired and dusty and there was black car grease on his hands.

"Where you been?" Mrs. Feeley handed him a glass of beer. He finished it at a gulp, fished in his pocket, and laid down a dollar bill and two quarters. From a back pocket he produced a painter's red cap. On the front in bold white letters were the words: SOL'S FOR CAR PARTS.

"Get you a job?" Mrs. Rasmussen said.

Old-Timer nodded.

"A man needs jingling money." Mrs. Feeley handed him the two quarters he had just given her.

"Here's a sandwich," Mrs. Rasmussen said. "We gotta eat better tomorrow or we'll all be sick!"

◆

By eight o'clock Friday night Mrs. Feeley and her friends found themselves the possessors of seventy-two dollars.

Angel opened the door. "I came . . ."

"Ain't a drop left," Mrs. Feeley said. "Not a drop."

"I came to give you a lift home," he said. "Got the car outside."

Mrs. Feeley glanced at her friends. "That was decent of you. But it's only a step, hardly worth openin' the car door."

Angel looked into the back room. Then he went down to the basement and came back.

"If there was even any cots here, I'd say you were sleeping right on the place."

"Any harm in that?" Mrs. Feeley asked.

"Not on the floor?" Angel asked.

"Under the bar an' on top of it."

"At your age!"

"What do you mean, our age! I hope you're half as rugged when *you're* thirty! Chronic-ological age ain't got nothin' to do with it. Hell, boy, it's interest in life that makes you young. We'll be protestin' strong, kickin' the lid off the box, shoutin', 'They can't do this to us!' when they mourn our untimely death at a hundred an' five!"

Angel shook his head. "See you later."

"We gotta get some sleep. We're closed."

"See you later," he said as he left.

Mrs. Feeley shrugged. "Never kiss a buzz saw, I always say."

He was back in an hour, rolling in four foldaway beds with thick mattresses.

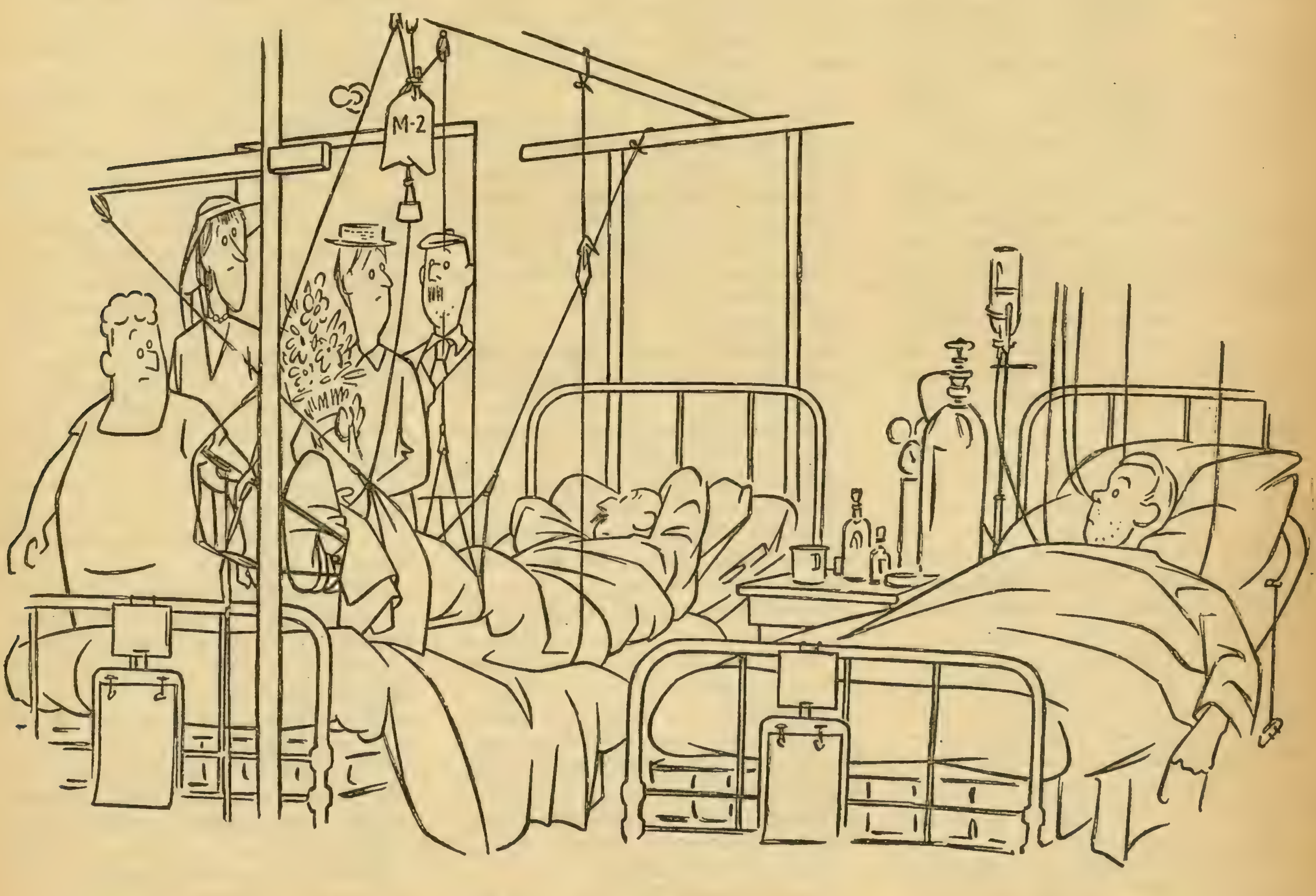
"Now you're an angel," Mrs. Feeley said, "an' I don't mean in the name only! Where on earth did you get 'em? All clean an' new!"

"Sergeant loaned 'em to me from the jail," he said.

◆

Sunday afternoon four eager figures stood in the front rank of the group waiting to enter the hospital ward the moment that the nurse gave the signal.

They approached Timothy Raffer-



The group approached Timothy Rafferty, Mrs. Feeley at the head of the column like the bass drum.

ty's bed, Mrs. Feeley at the head of the column like the bass drum.

"Hi, Timmy!" she said cheerfully, extending her hand. "Didn't know you had so many relatives, did you? But if we're all children of the same Father, that makes us half-brothers an' half-sisters at least. I'm Mrs. Feeley an' this is Miss Tinkham. The one holdin' the plant we brought you is Mrs. Rasmussen. This here's our bodyguard, Ol'-Timer. If you can get a word outa him, you're good!"

"There's just one thing I'd like to know," Timmy said, when he had heard the whole story. "How did you do it?"

Mrs. Feeley pointed her finger at Mrs. Rasmussen. "Fed 'em! Don't you know the way to a man's heart is through his stomach?"

"There is no limit to Mrs. Rasmussen's resourcefulness," Miss Tinkham said, "and Mrs. Feeley's executive ability—such as her firm hand in dictating procedure to underlings such as the brewery employee."

"I'm not enough of a diplomat to make a good tavern owner," Timmy said. "That was clear after the first few months, but I'd sunk all my savings in the place. Just to show you what a keen business man I am, I'm stuck with a five-year lease! If it wasn't for that, I'd go to college on my GI Bill of Rights."

"Ain't you got no girl? You're nice-lookin'."

"There's one I think a lot of, but I haven't anything to offer her."

"I ain't goin' outa here without her phone number," Mrs. Feeley said. "Bet she don't even know you're sick. You don't give people a chance to do nothin' for you, carryin' on with yourself like that! Tell people what you want, an' they'll give it to you."

"Fantastic as it may seem," Miss Tinkham said, "we have found it to be the literal truth."

◆

Mrs. Feeley looked up from washing glasses Monday noon as a short figure approached the bar with a gait half strut, half swagger.

"Where's Rafferty?"

"Timmy? He's in the hospital with a bad operation."

"Is that so?" He rolled his cigar to the other side of his mouth.

"You wouldn't be anybody but the ward heeler," Mrs. Feeley said without love in her voice.

"McGoon. Aloysius Francis McGoon. The word is chairman. You're not registered!"

"Like hell I ain't. But not in your bailiwick."

"What's in the bowls?"

"Soup."

"Operating without a victualing license. Heavy fine for that. We can close the place on you."

"Sellin' food?" Mrs. Feeley reached under the bar and brought out the bung starter and banged stoutly with it. She addressed one of the regulars.

"Whitey, come over here a minute!" Attracted by the tone of her voice, Mrs. Rasmussen and Miss Tinkham formed a flying wedge in back of her. "Did you or anybody else ever buy so much as a nickel's worth o' food in this saloon?"

"You never sold any. Wouldn't take one red cent for any of it," Whitey declared.

"Then you must have raised the price of beer," the politician said.

"Same price."

"It's against the union to lower the price. The sign in the window says beer is five cents."

"That, Knucklehead, is a gag . . . what you had oughta have on the front o' your face! 'Tomorrow,' the sign says, like the one you see over bars, 'Tomorrow we give credit!' If you're through with your third degree, I'll thank you to get the hell outa here before somebody steps on you an' dirties the floor."

"Now, lady . . . don't get me wrong! No reason why you and me can't be friends." Mr. McGoon's smile showed gleaming gold-capped bicuspids. "I'm just protecting the voters. Just protecting the voters."

"No reason at all! Only the same one that keeps me from bein' friends with a polecat!"

Mr. McGoon was washed out the door on a wave of laughter from the customers.

He was back next day. "Draw me a beer," he ordered.

"Strain your lungs to say please?" Mrs. Feeley eyed him coldly.

"Please!" McGoon bit the word off.

Mrs. Feeley drew the beer and handed it to him.

He left it untouched and glared at her.

"Now!" he said. "Come out from behind that bar!"

"I can hear flies walkin' on a pane o' glass, my hearin's that sharp," Mrs. Feeley said, "but I don't think I heard you right."

"Come out from behind that bar before I make you," McGoon said.

"You an' what army?"

"I got you cold this time," he said. "No women barmaids in Jersey. I'm gonna arrest you. I'm gonna have this place shut."

"You really fancy yourself, don't you, Grommet Eye?" she said. "We ain't barmaids. We don't take one cent for our work an' we're operatin' with the consent o' the owner, just like he was here his own self!"

"In loco parentis!" Miss Tinkham said.

"I can have you arrested . . . and I will!" McGoon's pig eyes snapped.

"How do you think your brains would look spattered on the bulkhead?" Mrs. Feeley said. "We ain't done nothin' against the law. If you come in here again, I'll have the cops on you."

"*You'll* have the cops? I can call them and they'll close the joint this minute."

"You can do nothing without a warrant!" Miss Tinkham said with frigid distaste.

"That's easy fixed." He turned and stomped out of the bar.

◆

Just before five Miss Tinkham returned from a visit to the hospital.

"Timmy is much improved! They let him sit up today! And his Barbara is out of this world! Blue chambray and auburn pigtails! So in love!"

"You tell him about the Goon threatenin' us?"

Miss Tinkham drank a glass of beer at a swallow.

"I did. He was not terribly distressed, however. He urged us not to get into any difficulty on his account. He said if it became necessary, we could close the place and live on what we had accumulated until our monthly checks came. By the way, I wonder why Darleen hasn't sent them. Timmy has made up his mind to sell the lease if he can, and since he is giving up the saloon, he wants us to be spared any unpleasantness."

"Did he eat the soup?" Mrs. Rasmussen said.

"It had the effect of a blood transfusion on him!"

Miss Tinkham sat down to try out a cast-off pianola which had been contributed by one of the customers and just delivered by Beauty Boy, the truck driver.

"Play 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling,'" he begged.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," she said. "Please take over for a while. I have to help Mrs. Feeley wait on the customers."

"Aw!" the giant groaned. "Let them wait on theirselfs!"

"My good man," Miss Tinkham got

up, "you might just possibly have something there!"

She hurried to the bar and took Mrs. Feeley to one side.

"Why not?" Mrs. Feeley smacked her hands together. "It works in newspaper stands!"

"The honor system!" Miss Tinkham said.

"How about some beer over here?" a voice yelled from one of the booths.

Mrs. Feeley strode over. "Get it yourself! That goes for all of you. Orderly, too. An' no cheatin'!"

A man who was called Smiley went behind the bar and drew a beer.

"Where do I ring it up?" he said.

"Gimme the dime," Mrs. Feeley said. She put it in the cashbox.

"Bring the brew for the lot of us, Smiley," a man called out from the booth. Smiley loaded a tray with full glasses and carried it to his friends.

"Classy!" he said. "Jus' like a private club!"

The door opened and McGoon sidled in accompanied by what could be nothing but his lady friend.

"He's fixin' to slip us one," Mrs. Feeley muttered.

Mrs. Rasmussen and Miss Tinkham eyed him like the twin cobras in a snake-charmer's act.

"They don't allow no barmaids in Jersey! Get it yourself!" Mrs. Feeley held out her hand for the money.

"Smooth operator! That's what you are, little lady!" He shook his finger playfully at Mrs. Feeley. "You'd be a big help to the Democratic Party. Meet Blondelle Mahone." McGoon waved his hand in the direction of his friend and went into the washroom.

Mrs. Feeley eyed Blondelle's transparent blouse of shirred pink nylon and her blue ballerina skirt.

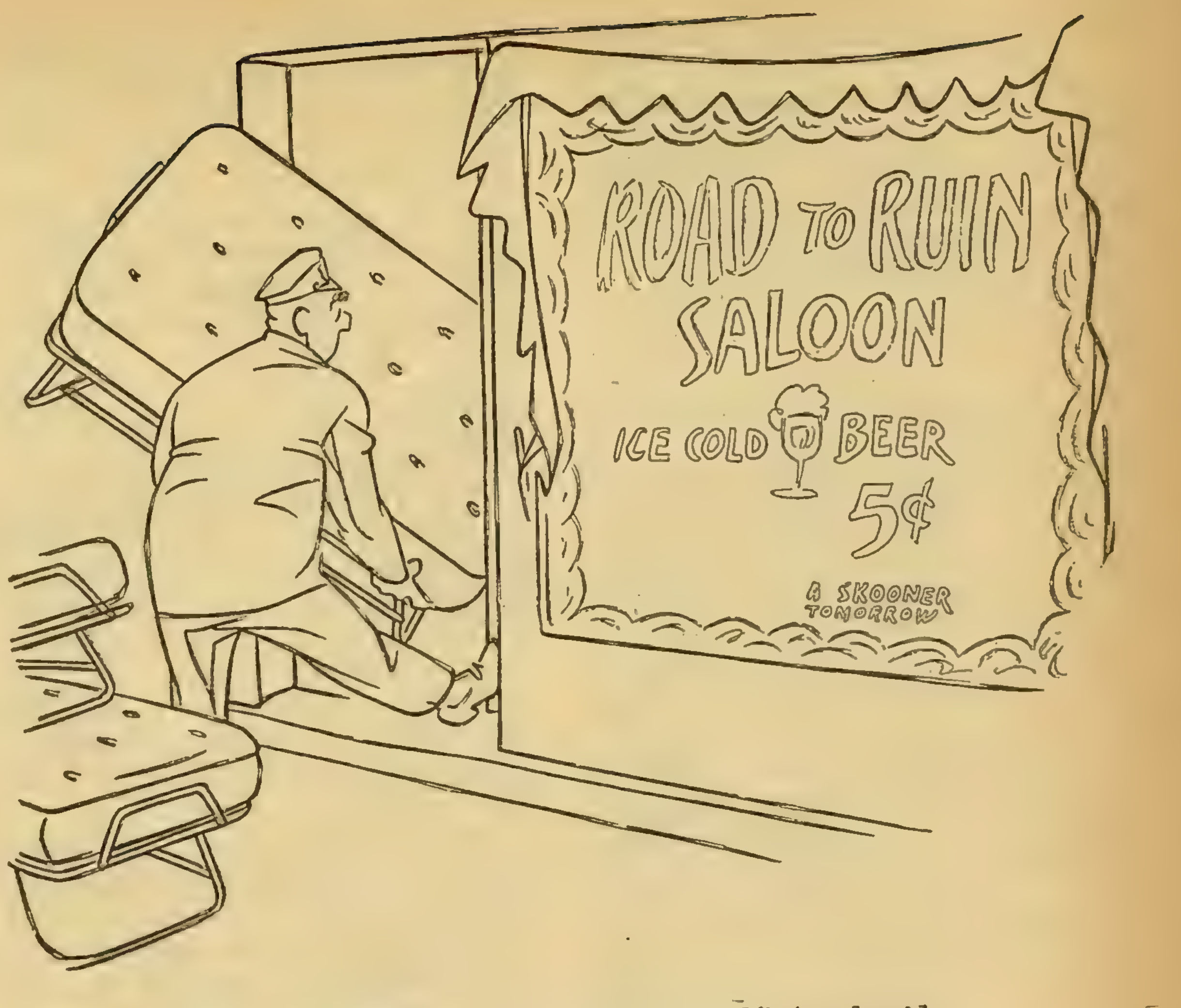
"Stick out your other leg," she ordered.

Blondelle did. Mrs. Feeley nodded. "Never seen nothin' left over from the Burlesque that didn't wear a ankle bracelet!"

"I'm his stenographer now," Blondelle said.

McGoon reappeared. "I came in this morning out of the goodness of my heart," he said to Mrs. Feeley, "to protect the good voters of this ward and to give you some advice on running this business. You ought to hire a bartender, all regular and proper from the union, till Rafferty gets well enough to conclude a little deal we're working out."

"We can't afford to hire nobody. An' besides, none of us belongs to no unions of any kind."



"Sergeant loaned 'em to me from the jail," Angel said.

McGoon waved his cigar. "None of that will be necessary."

Mrs. Feeley looked at Miss Tinkham.

"Here's the pitch!" she said.

◆

"Right the very first time!" McGoon beamed. "I am going to do the right thing and take the place off Rafferty's hands. I might even do something about getting him into the Veterans' hospital for a rest cure."

"You're gonna die of enlargement of the heart! But I don't believe you."

"You will when I bring the transfer papers on the lease and the bill of sale to the business, just as soon as Rafferty signs. I'm going now, Sweets." McGoon laid a pudgy hand on Blondelle's shoulder. "See you at the office in the morning." With a casual wave he went into the street.

Blondelle pushed her chair back. "I always hate to go back to the apartment alone."

"Tell your friend I wanna see him tomorrow evenin'. We gotta go to bed now, but any time you get left waitin' at the church, come in an' see us! At least it'd be a change from him," Mrs. Feeley said.

"I wish I had the nerve an' the money to be independent!" Blondelle's voice thickened. "Sometimes I could . . ."

At five o'clock Wednesday McGoon and Blondelle came in again. He wore an obsequious smirk, but his eyes looked like the end of a pistol barrel . . . cold and round.

"I had it in mind to talk to you about the place here," he said.

"Me? What would I know about it?" said Mrs. Feeley, who had just come from a consultation with Timmy.

"I was thinking of offering Rafferty twenty-five hundred for the lease and the fixtures."

"I can't hear you," Mrs. Feeley said.

"It's a hold-up!" McGoon blustered.

"You ain't offered a cent for the good will."

"Three thousand dollars. That's more than it's worth! Rafferty's lucky to get a price like that! I want my answer right now."

"This deal's goin' to the highest bidder, cash on the barrelhead. An' the papers turned over legal, by a lawyer. You'll get no answer till all the bids is in! A Republican's comin' in to bid tomorrow!"

Mrs. Feeley walked over to talk to Blondelle as McGoon stomped out, the heels of his shoes banging against each other with every step.

◆

Thursday morning Mrs. Feeley purchased and strung up two dozen Japanese lanterns, in honor of Whitey's bowling gang who were coming that evening.

She looked up to see a postman entering. Miss Tinkham came from the back room and opened the letter he left. A brown government envelope fell out, also a white envelope, and a blue money order. "Such wealth! Shall I read it now?"

"Call Mrs. Rasmussen."

Miss Tinkham put up her lorgnette.

Dear Miss Tinkham and Mrs. Feeley and Mrs. Rasmussen:
We was sure surprised to hear from you in Newark, New Jersey. Expected you home by this time. Everything here is just the same. Johnny was home for two weeks. We painted the house and put up awnings. I am sending the checks which was all the mail you got. The boy at the parking lot says the money order is for a few days over a month. It is sixty dollars. He said tell Old-Timer hello he sure misses him to fix the old cars. The Ark is fine only the weeds has took the place between the pretty colored stepping stones. The gardenias are loaded but some buds is dropping off. I am fine and longing to see you soon. Everybody asks for you most every day. I have a secret for you when you get back. You know I thought I wasn't going to get to have a baby?
Yours with much love,
Darleen

"She's gonna have a baby." Mrs. Rasmussen guessed it. "I'm gonna crochet her a african."

"Them gardenias need aluminum sour powder!" Mrs. Feeley fumed. "She must be over-waterin' 'em! Where's Ol'-Timer? He'll want to hear. If it wasn't for promisin', I'd start home this minute!"

At eight o'clock, when the booths and tables were jammed with Whitey's gang, the door swung open and Blondelle and McGoon came in. The beer-truck driver was right behind them. He had a pretty girl with him, but left her to her own devices in his haste to get to the piano to lift his voice.

McGoon was counting the take. His beady eyes darted over the crowd. Mrs. Feeley saw Whitey giving her the high sign. He approached with a handsome man.

"I ain't tryin' to crowd you, Mrs. Feeley. A party ain't no place for business dicker, but Mr. McGillicuddy's goin' to the Coast tomorrow, an' would appreciate a moment of your time!" Whitey spoke loud enough for McGoon to hear.

"You got a terrific angle here," McGillicuddy said warmly. "I'll give you four thousand, spot cash . . . and a hundred a week to you to run it! I'd want the same chef kept on! Terrific!"

"We're goin' home to San Diego Sunday at the latest," Mrs. Feeley said, "so we couldn't take your proposition. But I'll consider your bid on the bar."

"When can I know? I'm prepared to raise the ante if needs be," Mr. McGillicuddy said confidentially.

Mrs. Feeley saw McGoon edging up closer. "Hot or cold, I'm closin' the deal Saturday mornin'. I'd like to see you get it . . . be in good hands!"

McGoon came up to her after the two men had sat down.

"I may have been just a shade low in my figure," he said. "I want to close the deal before I go away for the weekend."

"You're a shade low, but it ain't just in your figger. I'm not closin' before Saturday."

"Just remember I made the first offer! I'll raise it to four and you take it ahead of his bid."

Mrs. Feeley gave in gracefully. She raised her voice to a pitch suitable for hog-calling or "The Ride of the Valkyrie."

"Hey, Mrs. Rasmussen! Whitey! Listen here, Blondelle!" She took hold of McGoon's sleeve.

"You're offerin' me four thousand dollars, spot cash, for the lease, fixtures, an' good will o' this place in Timmy Rafferty's name . . . is that straight?"

"It is," McGoon admitted. "But that's my last and final offer. Do you take it?"

"Well, now . . . I can't rightly say. We gotta give Mr. McGillicuddy a chance to better his offer. Where is he anyway?"

Whitey sailed up. "He had to leave for the airport. Wait till Monday. He can phone from the Coast by then."

"That's sensible." Mrs. Feeley was quickly convinced.

"Come on, Blondelle!" McGoon said. "I'm saying my last word: Forty-five hundred dollars and to hell with all meddling old women! That bid's in before McGillicuddy's . . . he only offered four. I heard him!"

"That's fair enough," Mrs. Feeley conceded. "Everybody hear what Mr. McGoon's sayin'? Forty-five hundred dollars, an' if McGillicuddy don't top it by Monday, the baby's yours!"

"I'll give you the cash Friday night," McGoon insisted. "It's in my strongbox down at headquarters."

"Monday," Mrs. Feeley said.

"We'll see!" McGoon took Blondelle's arm and hustled her out.

Mrs. Feeley laughed and banged Whitey on the back.

"Give McGillicuddy the Oscar! This is turnin' out to be a real party!"

Angel came in the door in civilian clothes.

"What's going on?" he smiled.

"Jazzy, ain't it?" Mrs. Feeley agreed. "Have a beer. Mrs. Rasmussen's bound to o' saved you some stew."

"We're sorta closin' things out with a bang," Mrs. Rasmussen said.

"Our incomes come today," Mrs. Feeley added. "We gotta hit the road. Been swell, but Timmy's gotta go to school an' we're leavin' soon as we sell the lease. Take our address! If you ever come out, we'll give you a warm an' rowdy welcome!"

From behind McGoon a slender girl

"A toast to the Queen Bee!" Whitey stood up. All the customers got up.

"Mrs. Feeley, God bless her!"

The toastmaster turned to Miss Tinkham.

"Miss Tinkham, the Poet of the Pianola!"

Lurching slightly, he signaled out Mrs. Rasmussen.

"Mrs. Rasmussen, At Home on Any Range!"

The ladies were as pleased as punch.

From a far corner came a plaintive sound. Old-Timer was seated on the floor holding a large four-note automobile horn.

◆

Friday morning Mrs. Rasmussen counted the cash. "We got a hundred an' seventy-six dollars in here. Just what did we do last night?"

"They was payin' double for most all of it . . . didn't take no change at all. That Whitey put 'em up to it. You forgot the thirty-six dollars I got in my sock?" Mrs. Feeley inquired.

"Sure funny," Mrs. Rasmussen smiled, "that friend o' Whitey's boostin' the price on McGoon."

"In the parlance of the underworld," Miss Tinkham said, "he was a perfect shill."

Whitey came in the door just then.

"Man!" Mrs. Feeley groaned. "It's too early."

"I don't want nothin' but some beer," he said. "Large evenin'." When he finished his beer he put down a dime.

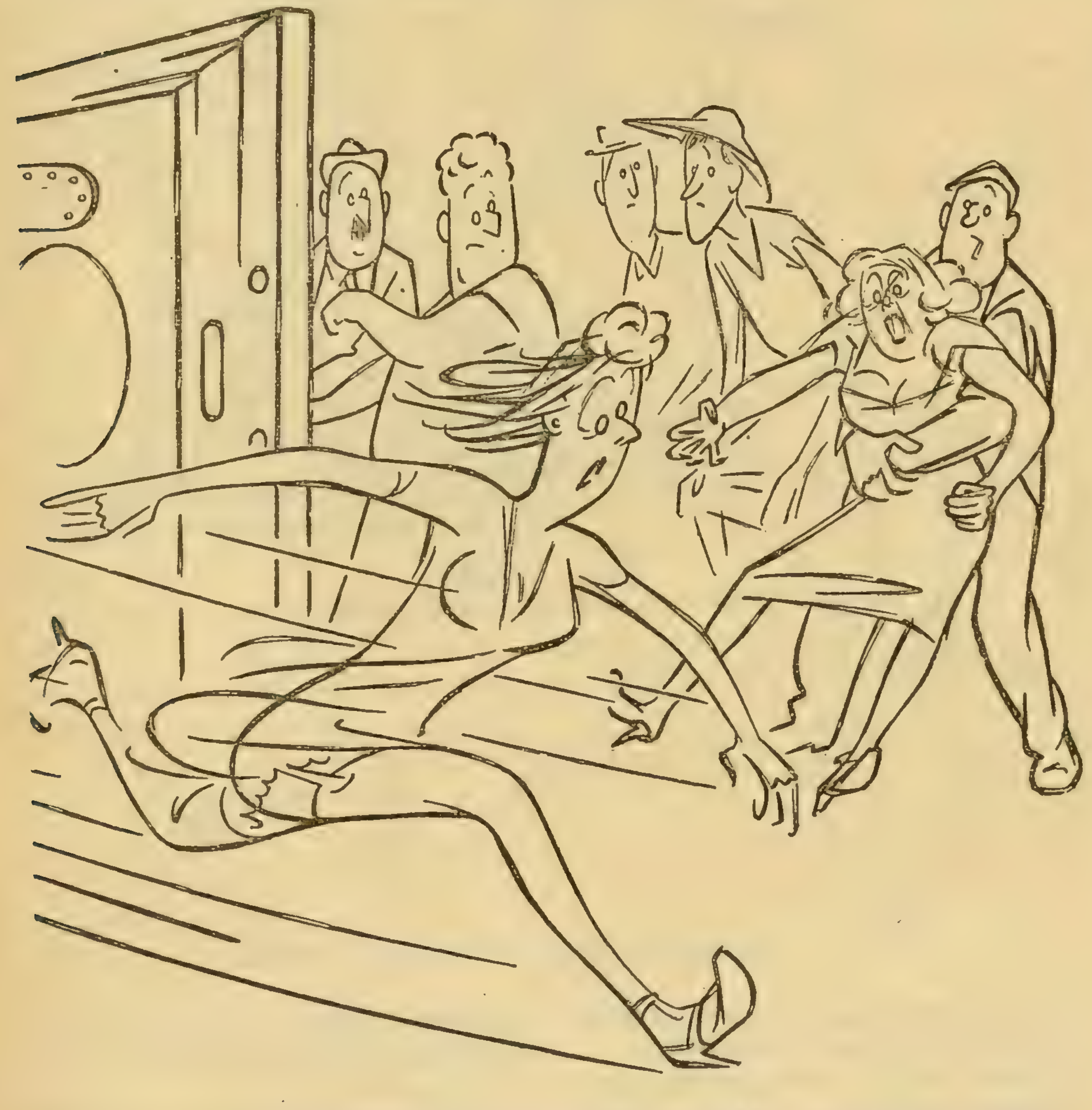
"Put that in your pocket," Mrs. Feeley said.

"Leave it for the sweepers!"

"Speakin' o' sweepers . . . would you step to the car lot an' get Ol'-Timer? He's gotta help swab this place down."

"I bet he won't come," Whitey said. "He's paintin' an old Cadillac. Musta cost sixteen thousand when it was new, twenty-five years ago, almost. Ol'-Timer's gonna sell it. Sol told him he could keep what he gets for it . . . over the price o' the car, o' course."

Mrs. Feeley said, "He can just drop it, 'cause we got our money to go home now, soon as we turn the whole thing over to Timmy. Guess McGoon'll be around."



of about nineteen scuttled out and made for the door like a jet-propelled plane.

◆

By five o'clock the Road to Ruin Saloon was restored to something like its usual neatness.

Whitey and his gang came in, quelled by the night before.

"Turn the radio on, Miss Tinkham," Mrs. Feeley said, "an' bring us a nice cold beer. I think I'm gonna live!"

"It was fun," Mrs. Rasmussen said, "but now it's time to go."

"The time has come . . ." Miss Tinkham said.

"To speak of many things!" Timmy Rafferty came in. Beside him stood a lovely girl with shining red hair.

"Timmy!" Mrs. Feeley shrieked. "How'd you get out?"

"They let me out in Barbara's custody. I'm better!"

"Pleased to meet you!" Mrs. Feeley shook Barbara's hand warmly.

Whitey came over and was introduced to Barbara.

"Ain't she a darlin'?" Mrs. Feeley whispered.

"Built like a highboy with the top drawer open," Whitey smiled.

◆

There was a loud banging at the door that was already open. Everyone in the saloon turned to stare. Blondelle lurched in. She had her stockings drawn up over her arms like long gloves and wore her shoes on her hands.

"Great gobs o' sheet metal!" Mrs. Feeley yelled. "What do you call this?"

Blondelle sat down with the quiet determination of a drunk. "I slammed the door. And I'm glad."

"What door?"

"The door of the vault . . . down to headquarters where they keep the padded pay rolls and the stuffers for the ballot boxes. He went in for the money and took her in with him." Blondelle's head rolled limply.

Mrs. Feeley shook her, hard. "Took who with him?"

"That brunette. He hit . . ."

"You got a key to the place?"

"Sure. I'm the head stenographer."

"Gimme the key!" Mrs. Feeley demanded. "Timmy, you stay here. You ain't strong enough yet. Whitey, come with me. Smiley, tend bar. Miss Tinkham, look in her bag while I hold her! She's . . ."

Miss Tinkham found a key ring and stuck it in her own pocket.

"Don't worry," Blondelle hiccupped. "Her husband will blow it open with dynamite! Wait till McGoon's wife . . ." Her head bobbed down on the table.

"It seems to me," Miss Tinkham said, "that the situation calls for the somewhat esoteric talents of Mrs. Rasmussen's friend, Mr. Flink."

"The Creep!" Mrs. Feeley shouted. "How will we get hold of him? S'pose he's outa town?"

"I seen his card today when I was puttin' the money away," Mrs. Rasmussen said.

"Get on the phone, Miss Tinkham! You guys pipe down! Go home!"

Mrs. Rasmussen produced Mr. Flink's card and Miss Tinkham called his hotel in New York.

"I'm gonna try black coffee an' food on her," Mrs. Rasmussen said. "If the Creep does come, she won't be no use in this shape."

The men at the bar were still as mice.

"This'll be his suppertime, sure as shootin'! Out in the taverns lookin' for refined ladies! 'I open safes!' he says. He never had a finer chance to show off!"

"Ring Mr. Gaylord Flink's room," Miss Tinkham commanded the voice at the other end of the phone. There was a long silence.

"He what?" Miss Tinkham snapped. "You saw him yourself? Can you locate him for me? This is a professional matter! Two lives and as many reputations are at stake. You can't? Take this number, then, and put a note in his room as well as in the mailbox: 'Newark 4-8080. Mrs. Rasmussen. Urgent! Call immediately!' What's that? R as in Robert, a-s-s as in . . . my mistake, make that one s! Oh dear, just say Erna, his fiancée, needs him desperately!" She hung up the phone. "I'm sorry, dear lady, but it was the simplest way."

"That oughta bring him runnin'!" Mrs. Feeley said. "We'll sure be sweatin' it out till he calls! S'pose he's out providin' the cup that cheers, as he calls it?"

"The police, I guess?" Mrs. Rasmussen said. She was forcing Blondelle to take large sips of black coffee and spoonfuls of scrambled egg. Miss Tinkham was tending bar with one ear cocked toward the telephone.

"Give us all a beer!" Mrs. Feeley said. "My nerves is workin' buttonholes!" She sat down disconsolately.

"McGoon'll be so mad he'll back outa the deal! If he ain't dead! How long can people live shut up in a safe?"

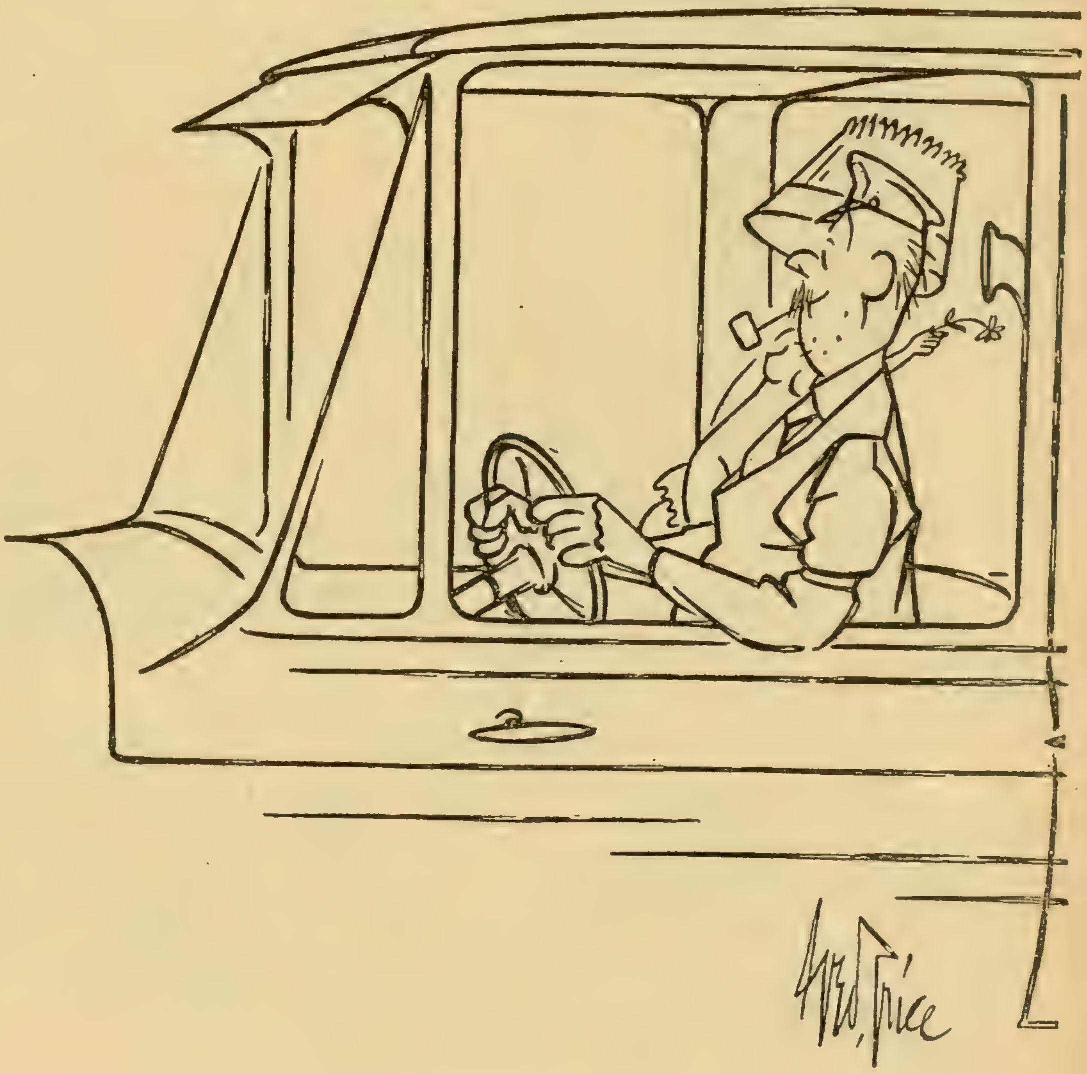
"Depends on the size of the vault," Timmy said. "And lots of other things." No one talked for a while. Suddenly the silence was shattered by the shrilling of the telephone.

"Hello-o-o-o-o!" Miss Tinkham shrieked into the phone. "Yes! Yes! It is true! She is right here beside me!" She beckoned wildly for Mrs. Rasmussen, handed her the receiver, and pushed her close to the phone.

"H'lo!" Mrs. Rasmussen grinned in spite of herself. "The happiest day o' your life? No, I haven't changed my mind. . . . Better get over here in a hurry. . . . No . . ."

"Don't tell him anything discouraging at a time like this!" Miss Tinkham hissed. "Call him darling, or sweetheart! Anything to get him over here."

"I said *they* couldn't wait, not me! Bring your tools! Can you take a taxi? You will? Now you'll hurry, won't you? Corner o' Street an' Avenue. We'll be out front lookin' for you. Stow it! You can tell me all that after! 'Bye!"



Silently they filed out and loaded into the car, Old-Timer in front with

Mrs. Feeley and her two friends collapsed in the nearest chairs.

"Everything happens to us," Miss Tinkham said.

"From where I sit," Timmy laughed, "it looks like something happened to McGoon and his girl friend."

"How long will it take him to get over here, Timmy?" Mrs. Rasmussen asked.

"Depends on traffic and driver."

"If he thinks he's gonna see Mrs. Rasmussen," Mrs. Feeley said, "he'll be runnin' through red lights an' bribin' the cops on the way. What was he sayin' to you?"

"Same ol' stuff."

From time to time one of the ladies got up and peeked out the door. The rest of the time they sat eying the clock, except when some importunate customer demanded beer. Blondelle was sitting quietly, eating the bread and cheese Mrs. Rasmussen put in front of her.

◆

After what seemed a century but was only forty minutes, the Creep arrived.

"You sent for me!" He took both of Mrs. Rasmussen's hands.

"Don't let the cab go!" Mrs. Feeley said.

They all got in and Timmy directed the driver to the Democratic headquarters.

Before the large black door of the vault Mr. Flink's eyebrows went up and the ghost of a smile fluttered around his lips. "Routine situation," he said. "Nothing to it."

"I'd like a word with him before you let him out . . . if he can talk," Mrs. Feeley said.

Mr. Flink twirled and fiddled. He placed his ear to the lock and listened lovingly to the tumblers. Then he beckoned to Mrs. Feeley.

"McGoon! It's me . . . Mrs. Feeley! Can you hear me?"

"Let me out!"

"Have you got the money? Forty-five hundred?"

"Right here. That's what I came in for when that . . ."

"Have you enough to pay the man for openin' the safe?"

Mr. Flink pulled her sleeve and shook his head.

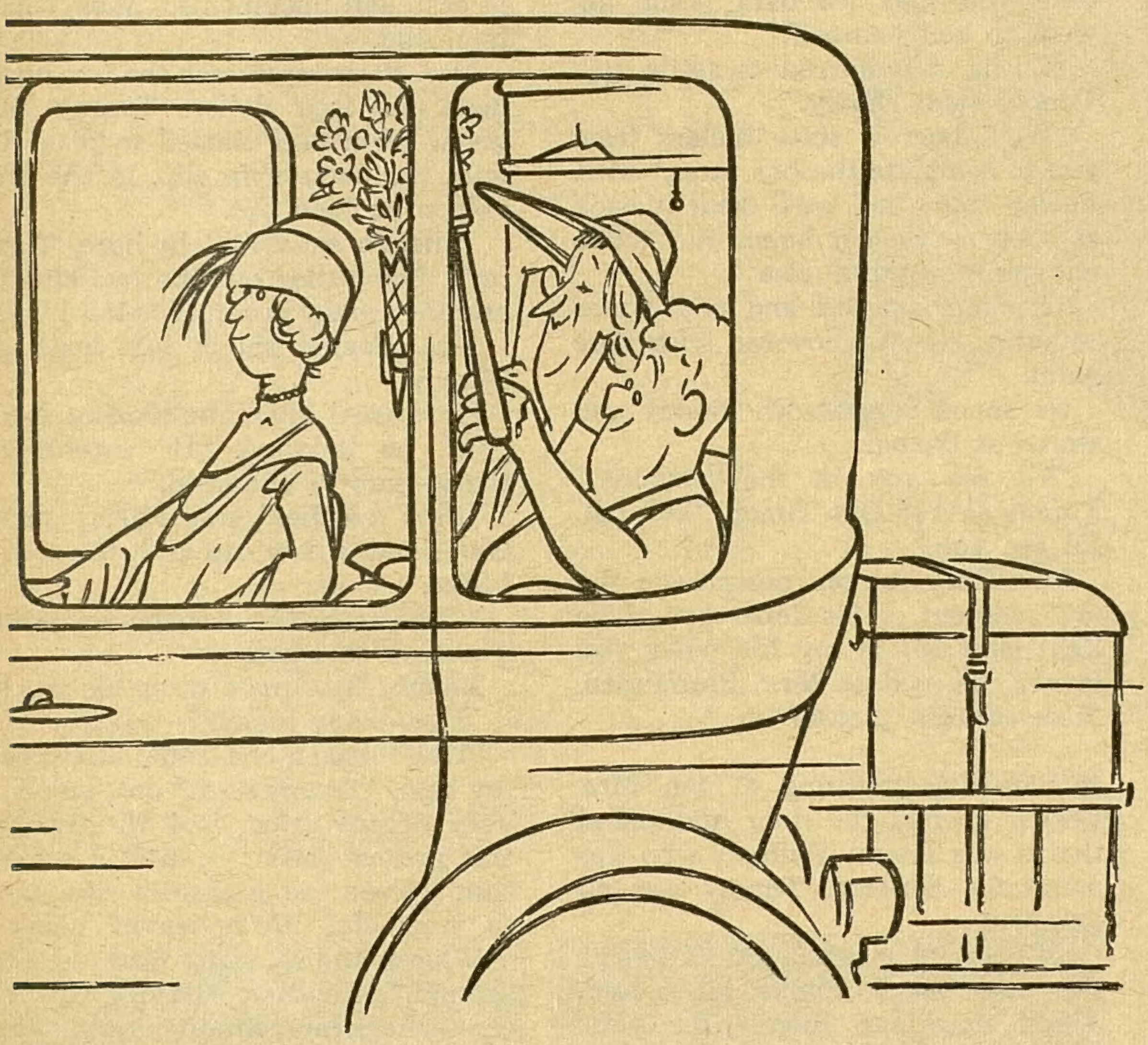
"Shut up!" Mrs. Feeley whispered. "It'll be five hundred dollars," she called.

"That's nothing! Let me out! Quick!"

"Anybody in there with you?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Feeley waited several seconds. "McGoon," she said softly, "your wife's waiting outside in the car."



Aphrodite. "Old-Timer," Mrs. Feeley shouted, "point her nose to the West!"

There was a long silence.

"Timmy," Mrs. Feeley said, "write out a receipt for the place for forty-five hundred dollars.

"McGoon," she said then, "for another five hundred I could have Ol'-Timer drive her round the block an' keep her outa the way while your little playmate gets the hell outa here! What do you say?"

"You win," the muffled answer came at last.

The ladies made a wedge in back of Mr. Flink. Timmy and Barbara stood behind them. The cab driver was holding Blondelle upright. Mr. Flink opened the door slowly. It swung back to reveal a pale, disheveled McGoon. From behind him a slender girl of about nineteen scuttled out and made for the front door like a jet-propelled plane.

"Get her out of my sight." McGoon looked murderously at Blondelle.

"Not so fast!" Mrs. Feeley cautioned. "Where's the money?"

McGoon opened a brown envelope that was bulging with bills. "Take forty-five of them." He was pale and ready to faint. Mrs. Rasmussen took them and counted them out.

"Give 'em to Timmy. Got the receipt?" Mrs. Feeley said. Timmy handed it over. She gestured to Mr. Flink. "Witness it. Now the five for openin' the safe, an' the five for your wife's taxi ride!"

McGoon handed it over. He folded the receipt and put it in his wallet along with the somewhat depleted envelope.

"I'm going to find my wife . . ." He started out.

"You'll find her at home," Mrs. Feeley said. "That money's for Blondelle! Mr. Flink don't want no money. He done the favor for us. Blondelle may be the one slammed the door on you, but you deserved it."

When McGoon had gone, Mr. Flink closed the door of the vault carefully.

"Blondelle," Mrs. Feeley said, "here's more money than you've ever saw at one time. Now get outa here an' start you a business o' your own. An' stay away from married men!"

The ride to the ex-Infantry Bar was a silent one. The taxi driver got out and came inside with the party.

"Jeez! I need a drink! Been here almost all night. What about my fare, Mac?"

"It's on me," Timmy said. "Anybody change one of these?"

"I can," Mrs. Rasmussen said.

"It's all yours anyway, Timmy," Mrs. Feeley said. "There's nearly three hundred an' fifty o' yours we took in. Nothin' to pay but the gas bill . . . an' we'll leave that for McGoon!"

"Look," Timmy said. "There are times when enough is too much! I had less than two thousand dollars when I set up shop. Look what you've done with it! If you think I'm taking that money, you're crazy. Your tips alone must have come to that amount."

"But we lived off you, Timmy! An' good, too! It ain't ours."

"That remains to be seen," Timmy said.

"I'm hungry," Mrs. Rasmussen said.

Timmy paid the taxi driver, but Mr. Flink made no move to go.

"We'll have a bite," Mrs. Feeley said. "Got anythin' put away, Mrs. Rasmussen?"

"Soup an' pot roast," she said. "I was keepin' it back for Sunday. Left it simmerin' when we went out."

Whitey came over and handed Mrs. Feeley the cashbox.

"Twenty-eight forty."

"You're a pal, Whitey! Won't your wife worry?"

"I called her."

"Then give us all a beer an' stay for a bite o' supper."

"Where'd you dig up the lock man?"

"He took a crush on Mrs. Rasmussen in New York. I knocked him flat in a bar an' he's been follerin' us ever since. He's out in the kitchen now drivin' her crazy."

"As for bein' crazy," Whitey said, "I don't think any of you three would have far to go! You're the craziest bunch o' women I ever met, but how I wish there was more like you!"

Miss Tinkham came in to set the table.

"He is pressing his suit," she giggled.

"If he makes a pass, she'll press his suit while he's still in it!"

Mr. Flink came in just as Mrs. Feeley finished speaking.

"She sent for me!" he said blissfully. "She sent for me."

"It's an ill wind!" Mrs. Feeley laughed.

He looked at Barbara and Timmy.

"You are enjoying the springtime of love. These mesdames came into the autumn of my life, and now my one ambition is to make Mrs. Rasmussen my widow, not my bride!"

"That's a hell of a proposition!" Mrs. Feeley said. The lady in question came in carrying a tray with the pot roast and pan-browned potatoes. She had a large bowl of asparagus salad and a bowlful of steamed red cabbage cooked with white wine from Timmy's bar supply.

◆

"Don't touch none o' that cabbage, Timmy! Too heavy for you after that operation."

"They're discharging me tomorrow . . . I never felt better."

Mr. Flink loaded his plate, gazing prayerfully at Mrs. Rasmussen.

"Watch what you're doin', man! Gettin' gravy all down the front of your shirt!"

"Stop moonin' at her!" Mrs. Feeley said. "Make her nervous."

"She sent for me. Who did she send for when she was in trouble? Gaylord Flink! That's who!"

"Well, you're a handy guy to have around a house," Mrs. Feeley said.

"That's what I'm trying to impress on Erna." He leaned forward.

"That's the third time you've dragged your tie through the gravy," Mrs. Rasmussen scolded, and moved the dish.

"I want you to be my widow, Erna. If you won't have me, it will be a terrible waste! You see, I am entitled—or rather my widow is entitled—to three separate pensions on my demise. It would be a pity to waste all that good money. It could be a marriage in name only, if you so desire."

"I hardly think, Mr. Flink," Miss Tinkham said, "this is quite the time or the place . . ."

"Have a beer!" Mrs. Feeley said.

Timmy and Barbara were struggling to conceal their laughter.

"I am desperate." The Creep put down his knife and fork. "Make me the happiest of men, Erna: say you will be my widow!"

"How long you figgerin' on livin'?" she grinned.

"I cannot but only wish I knew," he said.

"That's mighty white o' you," Mrs. Rasmussen said. "But I can't . . . I'm a widow already."

Mr. Flink was silent for a long time. "I will never give up hoping. You could brighten the sunset slopes of my life. I could give you the luxuries you deserve. I would ask nothing of you . . ."

"That's enough!" Mrs. Feeley banged her glass down. "Timmy, it's time you took Barbara home an' went to bed yourself."

"I'll be in tomorrow to settle up," Timmy said. "Early."

"We'll borrow sixty dollars from you to complete the bus fares," Mrs. Feeley said, "an' we'll send it back as soon as we get home, but we're not takin' anythin' else."

The door opened and Old-Timer came in. He was covered with blue paint.

He shook hands with Timmy and stared at Barbara.

"I'll see you in the morning," Timmy said to Old-Timer. "Yes, pal. I'll see you."

Mr. Flink sat on, postponing the evil moment of his departure. "The light goes out of my life when you leave," he said to Mrs. Rasmussen. "The address, please?"

◆

Saturday morning at ten Mrs. Feeley opened the door and found that it was Timmy Rafferty who was doing the banging. Timmy was all authority.

"Where are those checks of yours? I'll cash them. Banks all closed. You'll need the money for your tickets."

"One hundred and forty-four dollars," Timmy counted, when they had endorsed the checks. "Now an I O U for the sixty you are borrowing." He wrote it out and the three signed in silence.

"That should take you home." Timmy handed Miss Tinkham the money. "The key, please!"

As he held out his hand a four-note automobile horn caroled gaily: "How Dry I Am!" Mrs. Feeley and her friends walked slowly to the door and peered out. Drawn up at the curb was a 1926 seven-passenger Cadillac sedan the length of a Greyhound bus, bright poisonous blue. Old-Timer sat proudly behind the wheel with Barbara at his side.

"The Super-Chief!" Timmy laughed. "The San Diego Cannon Ball! Your own private bus line, the loving gift and small token of appreciation from Barbara and Timmy to the swellest gals in town!"

"You high-handed brat!" Mrs. Feeley threw herself around Timmy's neck. "I love you!"

"Be careful of his incision!" Miss Tinkham said.

"I'm next!" Mrs. Rasmussen said. "You hadn't oughta done it."

"I had the ownership slip made out in Mrs. Feeley's name, she being a property owner," Timmy said. "Put it in this envelope, Old-Timer."

"Mrs. Rasmussen is the custodian of cash and documents," Miss Tinkham said.

Mrs. Rasmussen took the two hundred and four dollars Timmy had given them and started to place it, with the ownership slip, in the envelope he held out.

"There's somethin' in here, Timmy." She pulled out the two checks and the money order, plus the I O U.

Mrs. Feeley shook her head at Timmy.

"I learned about bulldozing from you," he laughed. "Be careful of those—they're endorsed."

"Pipe the tile!" Mrs. Feeley spied Old-Timer's new cap with the shiny badge.

"Chauffeur! Such elegance!" Miss Tinkham shrieked.

Beauty Boy drove up in his truck.

"How many today?"

"Don't need a one, son!" Mrs. Feeley said. "Timmy's sold out, an' at a very decent price, too! He give us this present here . . . ain't it somethin'? Ever see a chariot like that in your life? We're leavin' today."

Whitey and his gang were coming around the corner, carrying cartons that could only contain canned beer.

"Load her up!" Whitey shouted. The gang piled the cases on the luggage rack.

"Darling Aphrodite can ride in the front seat beside Old-Timer." Miss Tinkham came out carrying her treasure. Then everyone piled into the saloon.

Beauty Boy and Miss Tinkham were singing "Now Is the Hour" with tears streaming down their faces. Whitey brought over the last round of beer. Everyone stood up.

"Friends," Mrs. Feeley wiped her nose with the back of her hand, "this is one for the road!"

Silently they filed out and loaded into the car, Old-Timer in front with Aphrodite.

"Old-Timer," Mrs. Feeley shouted, "point her nose to the West!" ◆ ◆

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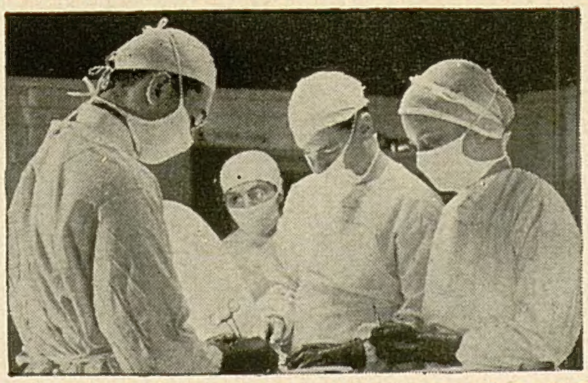

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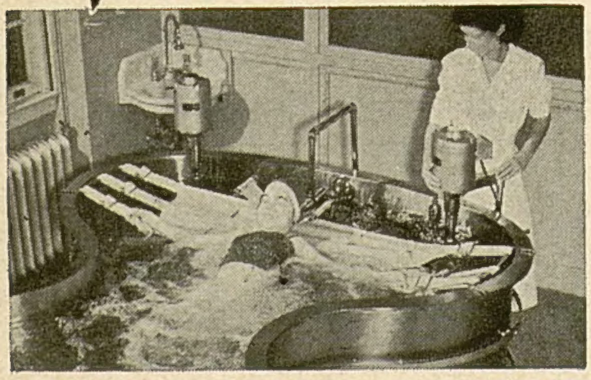

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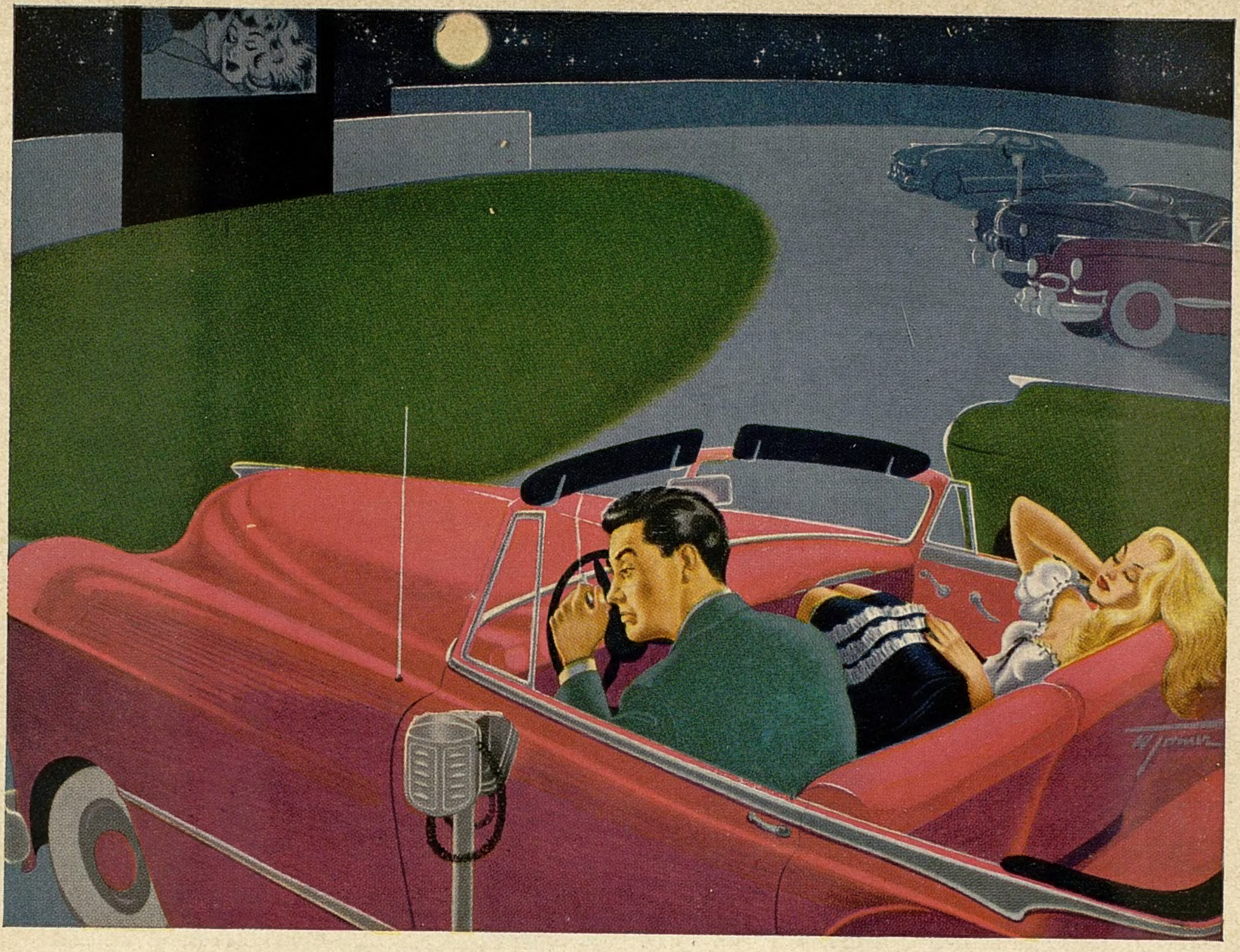

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